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s. Henry Parish II

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Baker's Northern Italian Collection is available through many fine furniture and department stores. A list is provided on page 22. You are invited to send $8.00 for a color catalogue to Baker Furniture, Dept. 585, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

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HOUSE & GARDEN
SEPTEMBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 9

HG



COVER
The doyenne of American decorators, Mrs. Henry Parish II. Page 140. Style: André Leon Talley. Photograph by Snowdon.

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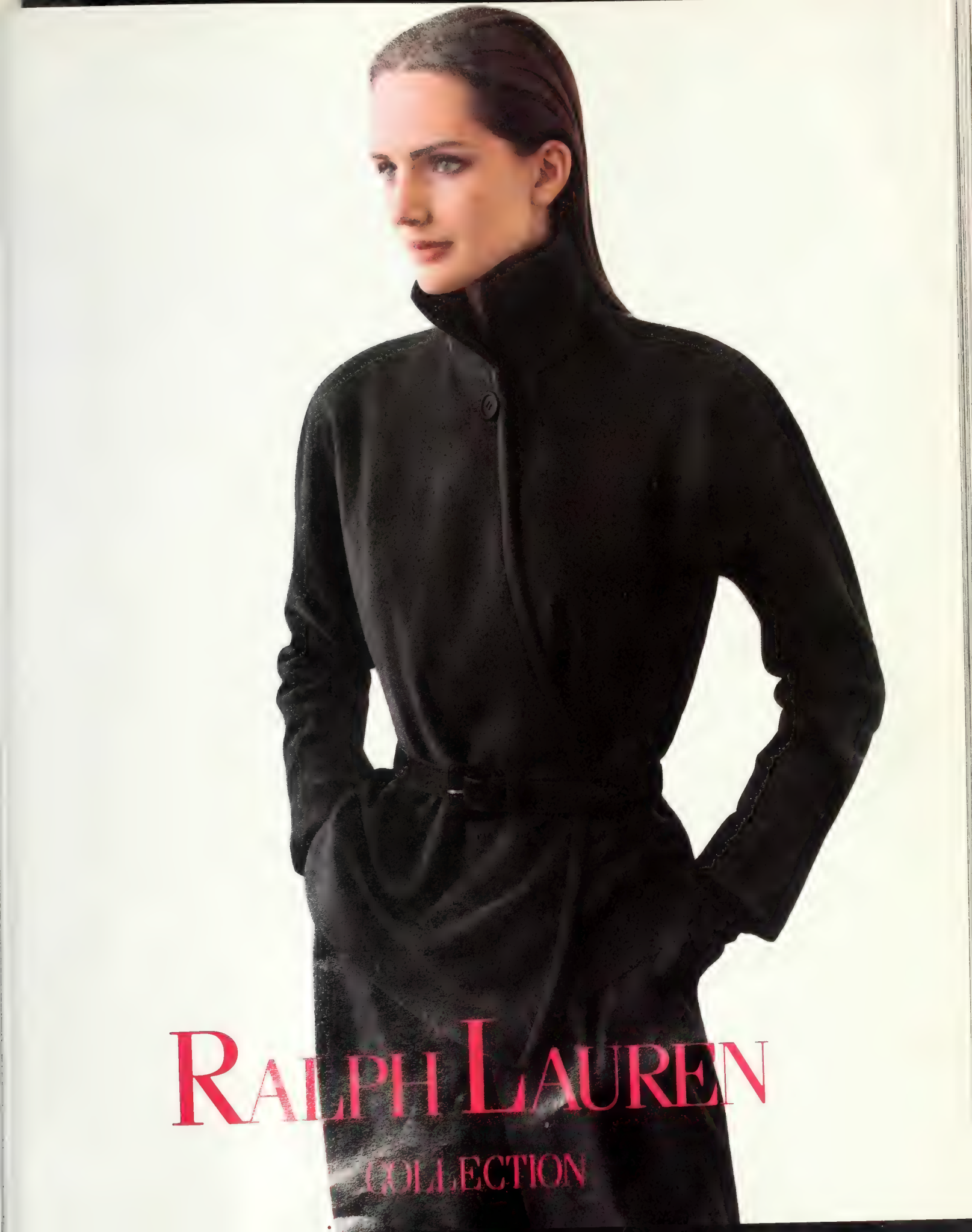
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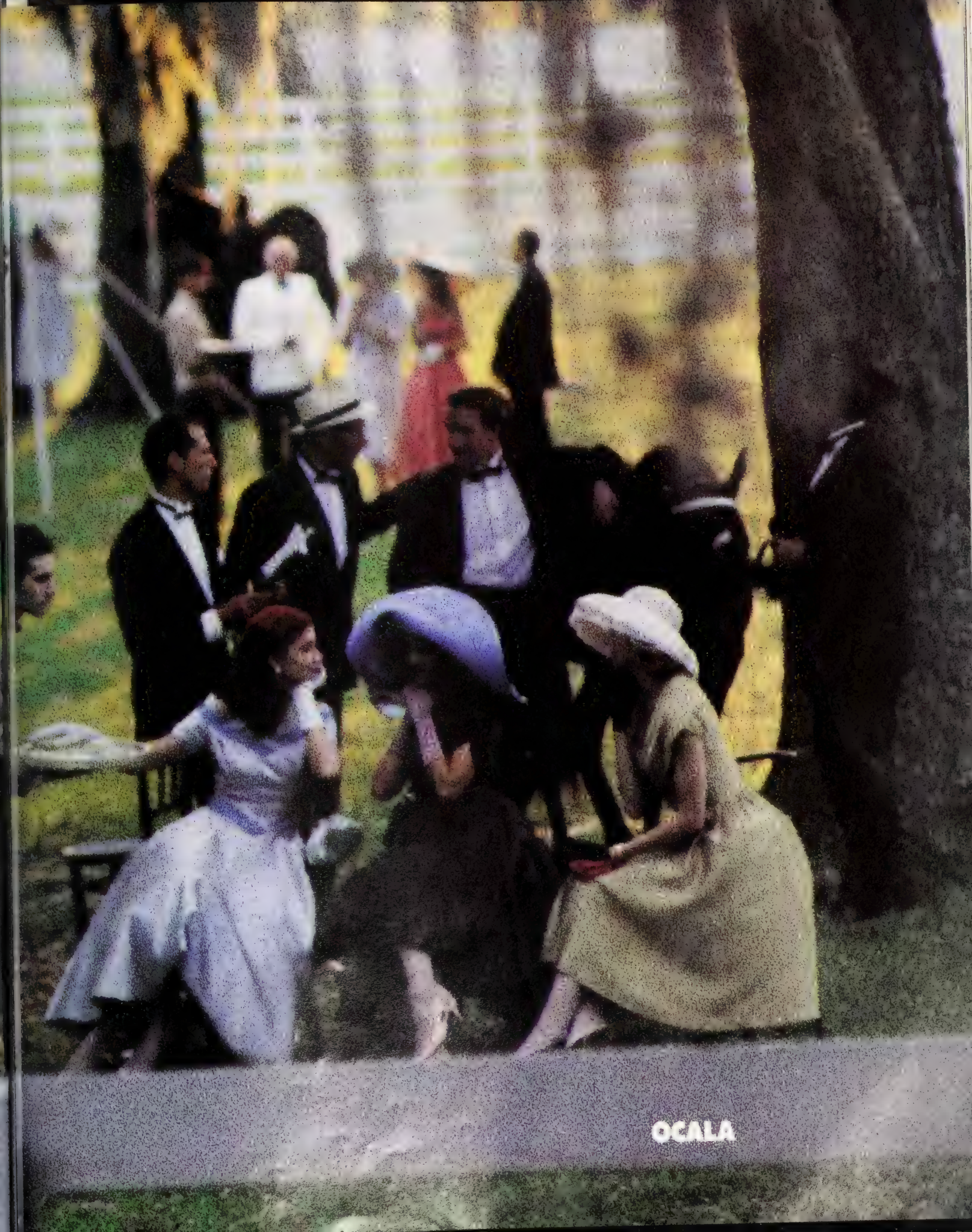
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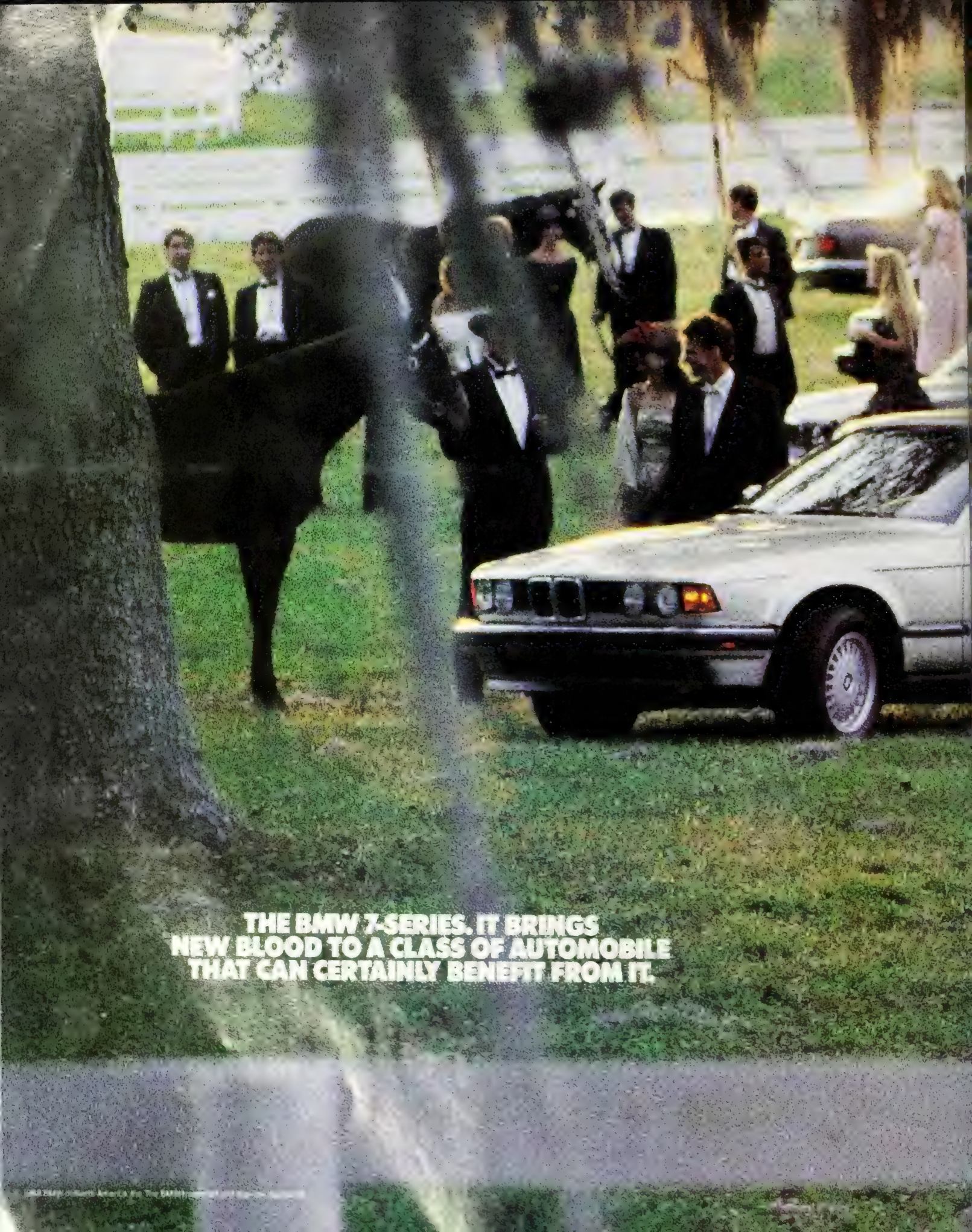
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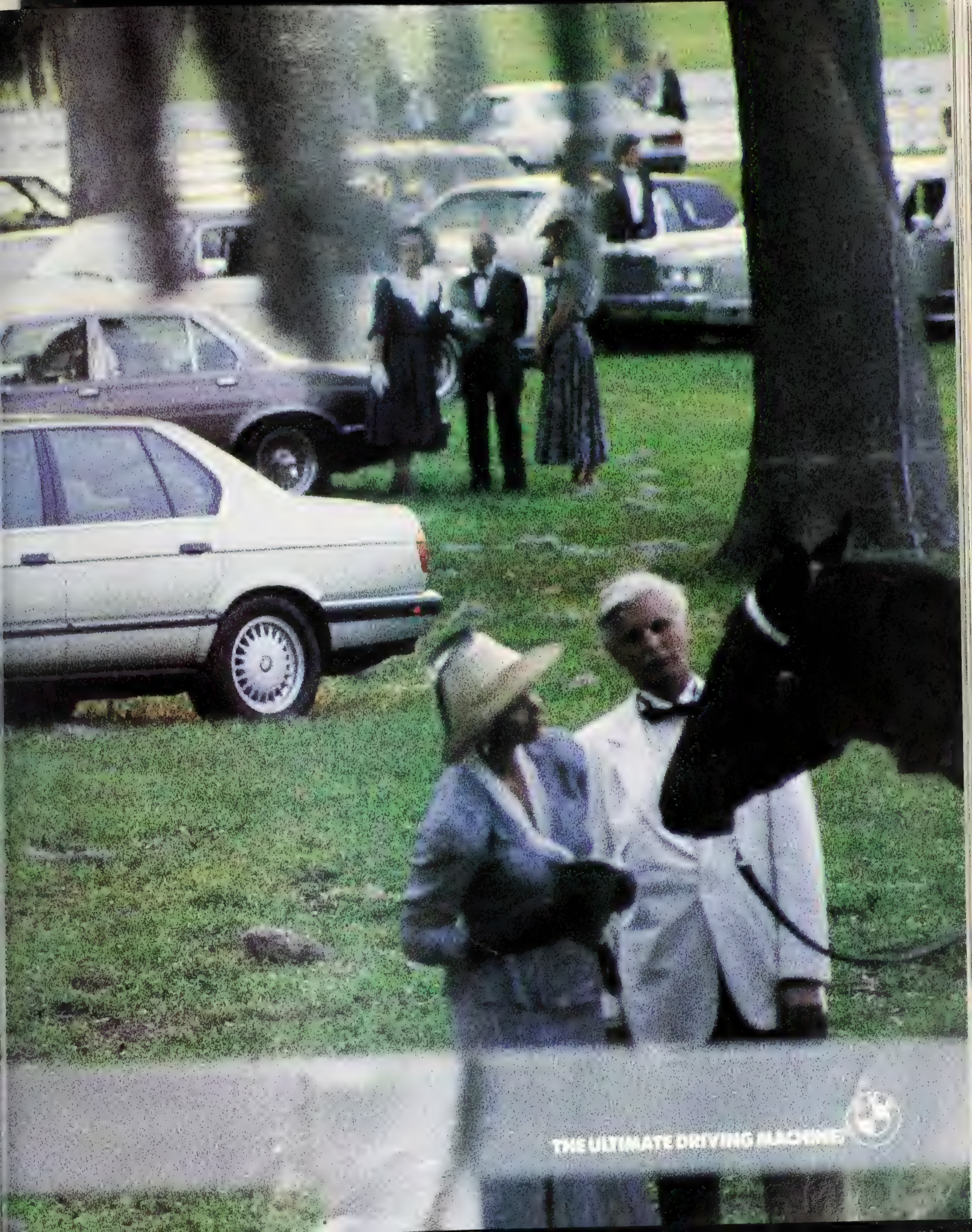
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Tong Sconce, by Jeff Brown & Jerry Vo
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Moderne

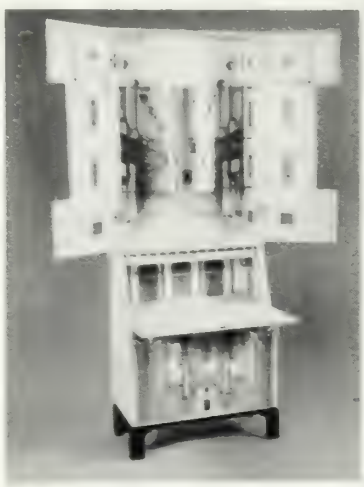
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One of a pair of French Art Deco armchairs with handcarved geometric details, ca. 1930.

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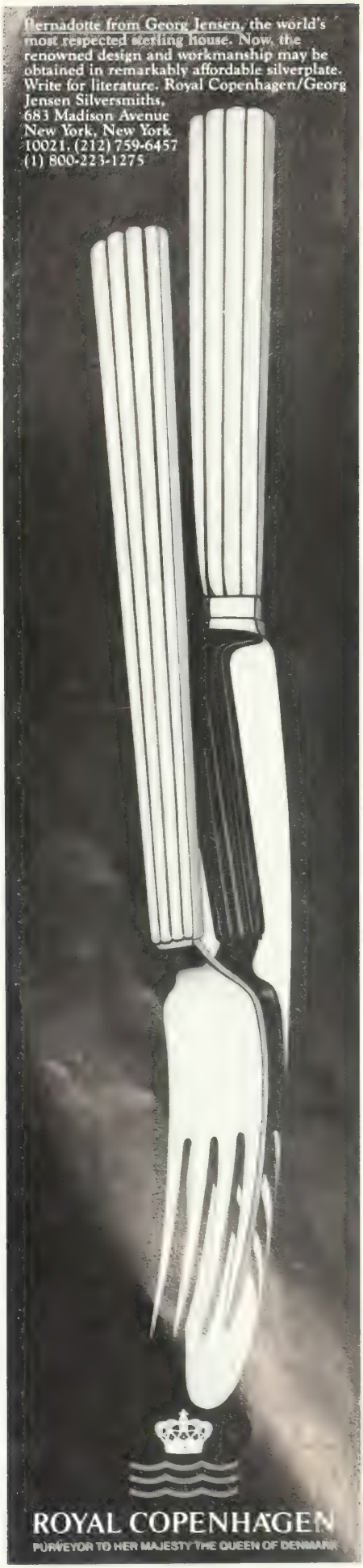


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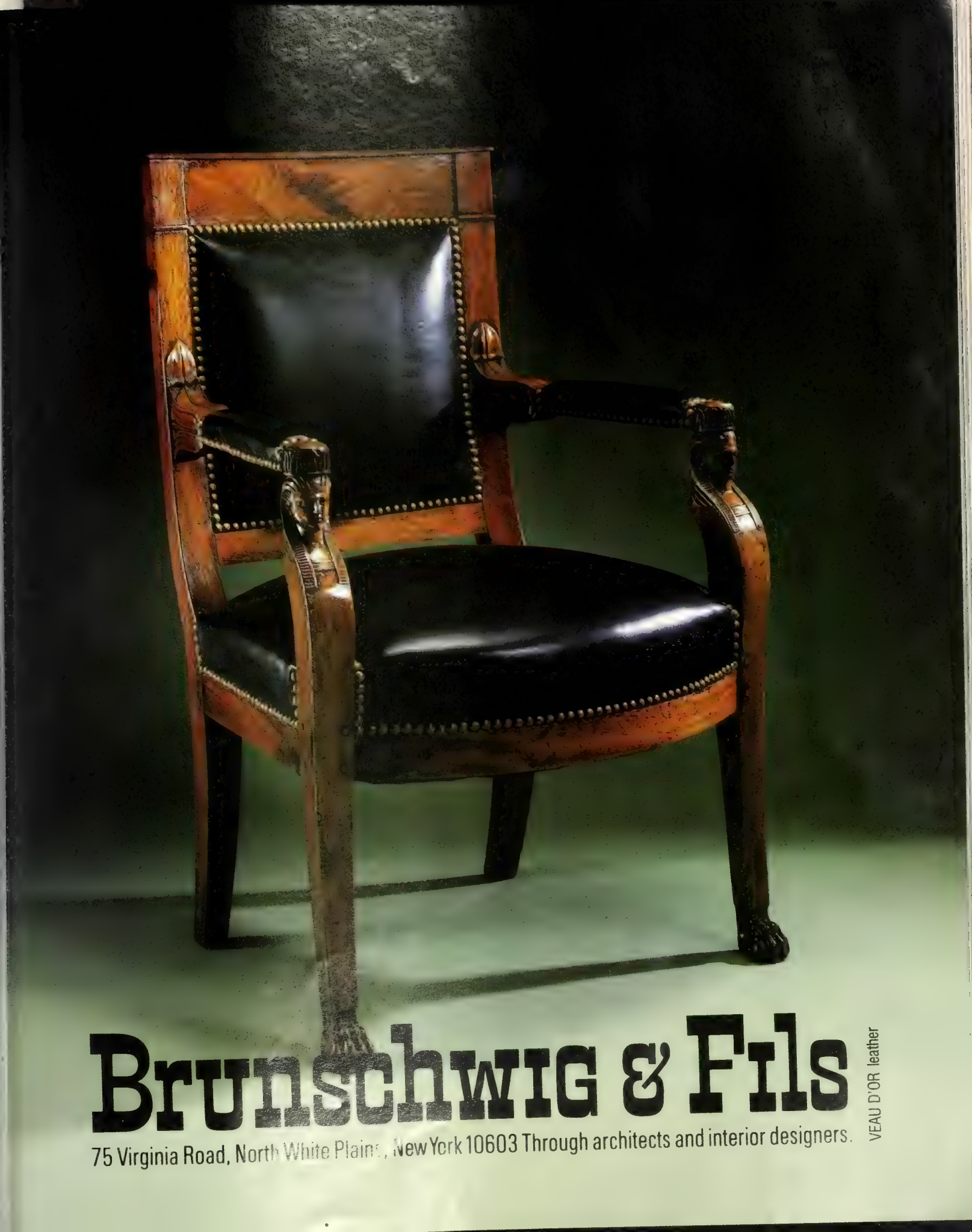
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V.J. Lloyd's, *San Diego*

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For more information on this collection, please reference the inside front cover and page one

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SNOWDON

SNOWDON

"I had the idea of draping the backgrounds for the great American decorators," says photographer Tony Snowdon, here with HG creative director André Leon Talley, "when I was in Leningrad photographing the Kirov Ballet. Every night after the performance they put dust sheets over the stage sets. It looked so beautiful that I thought of photographing the decorators in a setting that would just show snippets of the furniture, fabric, or rooms they love.

"I adore working with André; his enthusiasm is great and of course he's so tall—I'm not—which helps wonderfully with the draping." Snowdon's portraits are legendary; his most recent collection of photographs is *Snowdon: Stills* (1987).

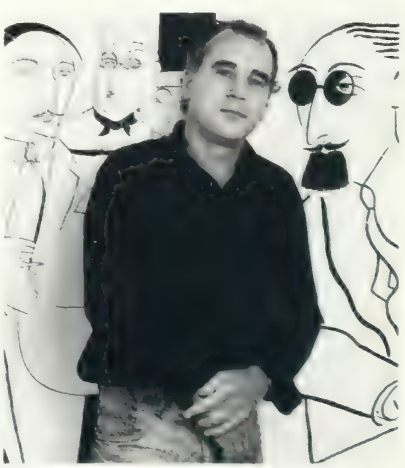
JACQUELINE GONNET

Decorating editor Jacqueline Gonnet's three Rolodexes on her desk are proof enough of the scope of the decorating world she's been a part of. Her career of following great decoration nearly parallels those of the decorators in The American Greats this month. "We chose these twelve," she says, "because they are some of the best in New York. Versatile, with quality results."

Jacqueline Gonnet has seen everything, but she is still ready to look at more. "New talent is always exciting to follow." Could Rolodex #4 be far behind?



ERIC FEINBLATT



MICHAEL HOMANOS

KEN MARYANSKI

"In everything I draw there has to be some humor. My illustrations are a parody of what's really happening in a face or an event," says Ken Maryanski, whose work appears in Homelife and Duka's Diary each month. "I may do a drawing that's not very pretty, but the tension in it works well on the page." In addition to illustrating, Maryanski is instrumental to the advertising campaign for Meridien Hotels (his drawings for the hotel chain appear with him at left).


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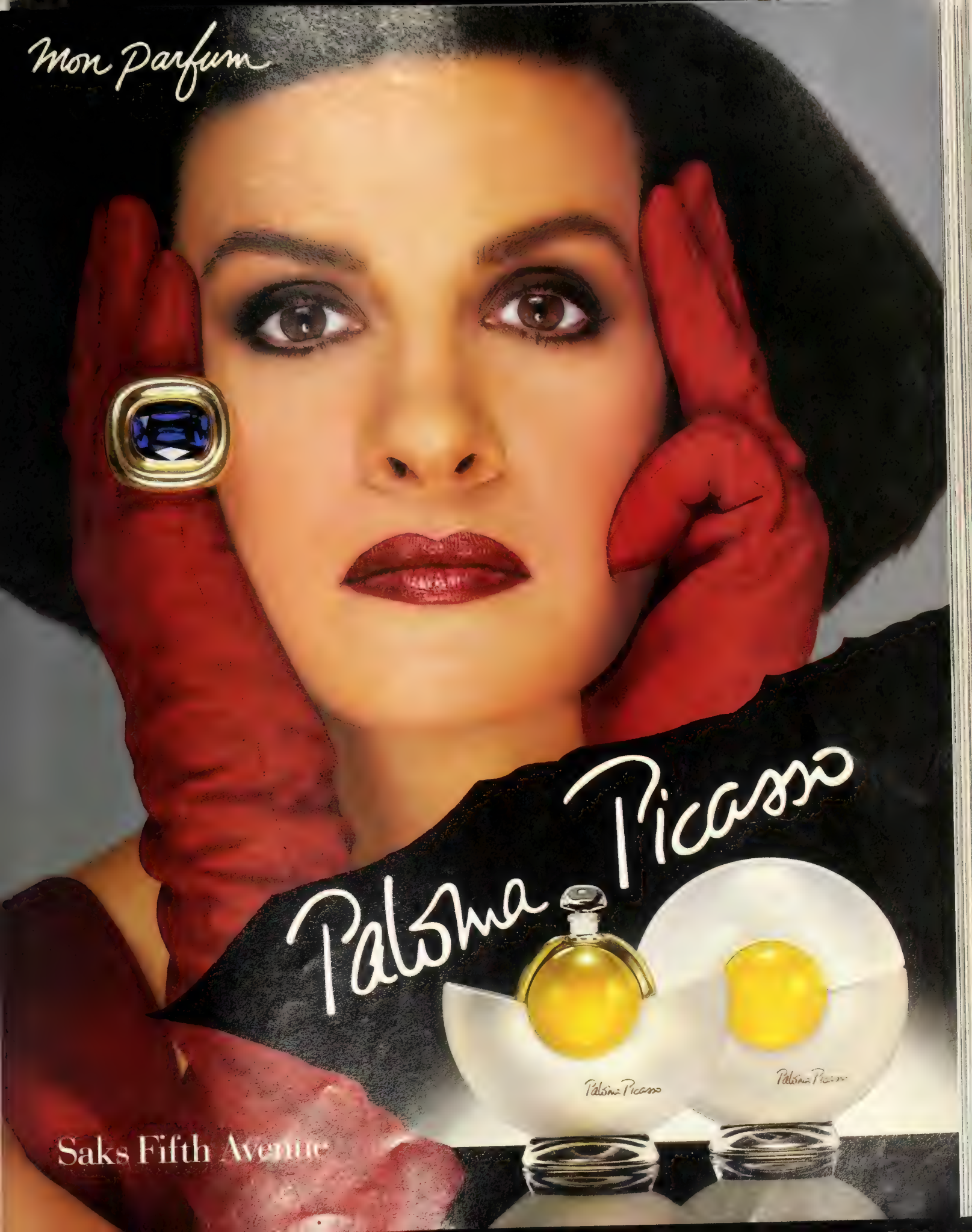
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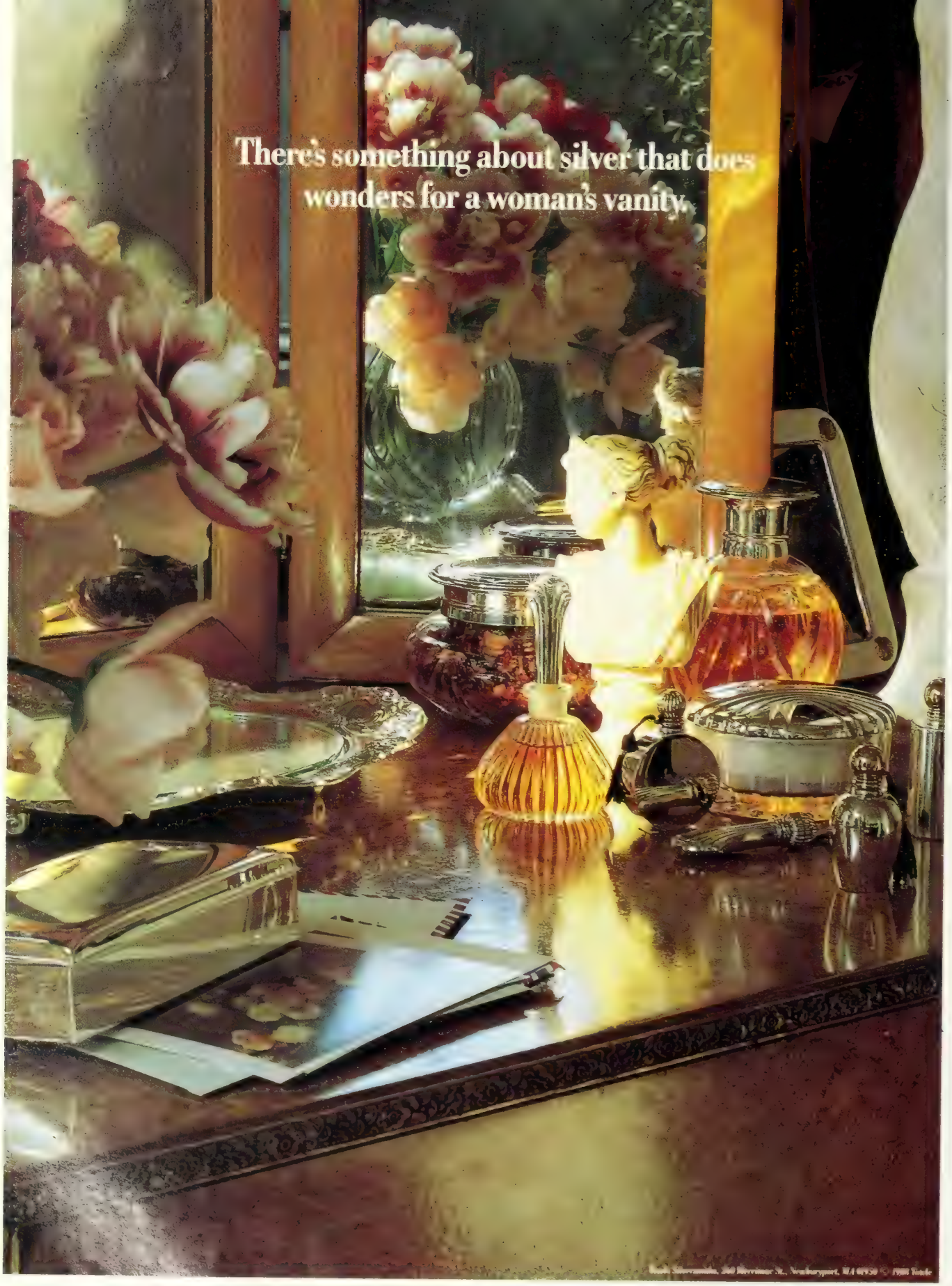


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Don't just set the table. Set the mood.



"Never trust a man who lavishes expensive gifts upon you," my Mother always said. "Unless you really like him."

She told me a lot of things about men, my Mother. And she was almost always right.

But this man was no typical man. This was a man in a million. A man who seemed very fond of me.

It had started only six weeks ago when I was stuck in row 12 on one of those seemingly endless flights that stop in Guam on their way to Tokyo.

In seat 12F, alongside of me, was an elbow that seemed intent on straying across the armrest the entire flight. It was his elbow.

By the time they served lunch I was halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him just about every day. So when he asked me to join him for a trip out of town, it wasn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at a remote Country Inn, my man took me for a walk into the garden.

"This is for you, and for our days to come," he whispered in my ear as he handed me a package about half the size of a shoe box.

I undid the wrapping paper and revealed a beautiful calfskin jewelry box. With bated breath I lifted the lid.

And there it was, the diamonds glistening in the late afternoon country light, the most exquisite watch you've ever seen.

The name on the textured face identified it as a Concord Saratoga.™

"There are sixteen diamonds locked snugly into that polished eighteen-carat gold and brushed steel bezel," he informed me with a smile, "one for every day I've known you."

The curve of the linkages on the bracelet matched my wrist as though it was designed just for me. And it felt solid and substantial.

This was a watch for a lifetime.

Admiring the way the raised gold numerals seemed to shimmer in the reflected sparkle of the diamonds, I suddenly recalled my Mother's advice.

"There must be strings attached to a gift as beautiful as this?" I asked my man, perhaps a little hopefully.

He let go of me and knelt down on one knee, "I was rather hoping it would help get you to the church on time."



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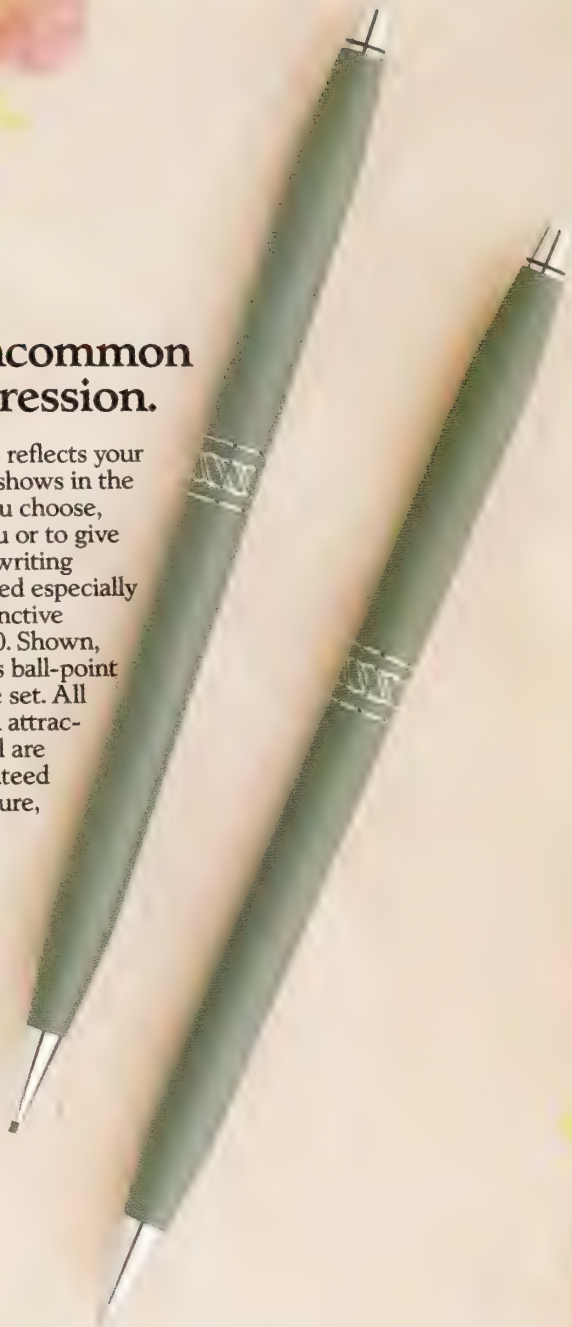
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



MICHAEL MUNDY

ELIZABETH SVERBEYEFF BYRON

Senior architecture editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron has a long-standing passion for her subject. "I started out as a decorating editor but fell in love with architecture. It's exhilarating to feel the space, the light, the forms and to follow the work of architects as they develop over time." Her dedication pays off in many features for HG, including this month's on Stephen Holl: "I've been following him since the beginning and find him one of the most gifted architects of his generation."



CINDY PALMANO

PATRICK KINMONTH

"I think of myself as a painter rather than a writer, but I do love writing about art," says Patrick Kinmonth, whose piece about British sculpture is in HG Notes this month. The former arts editor at British *Vogue*, Kinmonth now paints full-time—"my pictures start with the sea"—and lives both in London and in Devon near the cliffs on the Cornish border.

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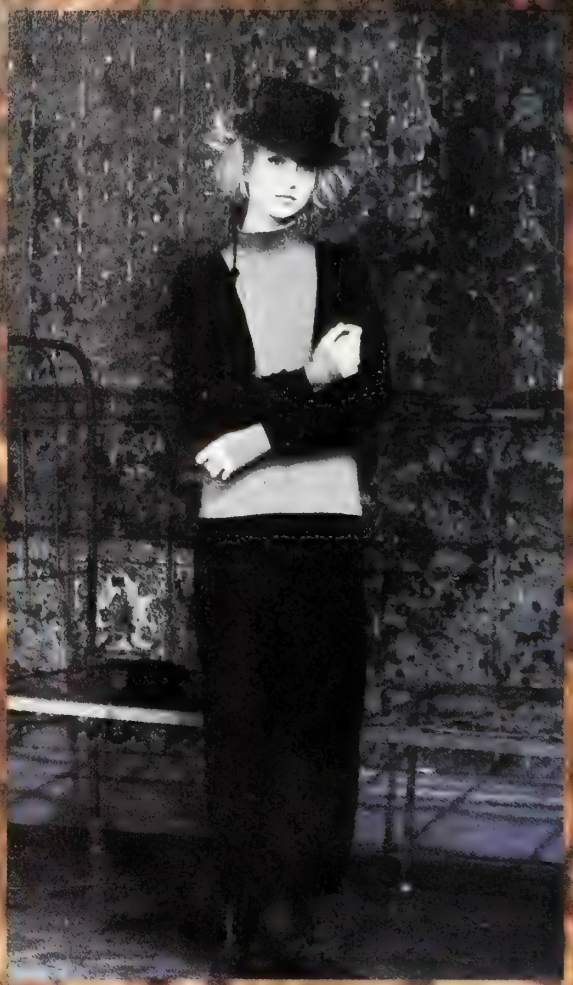
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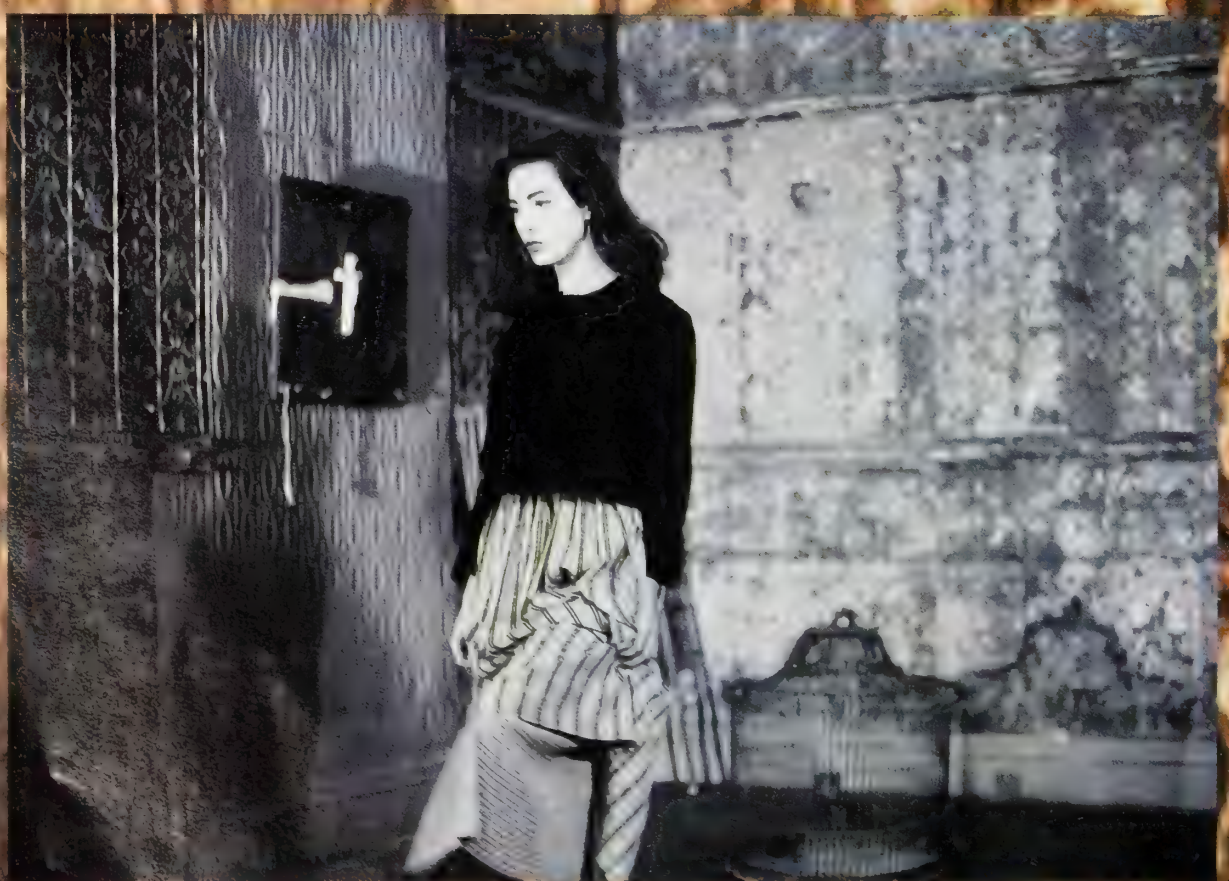
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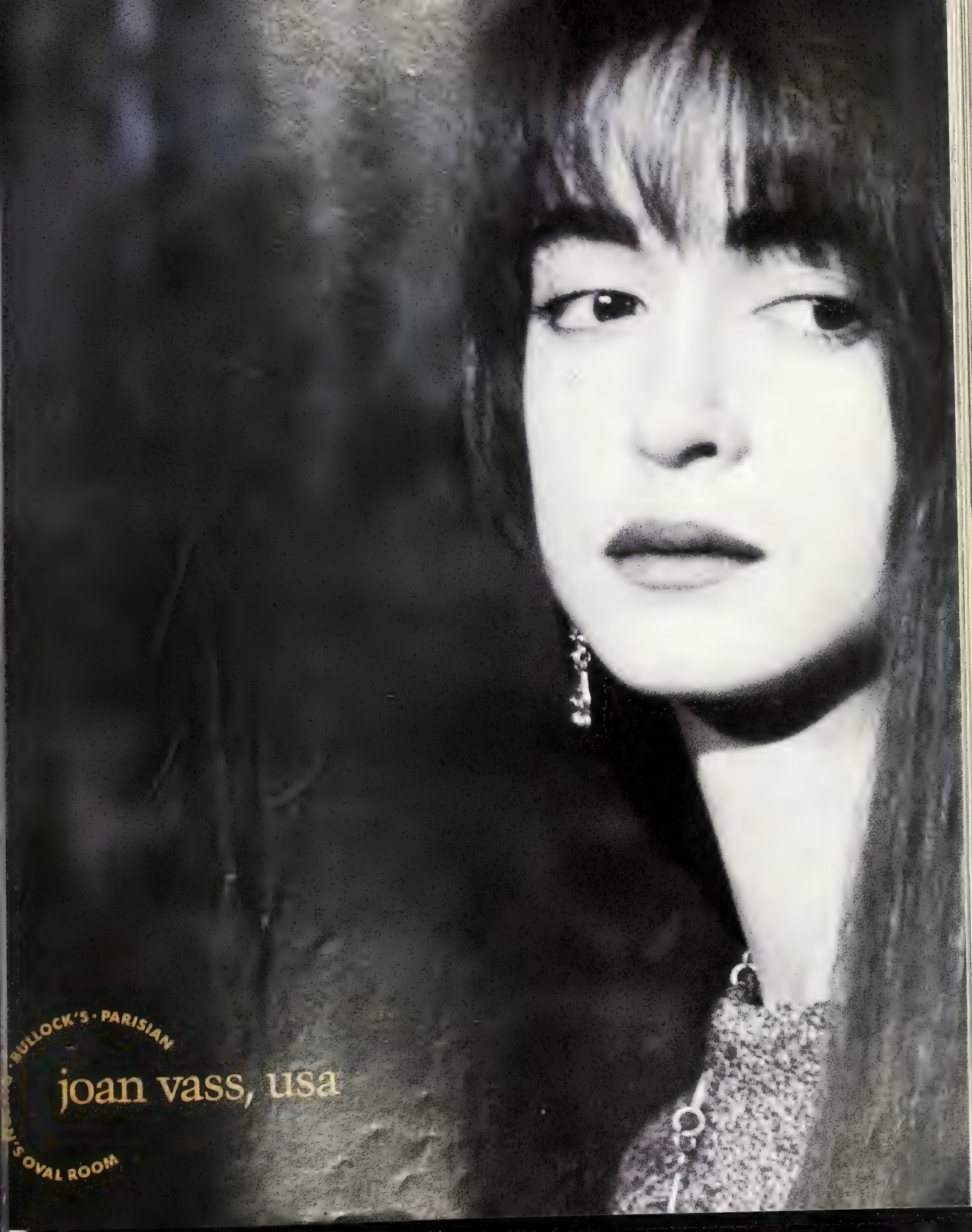
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HG

This fall, you're likely to find the best foliage of the season indoors

Ever since the Greeks crowned their columns with a shower of acanthus leaves, civilized societies have been working natural elements into decoration. And thanks to a bumper crop of foliage and feathers on fabrics and objects this season, the annual fall return to the city need not preclude "back to nature." The pleasures of the outdoors come inside as leaves and feathers festoon some of the most engaging of today's designs.

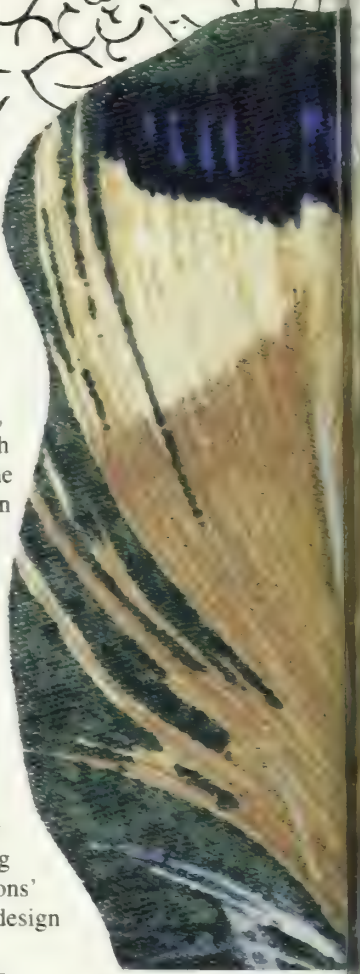


1. Hand-carved Louis XV armchair by William Switzer covered in Boucle Franklin by Clarence House. **2.** A majolica pitcher and bowl from Guild Hall.

1 MONICA STEVENSON 2 EDWARD ADDEO

style



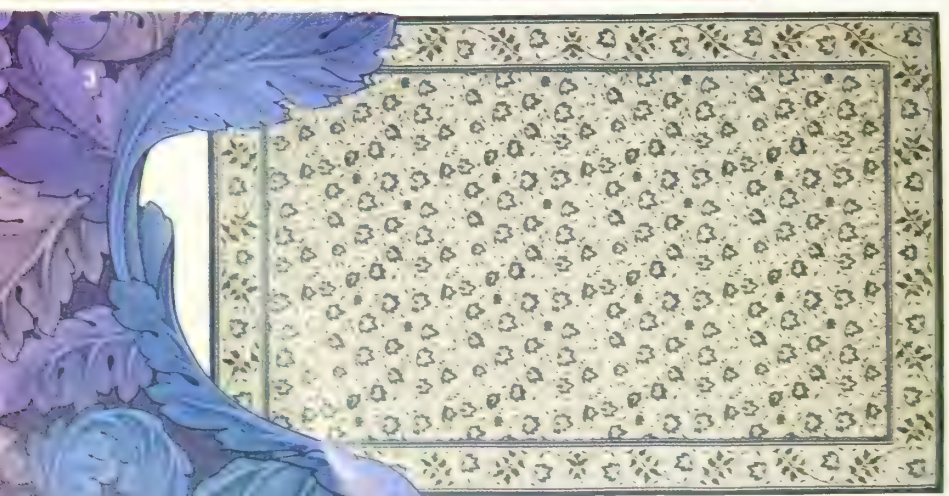


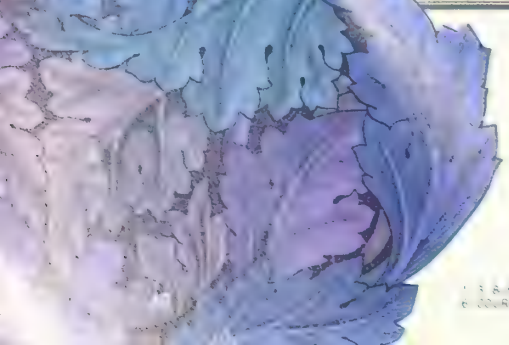
Whether they appear in a nineteenth-century Portuguese majolica pattern in vibrant green or a shower of brown Matisse-like lines on white wallpaper, leaves are definitely not fading this season. With their pleasing shapes and noble associations—the laurel wreath of the victor, Bacchus's pleasures in the grapevine—leaves have been a continuing presence in design. From medieval tapestries to the fabrics and wallpapers of William Morris's Arts and Crafts movement, they have repeatedly burst into prominence.

But today's designers are using the forms in surprisingly varied ways to add texture and richness—not to mention color—to interiors. The leaves of today are showing up not only in traditional greens and faded browns but also in vibrant blues, as in Casa Lopez's needlepoint rug based on an ivy pattern taken from a Chinese Ming vase, or rich teals, such as Arthur Sanderson & Sons' acanthus leaf fabric based on a William Morris design of 1875.

Depending on scale, leaves can be used either as a dramatic focal point or a subtle background, as in EON's room divider of theatrical scrim hand-painted by Lisa Frank. The leaf design is adapted from a Persian carpet. On William Switzer's hand-carved Louis XV armchair covered in Clarence House's Boucle Franklin fabric, leaves boldly float on a brown background. And in a table setting designed by HG creative director Marie-

Fanciful feathers are blown up to major proportio







1. Brooks wallpaper by Hinson. **2.** A scrim by EON, NYC. **3.** Acanthus linen by Arthur Sanderson & Sons. **4.** Lierre rug from Casa Lopez, Paris. **5.** A table setting designed by HG for Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, with fabrics by Rose Cumming.

1, 3 & 5 MONA STEVENSON; MICHAEL HAUSMAN; 2 SARA BARRETT; 4 COURTESY CLARENCE HOUSE; 4 JOSEPH FABRICS



Paule Pellé for Bergdorf Goodman, an abundance of ivy leaves brings the garden right onto the tabletop.

Leaves, however, aren't the only entrancing natural forms that drift from the sky. The feather is joining the leaf on the drawing boards of today's designers. Pierre Frey turned to the feather for his Ferrieres cotton for Clarence House, which reproduces the form with the accuracy of a nineteenth-century botanical print. Linn Howard, who admits to a passion for birds, has embedded real feathers in glass plates that serve as the perfect complement to the classic Tiffany Feathers table setting. Fanciful feathers are blown up to major proportions on Baker Furniture's open armchair. Even the traditional textile firm of Greeff, noted for its floral and early American motifs, has joined the flurry for feathers with its Feather Border wallpaper. This evokes Edwardian splendor with a fluffy down Oscar Wilde might have wanted to rest his head upon. Perhaps the most prescient designer of the moment is David Davies, who has created a new line of forged-iron furniture featuring both feathers and laurel leaves. **Laurie Schechter**

6. Ferrieres cotton by Pierre Frey for Clarence House. **7.** Hand-forged iron chairs by David Davies. **8.** Beauty Feathers glass plates by Linn Howard. **9.** Feathers by Tiffany. **10.** Open armchair by Baker. **11.** Feather Border from Greeff.

style

Tartans have always inspired loyalty—now modern designers are joining the clan



1

1. Old World Weavers mix tartan and tassels in their Kordel fabric.
2. Beginning with Wilkes sheets and pillowcases, Ralph Lauren mingles clans in the Thoroughbred bed from his Home Collection with Thornbury and Clarendon blankets, a Cavendish wool throw, and Princess Mary, Thornbury, and Edinsmoor throw pillows.

Thanks are owed to Prince Albert for one of the most potent design trends of the moment—bringing tartans into the home (or in his case, castle). While Queen Victoria also had a great fondness for the Scottish patterns evocative of the romance of the Highlands, she confined her use of the plaids to clothing. But today's designers, like the queen's consort, see no reason not to spread the colorful and complex patterns over walls, furniture, floors, even place settings.

Tartans date back to the ancient Celts, who developed the woven patterns with vegetable dyes indigenous to each region of Scotland. Initially the plaids served as a kind of camouflage for hiding amid the heather. But tartans quickly became more symbolic than practical, with each clan adopting a different plaid. As the clans proliferated, the patterns became more complex and visually dazzling. For a brief period in the eighteenth century tartans were even forbidden by the British government because they were such a potent sign of Scottish solidarity. In 1860, when the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the United States, he set off a rage for the patterns in this country. Ever since, tartans have had a hearty appeal—and royal connotations as well.

These plaids are hearty, masculine and have royal connotations

So great is the fascination with tartans that New York's Fash-



2



3

3. Ceramics from the Hyland Collection by ANTA Design including Black and White MacFarlane, and Rob Roy MacGregor.
4. Daniel Hechter's tea set from the Ready to Live Collection.
5. A tartan bedroom at Queen Victoria's Balmoral Castle.

ion Institute of Technology is planning an exhibition devoted to them from October 25 through early January.

The freewheeling use of tartans today is attributable more to their strong rich colors and warmth than to their symbolic meaning. Ralph Lauren created tartan linens and blankets for the Thoroughbred line of his Home Collection. Anne and Lachlan Stewart of ANTA Design in Scotland have extended tartan's range by using traditional patterns on a line of hand-painted ceramic tableware. French fashion designer Daniel Hechter also dresses up a clean-lined modern tea set in tartan. Old World Weavers combines plaids with tassels in its Kordel fabric, suggesting royalty at play. In Jockey Club green fabric by Clarence House riders sprint in front of a plaid background. Jay Yang surprints roses on top of plaid in his Rosabelle fabric for Hines & Co. A Louis XVI–style chair by Karges Furniture is covered in Clarence House's Ecossais Eiffel plaid with a skirt reminiscent of a kilt. Ultimate proof that tartans are no longer confined to the uniforms of high-school girls. **L.S.**



6



4



7

8

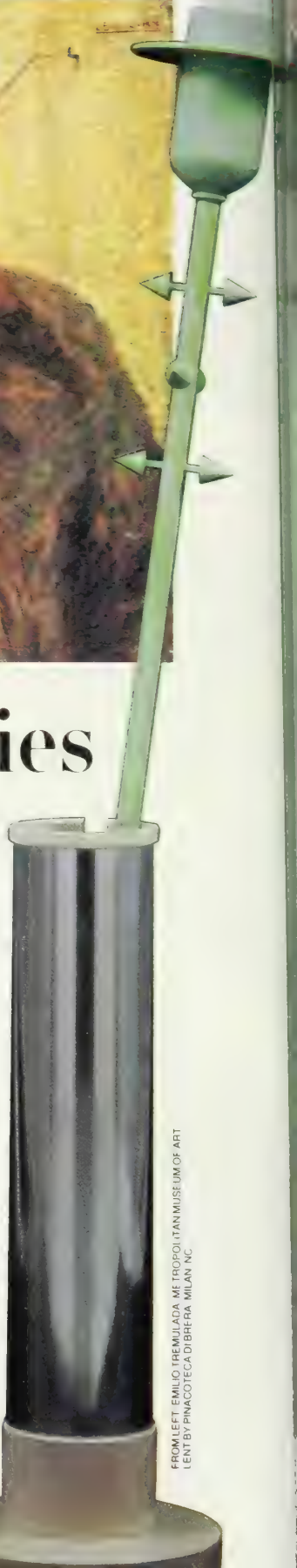
6. Clarence House horses around with plaid in its Jockey Club green cotton fabric. **7.** Jay Yang combines roses and plaid in his cotton fabric available from Hines & Co. **8.** Karges Furniture evokes the past with its Louis XVI–style Westbury side chair, slipcovered—and skirted—in Clarence House's Ecossais Eiffel plaid.

4. COURTESY ANTA 5. COURTESY WINDSOR CASTLE, ROYAL LIBRARY HRH QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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design







Italian Revolutionaries

A Boccioni show and the latest design movement prove Italy's perennial fascination with the future

Umberto Boccioni's motto might have been, "Live fast, die young." The Futurist pioneer, who declared early in the century that "we modern Italians are without a past," didn't need one. He and his fellow Futurists were too busy launching a revolution in art and architecture that extolled the virtues of modern technology and the dynamism of trains, planes, and automobiles. In a fitting, if tragic, example of life imitating art, Boccioni's meteor burned out early (he died in World War I at age 33), leaving behind a group of revolutionaries who, without their leader, soon disbanded. But Futurism's place in the history of twentieth-century art was assured, as we can see in the first American retrospective of the artist's work at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art from September 15–January 8, 1989.

If today's electronic age seems the perfect moment for reviving Futurism's romantic fusion of form and technology, we need look no further than—where else?—Italy, where a movement is born (and reborn) every minute, and where, it is said, design is a national sport. There, a group of ten young architects who call themselves the Bolidists have burst onto the design scene faster than a speeding bullet—or should we say *bolide*, the Italian word for "fast-moving object."

Bolidism's influences include not only Futurism but machine age and streamlined design of the 1930s and 1940s; the avant-garde architectural radicals of the Aesthetics with a vengeance. Umberto Boccioni's *Self-Portrait*, 1908, above, and examples of today's Bolidism movement: prototype for the Alua chair, left, designed by Dante Donegani and Ernesto Spicciolato; Massimo Mariani's Boccio di Rosa lamp, right.

FROM LEFT: EMILIO TREMULADA; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART LENT BY PINACOTECA DI BRERA, MILAN; ING.



THE SMALL TALK STOPS



ST. GILLIAN

THE DRESS
THAT MAKES
THE DAY.



WHEN THE SAINT COMES MARCHING IN.

design

1960s and the 1970s, such as Archizoom and Superstudio, noted for unlikely utopian urban designs; and contemporary Italian mentors such as Memphis guru Ettore Sottsass and Andrea Branzi, another key proponent of Italian new-wave design.

Like the Futurists, the Bolidists are fond of theories and pronouncements, including their 1986 manifesto that firmly states, "The future is more interesting than the past." But where the Futurists saw speed in mechanical terms (the airplane was a new toy back then), the Bolidists are light-years ahead.

This furniture is so dynamic, it may run away any minute

The styles of these Florentine-educated designers vary wildly from neo-primitive to neo-Jetson. Pierangelo Caramia favors a figurative iconographic approach. Dante Donegani and Ernesto Spicciolato are described as Minimalists. Massimo Mariani's trademarks are neo-naturalism and irony. Maurizio Corrado is fascinated by structural tension. Maurizio Castelvetro opts for "revisitation" and Classicism. Daniele Cariani's preference is for "expressionistic contamination." And Stefano Giovannoni and Guido Venturini believe in "science fiction." But the cardinal rule of Bolidism never varies: function always follows form.

Nowhere is this clearer than in the work of Massimo Iosa-Ghini, the 28-year-old architect, painter, and comic-strip illustrator who is emerging as Bolidism's brightest star. Iosa-Ghini's "narrative of the future" begins in his paintings and illustrations—haunting images of space-age cities that look like sets for a Buck Rogers movie designed by Giorgio de Chirico. His cartoonlike furniture designs are full of sweeping curves and sharp angles. A wing chair looks as if it has Mickey Mouse ears; a buffet seems like a giant "Streamline Moderne" radio. One armchair has a backrest that's more like a backstop, to keep you from sliding out the other end. This furniture is so dynamic, it may run away any minute. Don't blink, or you'll miss it. **Pilar Viladas**



EMILIO TREMULADA

Timely style: A futuristic desk clock also by Donegani and Spicciolato.

Chair of the Month

Joyce Carol Oates analyzes the many components of a novel and poetic chair

Here is a "chair" that is a work of art. It descends from Duchamp and the assemblage-sculptors of the early twentieth century. Made of scrap iron, bolts, nuts, even an ingenious Brillo pad, lightly coated with rust, it is witty, weighty, and almost comfortable. Perhaps it is for those who like their furniture to *hurt*.

The more I contemplate it, the more I like it. I like its playful touch of royalty, its ironic masculinity. I like the way it reassembles its environment around it, demanding its own space. It is to the conventional chair as bone is to flesh, Giacometti is to Renoir, John Cage is to Liszt. Being iron, it exerts an iron will. It dares you to be equal to it. It must be the only one of its kind.



DOUG MYERS

Joyce Carol Oates embraces the hard contours of Linus Coraggio's scrap-metal East Village Gothic Chair, $2,500. Details see Sources.

THE CLASSIC AMERICAN BEAUTY







The newest Conran's in New York has mural by John H. Howard, above, and colorful displays, right. Top right: The proprietor, Sir Terence Conran.

The Conran Conquest

Sir Terence continues to expand his transatlantic empire by selling good design to the masses

Why design in America isn't any better is a bafflement to Sir Terence Conran. "You're prepared to reach out for the most advanced technology, in medicine for example, and yet on the domestic level want the genteel clutter of the English country home. Nobody yet seems prepared to wholeheartedly believe we should be looking for a style in tune with the age we live in." Except him. Clean, uncluttered, unpretentious, accessible, adaptable, and affordable, the Conran look has taken both the fear and the fetishism out of modern design for the public at large. As he correctly notes, "The best furnishings in America are behind closed doors in designer showrooms. There are terrific things the public never sees. Well, my philosophy is how I can raise taste on the mass level."

Since the first Conran's shop opened eleven years ago in New York's Citicorp Center, the chain—part of a nine-hundred-store, London-based international retailing empire with revenues last year in excess of £1 billion—has gradually expanded, with fifteen branches today in the Northeast and a foothold in L.A. scheduled for 1989. In May the latest Conran's opened in the remodeled 81st Street Theater in Manhattan, a handsome white terra-cotta relic built in 1914. The largest retail store on the Upper West Side, it is located across Broadway from the popular Zabar's food emporium, ensuring its success in that weekend shopper's paradise.

Conran's credo of simplicity and utility had its origins in his secondary education at the crafts-oriented Bryanston School in Dorset, which the fourteen-year-old Londoner entered in 1945. After finishing his formal education at London's Central School of Arts and Crafts, Conran was won over by the vernacular design culture of France during his travels there. The emphasis on natural materials, straightforward practicality, and classic forms was in complete agreement with his own theories. "If people are offered only shoddy things that are badly designed," he has reasoned, "then of course that's what they'll buy. But if they're offered better things they'll respond to them. We are offering things that are not wildly aspirational, but we're not embarrassed to be selling them. We're not cynical, and cynicism is often the trouble in retailing."

One skeptic is Min Hogg, editor in chief of *The World of Interiors*. In a recent British TV documentary on Conran by David Wiles she observed that "it's his aim to pare down design until really there's none left. But it creates a wonderful illusion for the public that the shop is absolutely full of magnificent amounts of choice, whereas there's no choice in a way because all the things are of an identical level of design." In fact, the Conran repertoire derives from late Bauhaus, fifties Scandinavian, sixties Italian, seventies naturals, with new revivalist pieces inspired by Art Deco, the Wiener Werkstätte, and reinterpreted country classics. Conran is above all a clever businessman, and he is accepting the new conservatism by stocking more tradition-inspired goods than ever before. It is no capitulation, however. There is little likelihood that the canny design knight has come this far to let the enemy in the front gate. Most likely he will gladly offer an *entente cordiale* on his own benevolent, despotic, but nonetheless principled terms. **Martin Filler**

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: HANS GISSINGER, DUDLEY REED, HANS GISSINGER

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BY WALTER CHIN

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VALENTIN

VALE

V



BY HELMUT NEWTON



SNOWDON

ANTONY GORMLEY

Gormley uses himself as the basis of his work. The figures are mostly him, made from body casts and later adapted to his purpose. But they always retain their form as molds, vessels, the containers of life, like the canopic jars and cases of the Egyptians. Gormley's figures are often covered with lead. His use of that heavy sensitive metal gives his sculpture a heightened sense of volume.

Forging Ahead

A new generation of sculptors is challenging British traditions of good taste

The British have always been better at Taste than Art. Even their bad taste has a definite quality that sets it apart: it is the most influential bad taste in the world. And their taste for sculpture has favored the decorative. When Jacob Epstein made the first great sculpture on a twentieth-century British building in London in 1907, the public demanded it be defaced, the genitalia and heads removed as an offense against their sense of good taste. At that time they did not have a sense of great art to affront.

Now, as then, the British have editorial flair rather than creative genius. They like decoration better than revelation, Colefax & Fowler rather than Bacon and Beuys. But in this stony ground a group of sculptors is thriving despite—and sometimes because of—the hostility of their environment, provoked into sculpture by the chintzy values of modern Britain with its disturbed monetarism and official philistinism. So it must be seen as a welcome respite that the major new gallery in the officially "deprived" north of England, the Tate Gallery Liverpool, has opened with a show devoted to the work of these men and women, on view through September 4.

The nationally acceptable sculpture of Britain is gardening. For the chisels of Carrara we must substitute the trowel. It is the ideal British art: unintellectual, discreet, and other people can do it for you. This leaves you free to pretend that you did it or, indeed, that you did not. It is an art both for those who call a spade a spade and for those who are pleased to say they have never seen one.

The new British sculpture, on the other hand, is highly intelligent, overtly critical, and intensely personal. It has come as a shock—sometimes tragic, as when a submarine made of tires by David Mach led to the death of its saboteur, who set it alight on the South Bank and caught fire himself. But the British have always been happier with a lime walk ended by a copy of the Apollo Belvedere than a room with a Rodin. Recently at the Tate in London *The Kiss* was stumbled on in a dark passage, near some Beatrix Potter watercolors, like a guilty couple mercifully escaped from a guided tour.

Before you say that this is a review of the Chelsea Flower Show masquerading as a generalization about British sculpture, I must insist on a little more digging. Literature was the creator of the later English garden, and literature was Britain's most important artistic export in the Age of Enlightenment. It was minor British poets who established the link (one that could not hold farther south) between weather and emotion—changeable, inclined to be wet, subtle, and a thousand shades of gray. These poets suggested to the incisive minds of Goethe and Rousseau an amazing weather report of the human psyche. Mountains stopped being in

REFLECTIONS ON AMY

She favors lazy lunches to late suppers.

Buys hardcovers instead of paperbacks.

Ohh, and Amy's legs... the nicest legs.

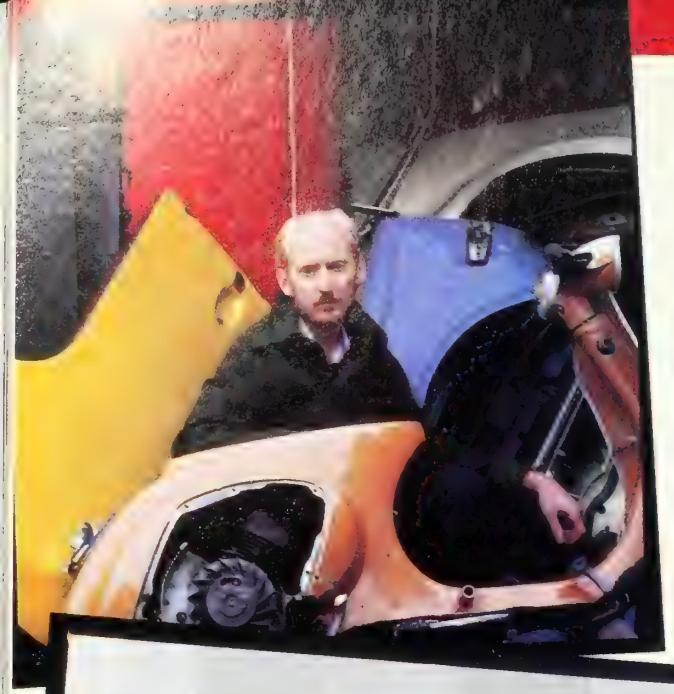


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art

BILL WOODROW

Transformation of an almost magical kind is at the center of Woodrow's work. He snips into a car door and finds a bird or a crucifixion; he creates a bomb from an ironing board. He discovers a cinema in the guts of an old upholstered chair, a guitar in the side of a washing machine, a bicycle frame and handlebars from the metal skin of a spin dryer. Twisted and bent, his objects remain umbilically attached to the things from which they are made. They are riddles of the connections between what they were and what they have become and the role of trash and art (and the possibility of their interchangeability).

MICHAEL CRAIG-MARTIN

Sometimes, like a pun on Léger, Michael Craig-Martin's sculptures hang weightlessly in space. They hover on white walls like drawings lighter than air, as clean-lined as a technician's plan. Elegant outlines of objects as mundane as a shirt on a hanger, a light bulb, scissors, or safety pins, these amusing and disturbing works pose afresh Classical conundrums of space, volume, scale, and form.

BRUCE McLEAN

Working in the widest range of media has been a point of honor with McLean. His catalogue of performances, paintings, sculptures, dinner plates, chimneypieces, bars, and whatever else his marvelously clear mind turns to has dared his students at the Slade School of Fine Art to take as many risks as their teacher. "It's amazing how many people actually want to paint an apple in a corner," he reports. His line, whether drawn on pottery, paper or, as here, in steel, has all the verve of Matisse.

the way and became touchstones for emotions. Rocks spoke of the human condition. A path was cleared for Henry Moore.

Moore, with his insistence on the unintellectual basis of art, was occupying a hole carved out by generations of thinkers. He filled the hole with a bone. The new generation has buried it in a torrent of works, prepared to take on politics, the environment, and immediate issues of discontent. To this end, much of the new sculpture is concerned with the transformation of everyday objects. The flotsam of polluted beaches, the surreal mise-en-scènes of consumer goods, by Tony Cragg, David Mach, Bill Woodrow, Richard Wentworth, and others is a jolt to the system, a pinch to the conscience to see if it is dreaming. It is a spur to responsibility, and in the hands of the symbolists of this generation, Anish Kapoor, Shirazeh Houshiary, Richard Deacon, and Antony Gormley, in particular, it is a confirmation of the value of the spiritual in an ever more material world.

Gardening is the ideal British art: discreet, unintellectual, and others can do it for you

These artists are making sculpture of great importance. In their hands the world has a fourth dimension: truth. They show us what we are in danger of becoming, as well as what we could become if we take the trouble to question, as they do, what sculpture and life are about.

At the opening ceremony for the exhibition Prince Charles paused by a floor piece by Tony Cragg. A television commentator kept a straight face as she supplied, "This piece, called *Spectrum*, is made of found plastic," and paused ominously as the camera zoomed in on His Royal Highness's utterly bemused face. Cragg's piece, a simple rainbow of color made from old bleach and polish containers and abandoned and empty bottles of every shape and size, was clearly drawing a blank. As the party moved from room to room in James Stirling's conversion of the abandoned dock, which art is now to help turn into a "dynamic business center," a voice muttered, "What this place needs is a few plants." **Patrick Kinmonth**

For sculptors' galleries see Sources.

SNOWDON



The Perfect Crime.

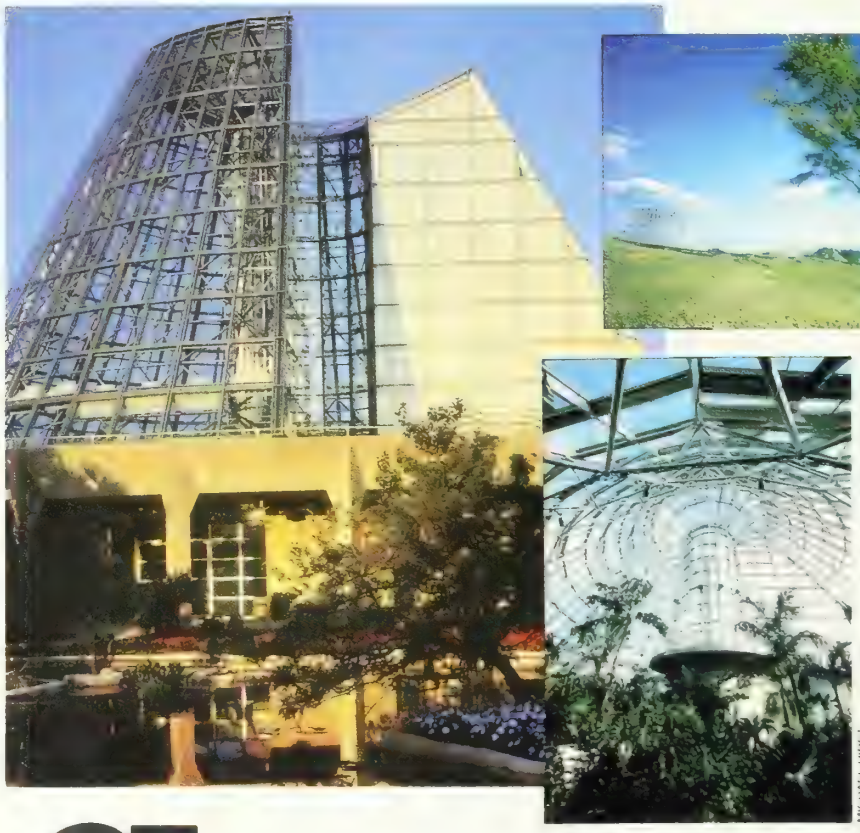
Someone wanted at least one thing in life that was perfect.

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Greenhouse Effects

Architect Emilio Ambasz gives an unusual conservatory in Texas a touch of the poet



The conservatory at the San Antonio Botanical Gardens, above, is dug into hillside. Palm house, left and far left, is tallest structure.

At age 45, Emilio Ambasz is at the put-up-or-shut-up point that comes in the life of every architect. He has had several parallel para-architectural careers, from design curator at New York's Museum of Modern Art to designer of furniture and industrial machinery. Yet this Argentinian-born architect's attitude toward construction has always been oddly ambivalent. He prefers cryptic "fables" to clearly stated programs and Minimalist site models stylized to extremes of Platonic perfection. His self-conscious stance as a "poet" rather than a practitioner has set him apart from his more conventional contemporaries. This strategy has had its rewards: Ambasz is being given a MOMA retrospective (Feb. 9–Apr. 4, 1989), a singular honor for one who has only now just completed his first building. It is the Lucile Halsell Conservatory of the San Antonio Botanical Gardens, and as architects' initial works often do, it simultaneously summarizes both its author's strengths and weaknesses.

The glass-and-metal botanical greenhouse is one of the quintessential products of the Victorian Age, symbolizing modern man's taming of nature through technology. But the legendary prototype of the conservatory is the Garden of Eden, lost paradise of primeval innocence. To emphasize those mythic origins, Ambasz dispensed with the traditional house imagery in favor of dynamic geometric forms half-buried in the gentle slope of the 33-acre park overlooking San Antonio. Despite his claim that he sees "no reason to respond to the context there," the surroundings are unusually attractive, and he responds to them with great skill. The siting and circulation path through the complex are superb. The visitor is led among the buildings along a curving route that requires no doubling back, and the rapid succession of alpine, temperate, desert, subtropical, and tropical environments adds to the sense that the spaces seem far larger than they actually are. This highly sophisticated illusion demonstrates Ambasz's gift for transcending the commonplace without obvious strain.

It is in the poor quality of the construction details that Ambasz's lack of experience as a builder shows. Concrete surfaces (many of which will soon be overgrown with greenery) look ugly, materials meet one another with amateurish crudity, and the structural systems of the greenhouses are overly elaborate. The coincidence of this work's being completed in the same year as I. M. Pei's Louvre pyramid—in contrast, a miracle of lightness, economy, and elegance—is unfortunate. Nonetheless, the verdant hand of nature will soon cover many of this building's flaws, by which time Ambasz will have had the chance to apply his formidable intelligence to other projects that likewise seek solutions outside the norm of architectural business as usual. **Martin Filler**

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Cynthia Gibson I

architecture

Coming Attractions

Walker Art Center takes a look at the future of contemporary architecture









CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: COURTESY WALKER ART CENTER (2); TIMOTHY HURLEY COURTESY WALKER ART CENTER

Selections from the portfolios of architects chosen by the Walker. Clockwise from above: Franklin Israel, Stanley Saitowitz, Liz Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, Tod Williams and Billie Tsien.

Nine almost young and almost well known architects will have their day in the Minnesota sun, thanks to an ambitious exhibition series at Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Mildred Friedman, the museum's dynamo design curator, has scheduled the show to run in six consecutive fall-spring installments over the next three years, naming it, appropriately enough, "Architecture Tomorrow."

The series opens October 30th with Los Angeles architect Franklin Israel, who plans to construct six pavilions inside the museum that will house drawings and models of his work. Perhaps not so coincidentally, architect Frank Gehry had the same idea two years ago for his blockbuster retrospective at Walker, so we'll see how Israel's structures stack up to Gehry's—which were sensational. Next May, Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi, two more West Coasters, will take the Walker stage, to be followed by Tod Williams and Billie Tsien (fall 1989), Stanley Saitowitz (spring 1990), Liz Diller and Ricardo Scofidio (fall 1990), and finally, in spring 1991, Steven Holl.

What does "Architecture Tomorrow" tell us about architecture tomorrow? Well, if the six teams that Friedman and her advisory panel tapped for the show have their way, we can look forward to a less sentimental and more rigorous aesthetic future in which Postmodernism is, shall we say, history. **Charles Gandee**



The Aristocratic Style of Luciano Barbera.

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Checking In

Edna O'Brien withdraws to the Wyndham Hotel to become a lady of leisure

Writers and hotels make good bedfellows. The escape, the privacy, and the temporary sense of aggrandizement of a hotel add to the fairly forlorn hope that words—very special, potent, and as yet undreamed of—will be consigned to paper, hotel paper, whose very logos can be talismanic, presaging success or doom.

There are the glorious affairs between writers and hotels, notably Marcel Proust and Thomas Mann who, in *Within a Budding Grove* and *Death in Venice* respectively, made these luxurious violet-tinted abodes sanctuaries of lust and inspiration. Less noble is the story of poor Oscar Wilde in a hotel on the Left Bank of Paris going out each day, wearing his two cabalistic rings, hoping in vain to cadge; or Dorothy Parker in a hotel in New York, a specter of her former daring and precocious self.

My own favorite hotel is the Wyndham in New York, not least because, when there, I feel as if I have been miraculously restored to the bosom of a family that I have always hankered for. The owners pamper me without ever obliging me to conform; the staff takes the pangs of isolation away by having sundry chats. I manage to understand baseball and football fever and receive opinions about shows before I open my morning paper. Even New York has its own hush at dawn, and as I glimpse through my window gold-painted figures, I feel that I am in some Byzantine city. This early rising constitutes the first few days of jet lag only. Afterward I waken at a more indulgent hour, often to find there are already telephone messages on pink paper which remind me of confetti. Only pleasantries could be inscribed on such a color.

I like any room I inhabit to resemble one Matisse might have painted

Each autumn I teach at the City University of New York and for that duration the Wyndham is my home. It is the stuff of fairy tales. I am free, yet cosseted, succumbing to a bout of fantasy and aggrandizement. I recall a poem of Ogden Nash's about Mrs. Marmaduke Moore dipping her locks in a bowl of henna and booking passage to Vienna. New York is my Vienna. From the earliest age New York featured in our house as the seat of glamour and good fortune. My parents had been there, and for my mother, despite her humble toiling, it was an earthly paradise.

I like any room that I inhabit to resemble one that Matisse might have painted. It so happens that Mr. and Mrs. Mados, the proprietors of the Wyndham, have something of the same idea, so that my belongings and myself merge into it, so to speak. From England I haul pictures, embroideries, jugs, and cranberry glasses. I never carry photographs since the people I love are engraved on my mind anyhow. Never once do I suppose that someone else has occupied the room, even though I know for a fact that Sam Cohn did, and never will I allow the thought that when I leave someone else will come in. I hide little folded notes in drawers and crevices with quotations, mostly from Shakespeare. Come to think of it, I ought to leave lines from Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative*.

Soon, my pictures, my icon, my postcards (mostly of Madonnas), my lace shawls, my Buddha, and my orange-scented sticks bedeck the place. My books fill the bookcase and the windowsills. Every day I buy more books, strengthening the ruse that most writers indulge in, which is that if they buy a book they have at least done some service to literature. Luxury of luxuries, there are two television sets so that I can go from one room to the other and not miss a pronoun.

Bob Geldof once told me that he did not care to stay at the Wyndham because they did not have 24-hour room service or remote-controlled television, two things which utterly endear the place to me. It means that one turns the television off at the sensible hour, and that one can skip breakfast. Long before lunch I can contemplate the glorious ritualistic excursion of going to a delicatessen on 57th Street and having a large orange and carrot juice. Invariably I see someone I know, at least by sight. Stars and rock stars in dark glasses storm the place. To add to all this flourish there is a metal plaque beveled into Sixth Avenue adorned with shamrocks and carrying the signal—BEING IRISH

Then it's back to work and more pink messages and three hours of withdrawal in which I ask for no calls to be put through, at the same time hoping that won't mean having to forgo the pleasure of a conversation with Harrison Ford—a man, incidentally, I do not know. As the hours pass and the words do not get spawned, hunger sets in, or something resembling hunger. To be able to send out for things, such as decaffeinated, turkey on rye, and tuna salad, and receive them is for me an achievement as miraculous as a moon walk.

In my kitchen at the Wyndham there is always an array of those little sachets containing ketchup and mustard and sweeteners, perfect evidence of a woman who disdains cooking. In England I am something of a slave, in New York something of a reprobate. Life in my own house is dogged with domestic duties and the perennial presence of builders. My particular work team is made up of Kerrymen, whose goodwill is matched by massive inefficiency. No sooner do they come to mend a pipe or install a bath than havoc to other parts of the house ensues, and more of their consorts have to be called to repair the damage, and on and so on until it's orders for twelve cups of tea.

But at the Wyndham I need not worry about the roof or the door hinges or the burps

KEN MARYANSKI

Lenox.



Shown smaller than actual height of 8" (including base).

from the radiator or the quality of the saucepans. I could with ingenuity rustle up dinner parties, but I don't. To my knowledge, no woman in New York cooks, except my friend Maria Tucci. I join the ranks of the carefree. In my kitchen in London there is invariably yeast bread rising under a muslin cloth, potatoes waiting to be peeled, and even on occasion carrageen moss soaking for a soufflé. In short, evidence of a guilt-ridden woman who still believes that a woman's place is in the kitchen. I know, too, that my son has coveys of girlfriends and that the rooms I have so carefully appointed have become venues for jamborees.

In New York I don't care. I let go of my house and its contents. I buy new clothes to fit my new and profligate persona. I once ordered a very expensive garment which I had seen in a window. Because it arrived in a fancy box I had the illusion that it was actually a gift. Yet at moments I panic. I remember a wonderful story that Woody Allen wrote about Emma Bovary in a hotel in New York getting above herself. Nevertheless, next day I order more flowers or more champagne and wonder what one did without the benefit of credit cards and two other—alas, home-oriented—items: fire lighters and tinfoil. You see I am already lighting the home fires and mentally stuffing that turkey and putting it in tinfoil, which brings me to the subject of Christmas. As with most people, Christmas terrifies me. But at the Wyndham I can have the joys of Yuletide without the bother.

I buy candles although I know that the "Boss" does not approve. I put them in coronets of spruce and light them as ceremoniously as a tree. I receive six or seven Christmas cards, mostly from my students—the ones who like me. I go for Christmas Eve dinner to my friends the Schlesingers. And on Christmas Day I make social calls, remembering with some remorse that as a young girl in Dublin I and other girls went to see the cribs in various churches, which the men referred to as crib-crawls, while they did pub-crawls.

On Boxing Day I envisage the cards and packages and bills and final notices that await me at home, my teaching duties over. Mrs. Mados coaxes me to stay at least until New Year's Eve. Naturally I concede. Come the cold moment of reckoning on January 1, I start to pack. But having acquired more things than will fit in my suitcases, I am obliged to leave shawls, lamps, books, and clobber in a big trunk, knowing that come hell or high water I will be back—God and the Madoses willing. ♠



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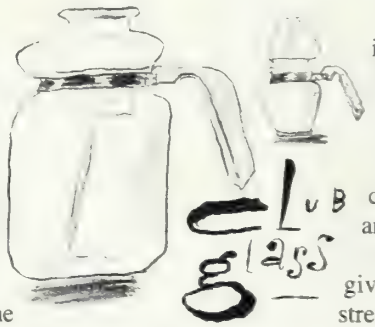
Forward into the Futurama

Herbert Muschamp looks at four books exploring our fascination with form, from streamlined to neo-primitive

"Suddenly, it's 1960." Well, maybe they're not the three most beautiful words in the English language, but if someone will please get up and get me a Grants, or maybe two, I'm prepared to admit that the optimism of those words thrills me as much as anything in Shakespeare. So what if they were ground out on Madison Avenue, coined to plug a new Plymouth that, moreover, had already vanished into tail-fin heaven long before the momentous year actually rolled around? The ad came out in 1956. But as the copywriter pointed out with the hubris characteristic of the age, "Who says tomorrow never comes? You're looking at it!" We were, and the view was great, and it was just going to get greater and greater. Designers were going to design it that way. Designers were onto something truly Promethean. Designers were onto Design.

We tend to forget how long it took to get around to design. After all, the Parthenon wasn't designed. Chartres Cathedral wasn't designed. The *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María* weren't designed. "Oh, yeah?" a joker in the audience once piped up when I made these assertions in a lecture. "What happened—they just grew?"

No, they were built. They were made. But the word *design* and its equivalents did not appear until about four centuries ago. Nor did there exist until then a conception of the process we use that word to describe. And the Designer did not appear until the present century.



Arthur J. Pulos's new book, **The American Design Adventure** (MIT Press, $50) continues the saga of American design he began in his epic 1983 volume *American Design Ethic*. The earlier book was a kind of Pirandellian study of designed objects in search of a designer, a review of the diverse contributions of inventors, engineers, furniture makers, silversmiths, and decorative, commercial, and applied artists. Then finally in the 1920s—thanks in part to the need of automobile manufacturers for a new gimmick to give themselves a competitive edge—we arrive at the birth of the autonomous designer, an independent professional contracted to bring style and image to an ever-widening range of objects.

Life became a series of inspired aesthetic choices from locomotives to nylons

Pulos's first volume introduced the key figures of this movement—Raymond Loewy, Gilbert Rohde, Donald Deskey, Russel Wright, Walter Dorwin Teague, and Henry Dreyfuss—and concludes with their public apotheosis at the 1939 New York World's Fair. There, design staked its claim over the entire man-made environment and the future of civilization. *The American Design Adventure* begins with a brief recapitulation of the 1939 fair and proceeds to a riveting cavalcade of the years 1940 to 1975, when design made good on its claim. In broad strokes Pulos gives us the sociological factors that made this triumph possible: public confidence in the socially ameliorative power of modern industry; confidence in America's continuing growth as an industrial power; and confidence in design itself, the shared conviction of artists and consumers that life itself could be streamlined into an ever more rational form.

More importantly, Pulos gives us his own admirably streamlined history of the people and events, the economic and cultural systems through which these beliefs were translated. He chronicles the development of educational programs for designers, the formation of professional organizations, and, above all, the tireless campaigning—Good Design shows, new product exhibitions, advertising—to create consumer demand for life as a series of inspired aesthetic choices from locomotives to nylons, children's toys to air force bombers.

Everything seemed to climax in 1958, the year of the Sheer. You could pose in your Sheer Look Oleg Cassini gown next to your Frigidaire Sheer Look appliances and practice the Sheer Look gesture (elbow-length gloved arms held up at right angles). And if you lost your balance and fell against too Sheer a kitchen surface, you could make yourself good as new again with a Sheer Strip Band-Aid.

Then suddenly it really *was* 1960: tomorrow had come today and with that collapse of time came a gradual breakdown of confidence in technology as the authority for tomorrow's world. In 1939, Americans had seen the future at the Futurama, and it worked. In 1960—the year the Futurama had depicted—they were living in that future, and it wasn't working all that well.



Andrea Branzi's 1984 book, *The Hothouse*, picks up the saga of what came next. Italian designers, creators of some of the most notable classics of late Modern furniture, tossed out the rule book of Good Design to create a testing ground for radical innovation. Riccardo Dalisi began experimenting

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with "poor technology," chairs and tables crudely hammered together out of rough pieces of what looked like driftwood. Alessandro Mendini and Branzi himself, under the spell of media guru Marshall McLuhan, began approaching design as a form of mass media whose primary function was to transmit information. Ettore Sottsass developed a vocabulary of color and applied surface which eroded the rationality of Modern design with an erotics of everyday living.

Branzi's new book, **Domestic Animals** (MIT Press, $9.95), presents his continuing research into anti-industrial design. Tree stumps, twigs, and animal skins joined together with plastic laminates and illuminated by video monitors are the elements of his "neo-primitive" style, domestic furniture for a postindustrial society: the Jetsons move in with the Flintstones. Branzi's furniture restates the ideal of tribalism, the era of the global village McLuhan felt the media had ushered in. Branzi cites as sources the rustic furniture of rural Italy and America, but he offers his own versions as an homage to Africa as the symbol of tribal life, the primordial mother. Isn't it a bit late in the game for these Eurocentric clichés about the dark continent?

The Italians tossed out the rule book of Good Design and began approaching it as a form of mass media

Peter York, one of seventeen contributors to **Design after Modernism** (Thames & Hudson, $19.95), edited by John Thackara, contends that in the 1980s England has usurped Italy as the leader in contemporary design ideas. York's is a shamelessly chauvinistic position, in the tradition of the postwar "Britain Can Make It" campaigns. His message here, however, is closer to "Britain Can Unmake It," since what gives England its current edge, York feels, is that it was the first industrialized nation to deindustrialize. What's left is a culture of deprivation in which young designers have flourished. "What don't they have?" York asks. "You name it: sun, street life, sport, good food, education, interesting things to do. That means *style* is all you have."

The literature of design criticism is highly scarce compared with that on architecture and city planning, and this book makes a valuable contribution. It's clear from some of these essays that Branzi is not the only designer with the 1960s on his mind. Nigel Coates, a greatly gifted architect, interior designer, and advocate of narrative architecture, opens his essay, "Street Signs," with a section called "Modern Life as TV." How's that for a rerun? Still, the problems with which these writers are grappling—how to keep pace with a culture that has outstripped our capacity to control it; how to replace the physical authority of machine technology with the invisible presence of information networks—have not gone out of style.

John Thackara suggests that the word *design* may no longer be adequate to describe the range of activities mentioned in these essays, in particular, the shift in thinking from objects to events. Some of the writing on this information age shift is utopian—what does it look like when you bring it down to earth? I felt the need to remind myself while reading this book that although I enjoy watching music videos and looking at fashion spreads in *The Face*, I don't particularly want to inhabit them. Those who do want to already can. And, as a matter of fact, there already exists a term for many of the ideas offered up here as the basis of a new design. It is "art direction."

And in some cases just plain "art." The cases I'm thinking about are the paintings and sculptures catalogued in **NY Art Now** (Giancarlo Politi Editore, $30), Dan Cameron's survey of recent additions of the Saatchi Collection. Someone I know once suggested that a lot of this new work truly deserved to hang in the Museum of Modern Art—but in the *design* collection, not the department of painting and sculpture. This book is about the work she had in mind: pieces by Jeff Koons, Haim Steinbach, Philip Taaffe, Peter Halley, Ashley Bickerton, and others whose work is both theoretically and genuinely involved with the commodification of art.

Steinbach makes Formica shelves mounted with consumer products, objects of Good Design (a retractable garden hose) set beside examples of kitsch (a rubber Halloween fright mask). His intention, to challenge hierarchies of taste and class, recalls Walter Gropius's goal to break down the barrier between the fine and applied arts. Koons first attracted notice with a series called *The New*, in which objects such as brand-new vacuum cleaners were encased in Plexiglas boxes and displayed as at a trade fair. Bickerton makes wall reliefs covered with well-known corporate logos interspersed with his own graphics for his fictitious SUSIE corporation: THE BEST IN SENSORY AND INTELLECTUAL EXPERIENCES. Taaffe remakes abstract and op art paintings like a manufacturer eager to widen market share with a trendy line of bed linen.

These artists are well aware that their implication in the Saatchis' world of advertising violates a social taboo about art. Cameron's introduction acknowledges that "all of the work discussed herein has, at some point, been dismissed as cynical, derivative . . . over-hyped, and/or the emperor's new clothes." As he notes, though, the work has touched a nerve; we would still prefer not to think about the extent to which both art and design have been implicated in the culture of advertising and promotion.

In a sense, of course, these new art objects represent the cynical betrayal of the idea that the purpose of design is to democratize art—to supplant the unique luxury item with the more egalitarian objects of everyday use. To which these artists respond that they are betraying nothing but our illusions; they are simply bringing back into the open the fact that the old hierarchies are still with us. And for all their alleged cynicism, the artists occasionally sound downright utopian, as when Philip Taaffe expresses the hope "that when they are in the hands of powerful individuals . . . my paintings could enable a more humanistic perspective to emerge and evolve." Henry Dreyfuss could not have said it better. ♠

Book Notes

Selected Letters of Virgil Thomson
Edited by Tim Page
and Vanessa Weeks Page
Summit, 413 pp., $24.95

To Maurice Grosser
July 2, 1963
D.M.
It is very hot & I feel terrible. Nothing wrong, however. I weekended chez Gruens and cooked dinner for 12—roast chicken tarragon, onions with zucchini, à la Wendell, & fresh things like garden lettuce & red strawberries. I put tarragon under the skin & roasted the chickens with no butter & no basting. It was wonderful. Chicken fat & jelly ooze out and make pan gravy. Try it. Medium oven, around 325–350. Just tie up the feet, salt & pepper a little, put bird upright in dry pan, & never touch. A sizeable one takes about an hour & a quarter. I am sorry about your father. Had a letter from you in London. And some shows. Also the museums. Here terribly hot & I feel terrible, as I said before. LV

Now in his nineties, the eminent composer and critic Virgil Thomson is still writing letters full of wit and charm—even on his bad

Photos Wilfrid ROUFF

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BOOKS

days. This volume, which collects Thomson's correspondence with family, friends, and many of the twentieth century's most important cultural figures—including James Joyce, Aaron Copland, Alvin Ailey, and Gertrude Stein—truly captures Thomson's lifelong joie de vivre. **Ellen Silberman**

Origami Architecture: American Houses, Pre-Colonial to Present
by Masahiro Chatani
Kodansha
84 pp., $11.95
Unless Japanese youths are far more dexterous than most American adults, Masahiro Chatani's book probably won't have the influence on future architects he had in mind. But the idea is fun and the patterns really do work. Skip the overly serious introduction and the history and go right to the cutouts. Read *all* the instructions. Start with a tepee and work your way up to Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater—if you have the patience. Twenty patterns are featured—from George Washington's Mount Vernon to Robert Venturi's house for his mother—plus variations and a section on designing your own origami home. **E.S.**

Cut & Assemble Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House
by Edmund V. Gillon Jr.
Dover, 32 pp., $5.95
If you've always wanted a model of the Robie House for your train set, pull out your X-Acto knife and get to work. This book of cutouts is simply that: no frills, no introduction, just 132 pieces with detailed step-by-step instructions. If only these books came preassembled. **E.S.**

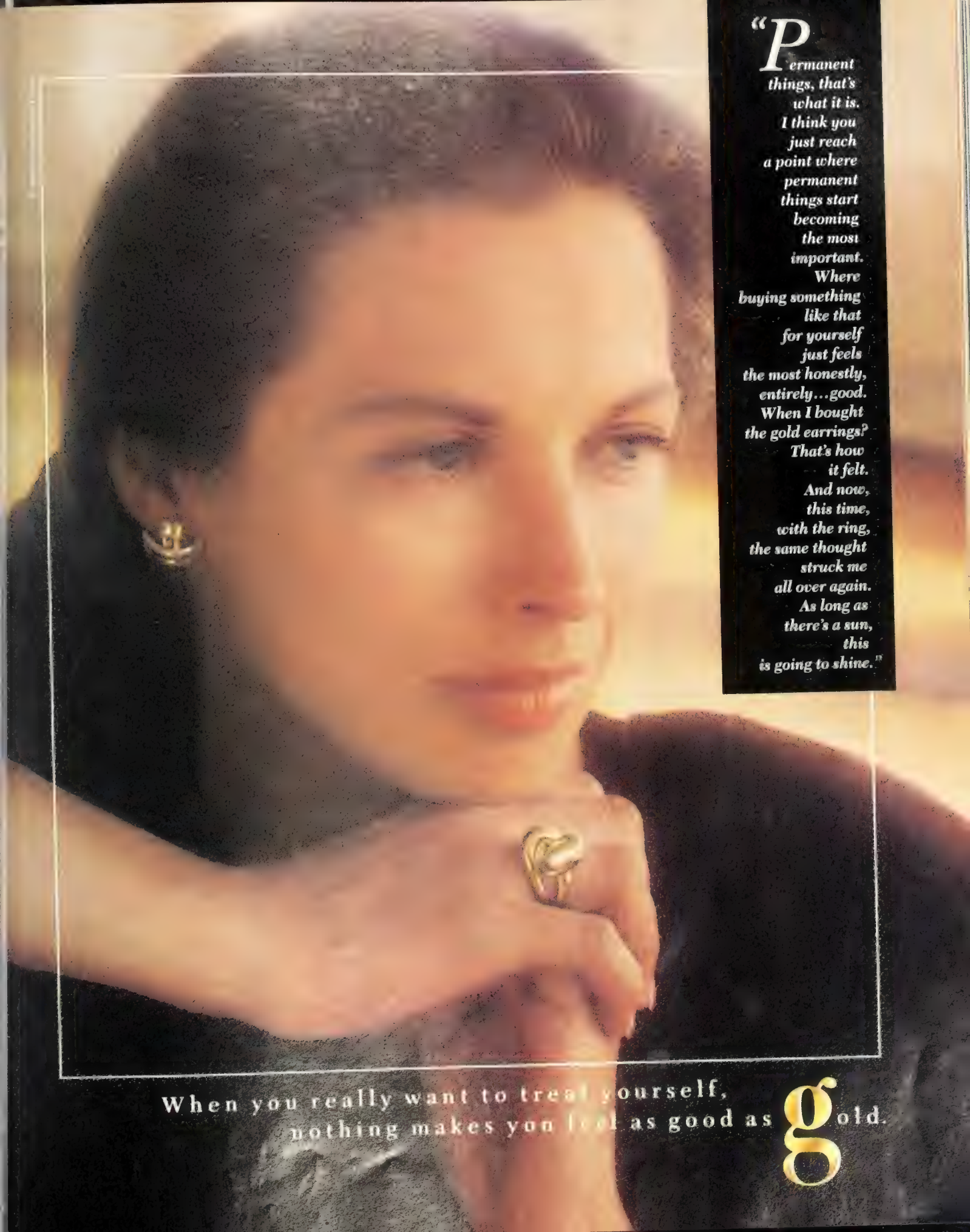
Glass Houses
by May Woods
and Arete Swartz Warren
Rizzoli, 216 pp., $45
Don't be put off by this book's uninspiring cover of leaning fronds and spiraling glass—inside 150 photographs (100 in color) beautifully illustrate the history of the greenhouse, orangery, and conservatory in Europe and America. The effects of architectural, botanical, and social developments are discussed in detail, from the seventeenth-century European fascination with exotic plants from Asia and the New World to the introduction of inexpensive sheet glass in the early nineteenth century. The authors conclude with a brief survey of greenhouses today and an instructive chapter on building one's own.
A. Glenn Harrell

The Landmarks of New York
by Barbaralee Diamonstein
Abrams, 400 pp., $45
New Yorkers do not drive a lot. They walk around and look at buildings and silently thank the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, which keeps New York architecture alive. Diamonstein, a former commissioner, has documented the 550 extant landmark sites with 600 photographs, 52 maps, and a brief history of the buildings. What's sometimes quite amusing is the current use of some historic buildings. Most interesting switch: the 1929–30 Kent Automatic Parking Garage is now the Sofia Apartments. **Gabrielle Winkel**

The City That Never Was
by Rebecca Read Shanor
Viking, 256 pp., $35
Not a book for just dipping into, this entertaining history details the aborted plans and false starts that *don't* make up New York. Imagine an arcade railway running beneath Broadway flanked by a promenade with hundreds of stores, a pneumatically powered elevated transit system, or Central Park's northern end inhabited by grazing oxen, sheep, and goats. This well-illustrated book also serves as a history of the city we *do* know and love. Shanor tells us that an 1872 equine virus helped propel New York from a horse-drawn city to one of more rapid and reliable transit, and explains how Wall Street got its name. Includes 194 black-and-white illustrations. **E.S.**

The Movie Lover's Guide to New York
by Richard Alleman
Harper & Row, 327 pp., $14.95
For some filmmakers New York City is the ultimate movie set. And historically, New York surpasses Hollywood in film events—after all, the Edison Laboratory was just over the Hudson in West Orange, New Jersey.

This tour through the boroughs of New York—with many black-and-white illustrations—lists every location with celluloid connections: from where a movie was filmed (the *Sophie's Choice* house in Brooklyn) to where a star was born (Barbara Stanwyck in Brooklyn), educated (Barbra Streisand at Erasmus Hall High), discovered (Bogart at the Broadhurst Theater), lives (Katharine Hepburn on East 49th Street), and is buried (Mae West at Cypress Hills Cemetery). The author also covers the homes of fictional characters, the locations of the great movie palaces of the past, and even where to buy a Marilyn Monroe toothpick. **G.W.**


"Permanent things, that's what it is. I think you just reach a point where permanent things start becoming the most important. Where buying something like that for yourself just feels the most honestly, entirely...good. When I bought the gold earrings? That's how it felt. And now, this time, with the ring, the same thought struck me all over again. As long as there's a sun, this is going to shine."
When you really want to treat yourself, nothing makes you feel as good as gold.

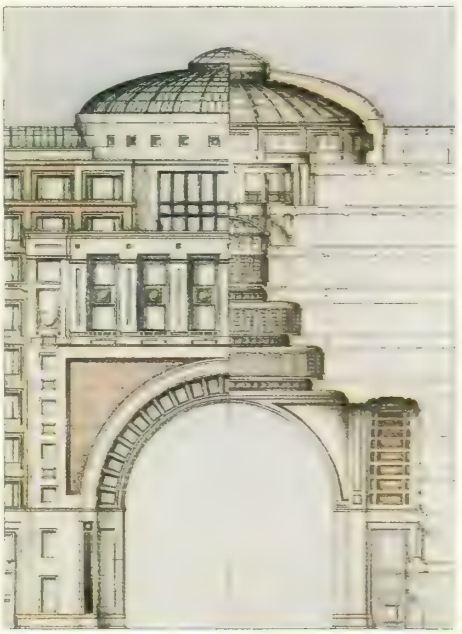
Native Hostelry

As American hotels follow European models, **Suzanne Stephens** rates the best in the Northeast

Getting there is certainly not as much fun as it used to be now that airplanes are crowded, noisy, late, and the airlines not mindful of your baggage. Then you arrive in a strange city that may be just as crowded and noisy—and littered. No wonder hotels are becoming so important—little islands of serenity amid the disorder and pressures of urban life.

Until recently, modern American hotels were more famous for function than repose. They were essentially large functionally run file boxes for the feeding and storing of travelers. But after Americans toured Europe in droves and became accustomed to the small distinctive luxury hotel complete with concierge, minibar, and antiques spilling out of the rooms, the idea caught on here. By the 1970s the American traveler began to find turn-of-the-century apartment houses and hotel buildings converted to the "new" European-style hotel. In the 1980s these hotels have set the standard even for chains, such as the upmarket Four Seasons of Canada.

In this report we look at hotels in the Northeast that have been built or renovated in the past five years to see how well they measure up to design and comfort criteria. (HG will cover hotels in other parts of the country over the next several months.)





Classical revival. Top: Elevation and section of the Boston Harbor Hotel at Rowes Wharf. Above: Ornate moldings, marble archways in the antique-lined lobby.

Jefferson Hotel 16th and M Streets N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 347-2200)
Rose Narva, interior design
Gray-haired senators in well-cut dark suits are departing. Rose Narva, the smoothly coiffed, redheaded directrice, also attired in a tailored black suit, receives newcomers. The scent of a gigantic floral arrangement permeates the ivory-hued marble and wood-paneled foyer filled with antiques. No, this is not a Parisian bordello. It is Washington. Over the past two years the Jefferson has begun to draw the limousine crowd from the Hay-Adams (where Mrs. Narva and certain members of her staff had been together) and from the Madison Hotel and has been functioning as the caravansary for major-league political visitors. The classically rendered eight-story building has been around since the 1920s, and during most of its existence it has been a genteelly shabby apartment hotel. But then in 1975 lawyer and Baltimore Orioles owner Edward Bennett Williams bought the Jefferson, and with the recent spiffing up and redecoration supervised by Mrs. Narva, it now exudes an aura of comfort, luxury, and clout. Each of the 102 rooms is decorated differently in a not-too-studied mix of antique and reproduction furniture which leans heavily toward the standard American and English eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century classics. In many cases the floral chintz curtains, silk moiré wallcoverings, and scenic wallpaper come from Scalamandré, Brunschwig, Schumacher, and Clarence House's Anglo-American lines.

The public rooms stress the American Colonial in-God-we-trust tone of much of official Washington, with pale colors, Oriental carpets, and Federal-style antiques. The Hunt Club, with its oak wainscoting, wingback chairs, and reproduction Chinese Chippendale chairs, maintains the image, as does the dining room where walls and coved ceilings are a light peach. There are heavy-handed touches to be sure: the double tiers of ivory-painted wood cornices in the dining room try too hard to make you notice them and to forget that there are no windows; the came-with-the-frame paintings throughout the hotel are downmarket, even if the better line of Impressionist knockoffs in the dining room are signed with declarations such as "D'Après Manet 1876, Nancy Sponable Lee, 1983."
Image: John Hay and John Adams might have slept here had they still been around.
Ambience: Almost like home—if your

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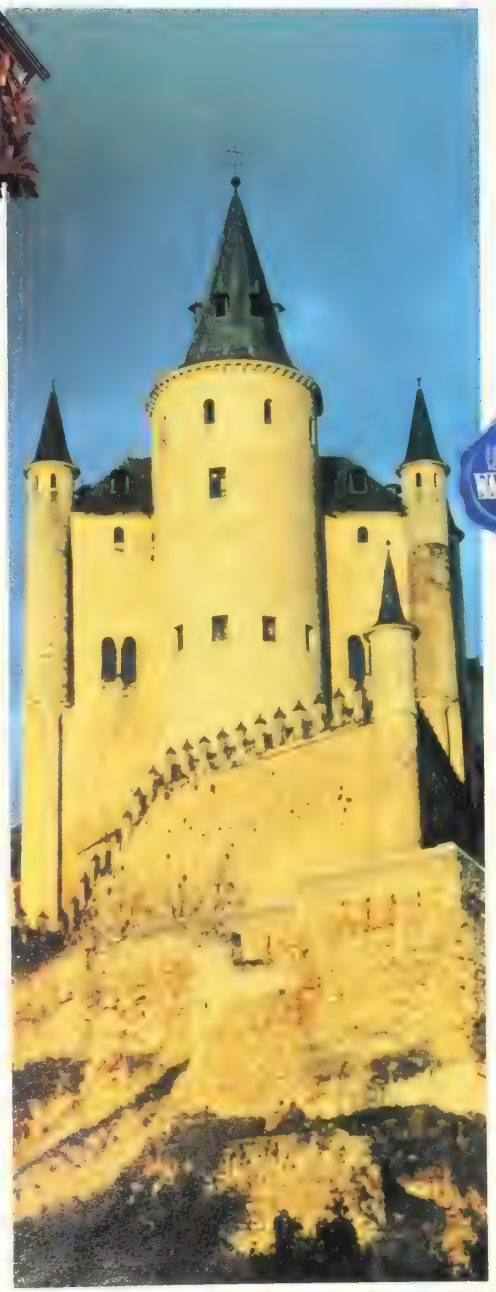
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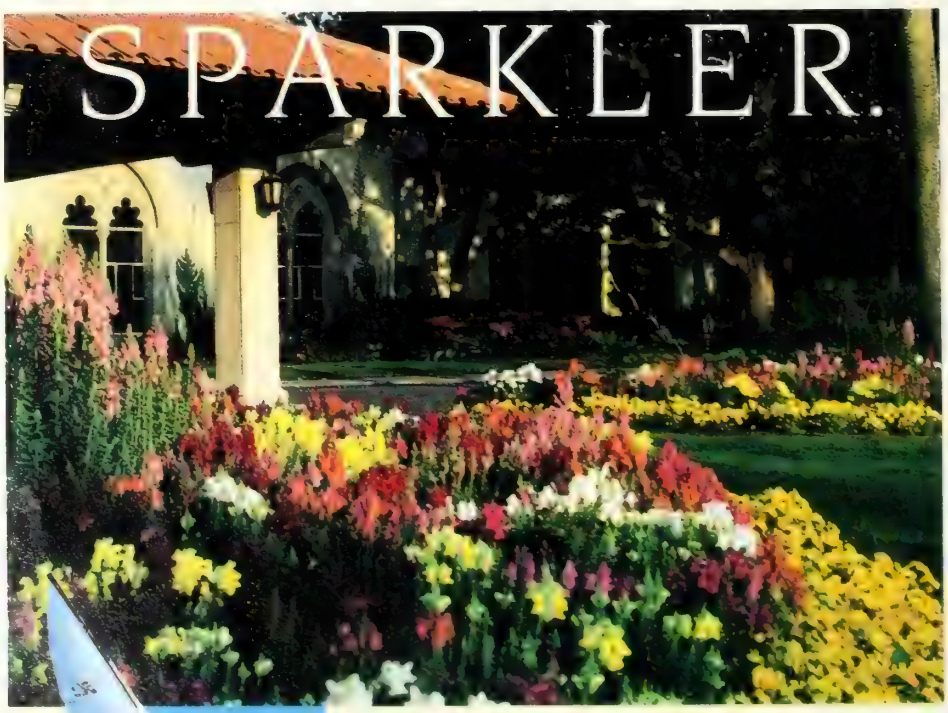
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home is on the National Register. Small, quiet, dignified; bedrooms range in color from pastel to vibrant, but not the sort that gives you migraines.

Pamper quotient: Terry-cloth robes, hairdryers, the requisite complimentary toiletries, dressing-table lighting good and strong. No minibar, but you do get complimentary champagne (Freixenet, actually) and chocolates. Hard-to-open operable windows. No exercise room or pool. Service excellent.

Rates: Singles $150–$235; doubles $160–$255 (weekends $115/night); suites $275–$850 (weekends $170/night); Jefferson Executive Suite $1,000.

The Willard Inter-Continental 1401 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 628-9100

Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, architects (original renovation scheme); Vlastimil Koubek, architect (execution of modified design); Tom Lee, interior design, renovation

The Willard, another recently renovated and upgraded hotel, is clearly intended to help revive the resplendent grand-hotel tradition as well as attract income-producing conventions. Its service, food, and decor put it into the higher end of the tourist-convention trade, and its room rates definitely keep out the har-de-har-har crowd. The hotel is more apt to be expecting a Concorde to arrive any minute with a load of Parisians coming for a conference on merchandising. The tourists who stay here wear jackets and ties, or skirts and (low) heels, to go mingle with the T-shirt and jeans crowd on line at the White House nearby. Spotted on a recent visit: three authentic little old ladies in flower-print dresses, strawhats, and canes, straight from the Breakers, circa 1920.

Local politicos are known to favor the bars and restaurants, especially the much-touted Willard Room. And you can see why they do. This room goes over the top. Oak paneling and faux bois plaster from the days when the hotel, designed by Henry Hardenbergh (of New York Plaza fame), first opened in 1901 slather the walls and beams of the ceiling. Dark green scagliola (plaster that looks like marble) columns, topped by gilt capitals, stand like giant sequoias in the space. Chandeliers with small lampshades and dark red velvet draperies maintain the proper tone. Although the massive reproduction chairs and carpeting are not quite as posh, they don't mar the overall effect. Ditto the main lobby where the *(Continued on page 92)*

LEVOLOR TODAY

Oh, The Looks You're Going To Get!



OUR PREMIERE ISSUE OF WINDOW DESIGN BREAKTHROUGHS.

- ☐ FOR COUNTRY ROOMS: INTO THE WOODS.
- ☐ TRADITIONAL SETTINGS: OPULENCE IN MOIRÉ.
- ☐ THE CONTEMPORARY NEWS: THE TEXTURES OF SANTA FE.

Oh, The Looks You're Going



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What's Today. There's English "country." There's French "country." The fact is, just about every country has its "country." Scandinavian country is notable for pieces that are elegant and lighter than many other "primitives" from Europe. Practical antiques have stepped out of the pantries and back hallways and into the spotlight in country rooms. These are pieces prized for their unfussy lines and straightforward simplicity.





What's Levolor® Today. We've taken a sophisticated approach to "primitive" country design with our new Yosemite™ 2" wood horizontal blinds (featured) in Sagewood (#2801). Their simple lines complement and heighten the warmth and authenticity of the room. Beautifully crafted in durable Basswood and superbly finished, our Yosemite 2" wood blinds come in 13 colors and stains. Versatile enough for just about every country statement, from the simple and rustic to the cozy and plush. For the utmost in delicacy, Levolor's Pleated Z-Shades™ shown (above right) in White Lace (#6522) to allow maximum light and visibility. Another obvious choice for a lighter, airier feeling would be our Yosemite 1" wood horizontal blinds, shown (above left) in Cottonwood (#2803).







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What's Today. The latest traditional looks are frankly opulent. And the period that says it best is Beaux Arts—a style with elaborate decoration, gilding, and more than a hint of a bygone, old-world glamour. Traditional is no longer dark or heavy mahogany and leather. Painted furniture adds lightness to a room, while still retaining a clear sense of history.



What's Levolor® Today. Versatile enough to work with elaborate draperies and stylish enough to stand completely on their own, Levolor has designed Moiré Satin Pleated Z-Shades.™ Nostalgic in look, but totally modern in their up-to-date energy efficiency, subtle glow, and allowance for complete privacy. And they're available in 17 special Moiré fabric colors. Featured here in Platinum (#6484). Our traditional horizontal blinds have taken on a new silvery shine and subtle texture. We've named it Opulessence.™ The Riviera® 1" blinds shown here (above right) are in Rose Crystal (#1395). Levolor's Loren™ fabric 2" verticals (left) also work extremely well with almost every kind of traditional drapery, as you can see by our choice of Jadestone (#8623).





Oh, The Looks You're Going



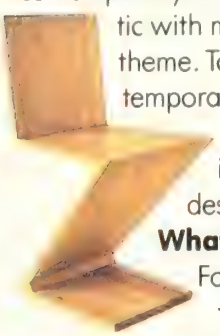
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What's Today. The Santa Fe look. Not all bleached bones and wagon wheels, it's achieved by balancing the traditional with the contemporary. Using accent pieces that are authentic with more modern interpretations on the theme. To avoid the merely trendy, good contemporary design demands pieces that are modern with a history. This chair is as fresh today as when it was designed, in 1928.



What's Levolor® Today. For a contemporary interpretation on a tried-and-true theme, we've created our Inspiration™ vertical blinds, featured here in one of our 19 colors, Coral Dust (#8932). Though they look like handsome woven fabric, they're actually two layers of polyester bonded to aluminized film for maximum energy efficiency. Unlike conventional fabric verticals, Inspiration blinds are gently curved, can be hand washed, and need no bottom weights. Levolor introduced the 1" horizontal blind for contemporary decorating. And we now offer them in over 300 colors. Our newest? Shown (above right), our Riviera® 1" blinds in Winter Blue (#618), one of 20 new True Tints. We're also introducing Pearlessence,™ a satin-like sheen, in 18 silvery colors, like the Riviera 2" horizontal blinds shown (left) in Celadon Pearl (#1530).







If it's news today, it's Levolor Today. We're constantly updating our selection to bring you the freshest colors and the most current designs in window fashion. With all the quality and functionality you expect from the Levolor name. We invite you to tear out this special decorating issue and bring it with you to your favorite store — where you can see all the excitement, the exclusives, and the imagination that's Levolor Today.

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What would you say if Omar Sharif asked you to be his bridge partner? If Gary Player personally offered to help with your swing? If former ambassador Malcolm Toon asked your opinion of Gorbachev?



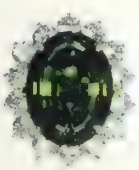
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original ivory-colored walls, the coffered ceiling with state seals on it, and pale ochre-tinged scagliola columns are restored. The furniture is now old-time reproduction with a Victorian roundabout velvet sofa and upholstered chairs. Nevertheless, the ghost of Calvin Coolidge still lingers.

The other public rooms, however, such as the Round Robin Bar, the Nest, and the Cafe Espresso, all suffer from decoratoritis: most wretchedly excessive is the Nest, a small cocktail lounge/tearoom paneled in mirror over which is crawling some sort of gooey plaster ivy.

Upstairs the bedrooms make a severe attempt at being traditional, with principally two-color looks—white French Louis the Who–style furniture or fruitwood-repro traditional. But carpeting, wallpaper, and plastic-looking bathroom tile all seem low-rent (when room rates by Washington standards are high), and the walls appear to be thin. (In one room you could hear the neighbors opening their ice bucket.) Some of the rooms on the twelfth floor have been covered head to toe with small-scale floral-print wallpaper and fabric, which comes off well. In the mansard-roof attic space the rooms, with their garretlike ceilings and bull's-eye windows, are high in character if low in natural light.

Saving the 365-room Willard Hotel from demolition in 1975 included adding a wing of offices and shops onto which many of the rooms now look. The wing's pavilions repeat in stepped formation the mansard roof, bull's-eye windows, and beige brick walls of the original with a hyped-up faithfulness that deludes many of the hotel's visitors. There has been much commendable work done in the whole process of bringing the Willard back to something of its former elegance.

Image: Upmarket but not intimidating.

Ambience: Authentic Grand Hotel in the public rooms; imitation European inn in the bedrooms.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers (actually a small vacuum attached to the wall and about as easy to handle), lights too dim for dressing table, operable windows; no exercise room or pool. Service very good.

Rates: Singles $185–$260; doubles $210–$285 (weekends $145/night); suites $425–$1,800 (weekends from $225/night); Presidential Suite $2,300.



Grand hotel. Marble-and-mahogany concierge desk in the Willard Inter-Continental lobby, Washington, D.C.

The Four Seasons 1 Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215) 963-1500
Kohn Pedersen Fox, architects; Frank Nicholson, interior design

The Four Seasons reeks of class—but this class is strictly business. The new hotel clearly caters to the immaculate dark suits who arrive to do business in the slick gray granite towers nearby. The corporate restraint first shows up in the exterior of the eight-story building where the architects have carefully massed the granite-clad structure to stand apart as a hotel, distinct from the slablike office building adjacent, and to defer to the Classical Revival library and government buildings across the circle. The Classical allusions are carried off in a smart abstract fashion reminiscent of official Washington.

The Jefferson Hotel is almost like home—if your home is on the National Register

The lobby downstairs, overlooking an outdoor court, is arrayed in the blend of modernized traditional furniture which characterizes most hotels in this chain. There is much wood paneling in honey-colored East African mahogany, Italian marble, brass trim, comfy furniture, a few antiques. The dining rooms are similar but in darker wood.

The bedrooms announce they are appealing to corporate money: subdued flint gray carpeting and blue, gray, and taupe wallcovering (in a nongender associated pattern) surface a typical room. Reproduction Federal furniture and framed early American collectibles establish a conservative aura. Of course the TV is hidden in the armoire. Yet one is always aware that this is a new building: bedroom ceilings are an ugly acoustical sprayed-on stucco; downstairs, crystal chandeliers may be abundant but so are rows of recessed incandescent downlights.

Image: Executive Suite updated.

Ambience: Dignified, restrained, homogenous public spaces, tailored but not impersonal rooms.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers, good vanity lighting, operable windows; good service, small exercise room, 45-foot pool.

Rates: Singles $180; doubles $205 (weekends $120/night); suites $210–$475 (weekends minisuites $160/night); Presidential Suite $1,175.

Hotel Maxim's de Paris 700 Fifth Avenue, New York City (212) 247-2200
AiGroup/Architects, architects; Hirsch/Bedner & Associates, design

After the Maxim's name was licensed from Pierre Cardin, the owner of Maxim's restaurant in Paris, investors spent a lot of money to turn the former Gotham Hotel at 55th Street into a European deluxe hotel of 250 rooms using the famous Art Nouveau theme of the namesake restaurant. The Maximization process has attracted a well-heeled Japanese and French-speaking clientele. But to aficionados of Art Nouveau, the renovation can only seem a souped-up showcase where authentic antiques are placed as icons within an often cloying setting.

The original Art Nouveau movement was conceived out of a desire to integrate ornament and structure in an organic unity. When Art Nouveau is inserted into a Beaux Arts architectural shell, it just becomes decor. The hotel's interiors look themed to the hilt, à la the overreaching Maxim's restaurant at Madison Avenue and 61st Street. The hotel's own restaurant, Adrienne's, suffers from this syndrome as well. You pay a lot of money to look at Art Nouveau posters coyly mounted on mirror-paneled walls, next to pillars cutesied up with Art Nouveau moldings and a lacquer-work border wrapping the room like a bow at the chair rail line. Then it's over: recessed downlights shine brightly on your *cuisine méditerranéenne*. There is no way that you can make a hotel dining room look like a marvelous intime retreat with downlights.

Judging from other details, the architects and designers were not too sensitive to either the old 1905 exterior or the new Art Nouveau pretensions of the interior. New large



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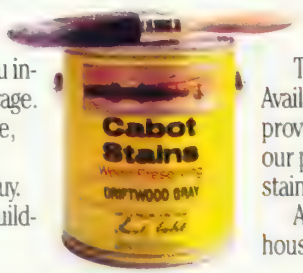
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They're standard amenities everywhere in Scandinavia this fall. On the left is Geysir, Iceland's giant hot spring. On the right, Friarfossen dances down the sides of Norway's Geiranger fjord.

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bronzed mullions framing the windows fight whatever delicacy exists in the exterior limestone detailing. Inside the faux stone in the mezzanine's garden court looks like plastic marzipan.

The bedrooms, however, are rather nicely handled. Art Nouveau done in reproduction can look like so much melted wax, but small rooms, spare use of furniture, and pastel colors with nonaggressive floral prints help. But in the larger suites, where there is more to play with, we start to see touches, such as gold wallpaper, that only a set designer for a Hollywood game show could love. The art-by-the-yard Renoiresque paintings don't help, but then we were getting a little sick of the Alphonse Mucha posters downstairs.

Image: Old New York meets Nouveau Paree.

Ambience: Boudoir chic but done best in the boudoirs.

Pamper quotient: Terry-cloth robes, small refrigerators in rooms, hairdryers, complimentary Lanvin toiletries, operable windows; exercise room, 42-ft pool, sauna to open soon on roof. *Rates:* Singles $210–$325; doubles $230–$325 (weekends $215/night); suites $480–$800 (weekends $275/night); Presidential Suite $2,500.

The Stanhope 995 Fifth Avenue, New York City (212) 288-5800

Hanover Design Group, architects, interior design

This is not the place you are likely to put up Aunt Mathilda from Swarthmore on her annual visit to the Metropolitan Museum across the street. For years, of course, the Stanhope languished in a tatty, bordering-on-genteel somnolence where Aunt Mathilda could feel right at home (and afford to stay). But under real-estate entrepreneur Gerald Guterman, its fustiness was swept away and the hotel injected with haute formality, European style. Guterman overextended himself on this one by some $26 million and currently the hotel is in Chapter 11, but financial restructuring is going on. Guterman still owns it, and the Stanhope says it is "open and prospering." Yet on one recent evening, two visitors having drinks in the bar were the only people in the downstairs public areas.

The renovation and interior decoration undertaken by Guterman's in-house group was not only costly but also quite well done. The sixteen-story building of brick and limestone, designed by Rosario Candela in 1926, was simply given the Paris/New York traditional look it might once have had. The small lobby of the 106-unit hotel favors Louis XVI, with Louis XV furniture thrown in for variety. A tearoom furnished in Lous XVI, with ivory-painted wainscoting and striped moss green walls on which authentic Impressionist paintings are mounted, screams refinement. The bar, which of course does not come with an actual bar or barstools, is turned out in the masculine English men's club mode: green leather barrel chairs, Chesterfield sofas, dark mahogany paneling, and paintings of horses. You expect any minute to see Ralph Lauren walk in and order a Dewar's.

The grand dining room aspires to the Bristol Hotel type of swank with its blond boiserie, Baccarat chandeliers, and Louis XVI beechwood chairs upholstered in suede pigskin. But there are some glaring taste glitches: the real wood, painted to look like beechwood, looks like real vinyl. The chandeliers and wall sconces are appropriate, but who needs the overly bright recessed downlights? The confectionary murals newly painted by Robert Jackson look like wallpaper.

There is a hint of Venice in the way the Boston Harbor hugs the water

The bedrooms and suites composing eighty percent of the units are elegant, however. Good reproductions of Louis XVI mahogany furniture, pale walls, and restrained use of floral chintz give them a low-key polished air. You probably don't have to worry about rowdy tenants next door.

Image: Aunt Mathilda has given up her quarters; Comtesse de Trèsriches is reported in residence.

Ambience: Stately, elegant original made opulent but still comfortable.

Pamper quotient: Complimentary limo to midtown in the mornings, to the theater at night; minibar rooms on top three floors have pantries; operable windows, terry-cloth robes, complimentary toiletries, hairdryers, good vanity lighting. Very attentive service; no exercise or pool facilities.

Rates: Singles/doubles $250–$300 (weekends $195/night); suites $350–$850 (weekends $250/night); Penthouse Suite $2,500.

Boston Harbor Hotel 70 Rowes Wharf Boston, Massachusetts (617) 439-7000

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, architects; Frank Nicholson, interior design

The Danieli or the Gritti Palace it isn't. But there is a strong hint of Venice in the way the Boston Harbor Hotel hugs the water. One can even take a water shuttle directly from the airport to the hotel, disembarking on an expansive brick promenade that girdles the large hotel/office/condominium complex near Quincy Market. The granite, concrete, and brick structure looks like three huge steamboats that have been permanently locked into a giant arched gateway. This building assemblage is dressed with columns, capitals, cornices, and topped with copper-roofed domes that put in mind Boston's heritage of Classical architecture. (Charles Bulfinch, where are you now?)

As you enter the hotel, Classical references abound: there are long stretches of marble flooring, cornices and moldings, wainscoting, coved ceilings, and real antiques. But the plan's axes raise expectations of vistas that are not always realized. The salon where drinks are served offers up water views and grand ceilings, but the real lounge for hotel guests, up a few steps, comes with no view and a low ceiling with downlights. It seems to function as the major access to the upstairs restaurant. The restaurant itself is placed on the water, but the best sight lines from within are directed to other parts of the Rowes Wharf complex without. Nevertheless, the restaurant's interior, with dark mahogany paneling, dark green walls, generous proportions, and very soft cove lighting, properly evokes the old clubroom atmosphere. Remember, at Sunday brunch the place is mobbed with suburban Bostonians. If you are a guest and in a rush, the only alternative is room service.

The bedrooms are outfitted with good reproduction Chippendale-style antiques and draped with floral fabrics. But in some cases the decor and architecture are like two ships passing in the night, especially where the architecture has created untoward niches and leftover angles no one has thought to solve in the decoration. In some rooms there are draperies concealing solid walls.

Image: Upmarket affluence, but Henry Kissinger types are still to be seen at the Ritz-Carlton.

Ambience: Stately stage set, with behind-the-scenes reality showing up too often.

Pamper quotient: Minibar, terry-cloth robes, hairdryers, good vanity lighting, exercise room, Olympic-size pool.

Rates: Singles $190–$230; doubles $225–$255 (weekends $165/night); suites $350–$550 (weekends $215/night); Presidential Suite $975–$1,600. ▲


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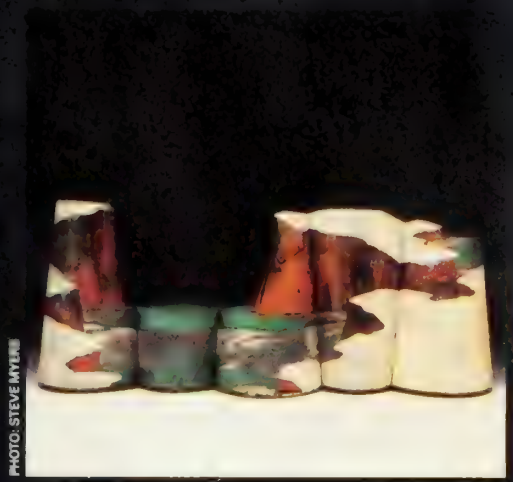


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Wayne Higby; "Pictorial Lake," 1987. Landscape Container; Ceramic. 13½"H × 34"W × 9"D

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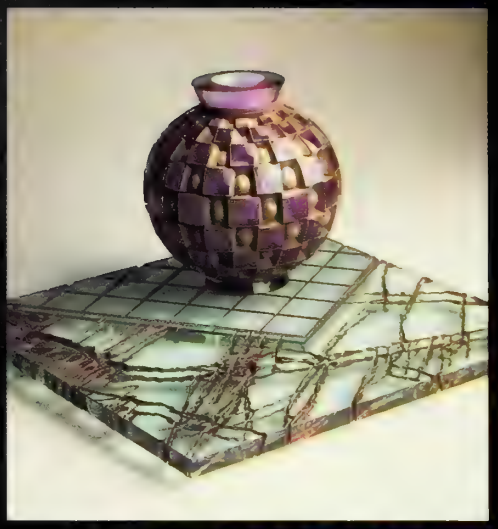
Betty Woodman, Italy, 1987. Glazed Earthenware, c. 32"H



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Don Reitz, "Teapot," 1988, Stoneware, slips, salt gl
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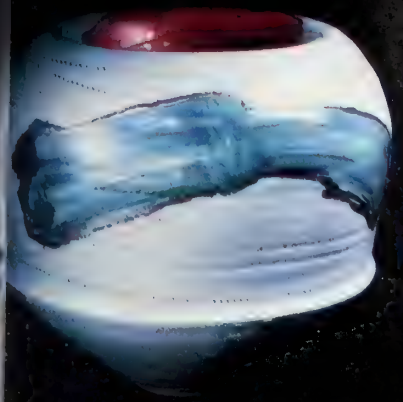
Frank Fleming, "Parrot Chair," 1988, Bronze, 23¼"H × 9½"W × 13"D, Edition of 6



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Ida Kohlmeyer, Semiotic Tree 86-1, 1986, Mixed media on wood, 28½"H × 15½"W × 10"D



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erome Horning, Ceramic Double Walled Vessel,
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Michael Gross, Vessel - Clay 4'H × 16"W



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Josef Hoffman Fledermaus settee, ca 1905. Blond beechwood, produced by J&J Kohn and Mundus.

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Bunny Tobias, 1987, "Hello Fun City", C
17"H x 10"D



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"Sometimes" by Jack Earl 1987, Ceramic sculpture
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Margot Guralnick traces Savonneries and Aubussons back to the feet of Henry IV



Directoire-style Aubusson, far left, c. 1900, $280,000, F. J. Hakimian. Left: Detail of an Aubusson, c. 1875, $42,000, Coury Rugs. Below: Aubusson with Louis XIV motifs, c. 1865, $85,000, Doris Leslie Blau.



Border detail of an Aubusson, below left, c. 1860, $52,000, Chevalier. Below: Louis XIV–style Savonnerie, $48,000, F. J. Hakimian.



From the moment his silk-stockinged feet touched the ground every morning at eight, Louis XIV maneuvered in a world buffered by magnificent carpets. Never without a fawning audience or an occasion to create a spectacle, the king saw to it that every room in his private quarters at Versailles—into which courtiers entered not by knocking but by scratching on the door first, as palace protocol demanded—featured a woolen field of flowers, fleurs-de-lis, bursting suns, and crowns symbolic of royal glory. In celebration of Louis XIV's military accomplishments, carpets were patterned with trophies and arms; cornucopia overflowing with voluptuous fruit and foliage saluted his administrative prowess; and Apollo plucking a lyre served as a reminder of his encouragement of the arts. It was thanks to this encouragement—aided, of course, by some regal spending—that so many of these monarchical carpets, now famous for their exquisite craftsmanship and opulent designs, came into existence.

The Sun King, however, wasn't the only one who liked to walk on works of art. Generations earlier, in 1601, Henri IV, his frugal grandfather, distressed by the high cost of foreign luxuries such as Venetian mirrors and Turkish carpets, invited a band of craftsmen to come live at the Louvre and furnished them with facilities to create equivalent homegrown products. Within the decade royal artisan Pierre Dupont discovered what he hailed as a lost technique of carpet weaving, one that in truth mimicked and sometimes even outshone the best knotted pile rugs of the Near East. Though eager to maintain a monopoly on his product, Dupont was leapfrogged by Simon Lourdet, one of his former apprentices, who brazenly established his own carpet-manufacturing workshop *(Continued on page 112)*

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in Chaillot just outside the walls of Paris.

Lourdet's headquarters were in an abandoned savonnerie (or soap factory) with room for large-scale looms and adjacent to an orphanage occupied by underage laborers willing to work for cabbage soup. A bitter rivalry ensued between Dupont and Lourdet, whose families continued the mudslinging for well over half a century. Under Louis XIV's lavish patronage, however, the two groups amicably joined forces at Chaillot and began a tradition of catering solely to the whims of the king. Their products—carpets, upholstery, and wall panels all painstakingly made from the same method of warp-and-weft pile weaving and quintessentially French in their patterning—became known as Savonneries, although there was nothing sudsy about them.

In fact, Louis XIV was so smitten with the Savonnerie's results that before he began souping up Versailles, he decided to make a splash at the Louvre by commissioning a series of 93 carpets. These Savonneries, each measuring 30 feet long and of varying widths, were to be spread out end to end over the Grand Gallery, an expansive passage joining the Louvre to the Tuileries. Stately acanthus wreaths served as the carpet's centerpieces flanked by landscapes and imitation bas-reliefs woven with such skill that they resembled paintings. Massed together the group would become a formal indoor garden of trailing tendrils, eddying scrolls, and royal insignias. Designed by leading French artists, including the king's favorite, Charles Le Brun, the series went into production in 1664 and wasn't completed until 1683, by which time Louis XIV, already ensconced with his entourage at Versailles, had lost interest in the project.

"For her dressing room Marie Antoinette cold-shouldered the Savonnerie and ordered an Aubusson"

The Louvre carpets are now considered the masterpieces of their ilk—one sold to the Getty two years ago for a price rumored in excess of a million dollars—but most never made it into the Louvre. A sampling of them were whisked off to the boudoirs and game rooms of Versailles; the king of Siam was one of the lucky few who received an example as a diplomatic gift; and the carpets were warehoused for decades to come at the king's furniture repository, carted out whenever a coronation, blessing of a church bell, or other royal function called for a sumptuous ground.

Throughout the eighteenth century it was nearly impossible for anyone other than those closest to the court to acquire a Savonnerie, but workshops all over Europe began scrambling to come up with knockoff carpets. Sophisticated versions began to be produced in Spain, Austria, and Britain, in many cases designed and executed by runaway French weavers. (The dark background colors and formal symmetry of the Savonnerie, from F. J. Hakimian shown at the bottom of page 104 successfully mimics French Louis XIV styling, but the central medallion with Moorish flourishes reveals the carpets Spanish origins.) The most successful lookalikes, however, came out of the centuries-old tapestry workshops of Aubusson in central France which received royal sanction as early as 1665 and began to compete with the Savonnerie for commissions. When Marie Antoinette couldn't stand the noise emanating from the apartment above hers at Fontainebleau, she tactfully presented its occupant, the maréchal de Tavannes, with one of the Louvre carpets. For her own dressing room at Versailles, however, she cold-shouldered the Savonnerie and ordered a stunning 23-by-15-foot Aubusson.

"Proof that Napoleon waltzed across a carpet can add thirty percent to its value"

Unlike Savonneries, which always have a velvety pile, Aubussons are typically flat weaves produced in the same manner as wall tapestries. Less resilient to wear and less rare then Savonneries, Aubussons nevertheless offered essentially the same look for fewer francs. The high-style designs and superb quality of both sorts of carpets were so distinct and so avidly imitated that Savonnerie and Aubusson have become generic terms. European-knotted pile carpets are commonly labeled Savonneries—although the most desirable, of course, are those that came out of the true factory—just as European flat weaves are now known as Aubussons.

Both factories coexisted for three centuries, continually coming out with new palettes and design variations that were a barometer of French fashions. Inspired by Madame de Pompadour's love for all things Rococo, Louis XV kept the looms in motion with orders for carpets covered with twirling ribbons, bows, shells and floral swags alive with brilliant color. These Savonneries and Aubussons served as great unifiers, harmonizing with the scallop shells and swags that crowned chairbacks, the leafy ormolu mounts and floral inlays covering commodes, and the serpentine carvings that traipsed across walls. As Louis XVI's classical look began to prevail, Savonneries and Aubussons became stunningly architectural, patterned to echo the pristine geometric moldings on ceilings. Following the lean years of the Revolution, Napoleon put both factories to work, deleting symbols of royalty on existing carpets and reweaving them with trademarks of the Empire style.

An eighteenth-century critic railed against Savonnerie and Aubusson patterns as so "overcharged I fear they may kill any other furnishings in an apartment." During our own fearlessly flamboyant times, however, such carpets have suddenly become more sought after than any others. Easiest to find are the Rococo and Neoclassical Revival styles that cropped up during the nineteenth century when Aubusson and Savonnerie designs ultimately became frenzied with flowers in watered-down pastels.

Most century-old European carpets measure at least 13-by-16 feet. A 9-by-12 size signals either a twentieth-century specimen or a fragment of a carpet that once was more substantial. Since restoration is extremely costly, condition is a crucial factor to be aware of. Having proof that Napoleon waltzed across a carpet or that a Rothschild had lived with it can tack on as much as thirty percent to the value—but only if the piece is well designed and preserved.

Late-seventeenth- or eighteenth-century Savonneries in great condition are the hen's teeth of the rug world and can range in price from $500,000 to in excess of a million dollars, while early Aubussons almost always in need of some repair, go for $100,000 and up. Prices for nineteenth-century examples can be as low as $2,000, although they generally hover in the $40,000–$70,000 range for Aubussons and close to twice that much for Savonneries. Living with such powerful reminders of the aristocracy underfoot is bound to have its repercussions. Watch out for people walking with the clipped steps of the Versailles shuffle and discreetly scratching at doors with their pinkies. ♠



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Mad for Murano

This exuberant Italian glass is wooing keen-eyed collectors, as **Edward Fox** discovers





There's a particular story that everyone who collects Italian Murano glass will tell you after a while about their favorite subject. The story concerns the "record" price paid at auction for a masterpiece of this type of the Venetian glassblower's art. Although the figure varies—from $20,000 to $50,000 to even $100,000—the story is told with both pride and an edge of self-justification. It's as if they are used to having to explain their mania for objects that to the uneducated eye can appear rather strange, if not downright ugly.

"Everyone" means the dozen or so people who collect Murano glass in the United States. That is, it actually means hardly anyone. But those who do are people with a keen sense of design and a prescient eye for collecting trends who have had an enthusiasm for this exuberant style of art glass for several years. Europeans have always been more willing to spend big money on glass, but prices for and interest in Murano glass in America have begun to creep upward. With its high standards of craftsmanship, innovative designs, and overwhelming variety, Murano glass is appealing increasingly to American collectors.





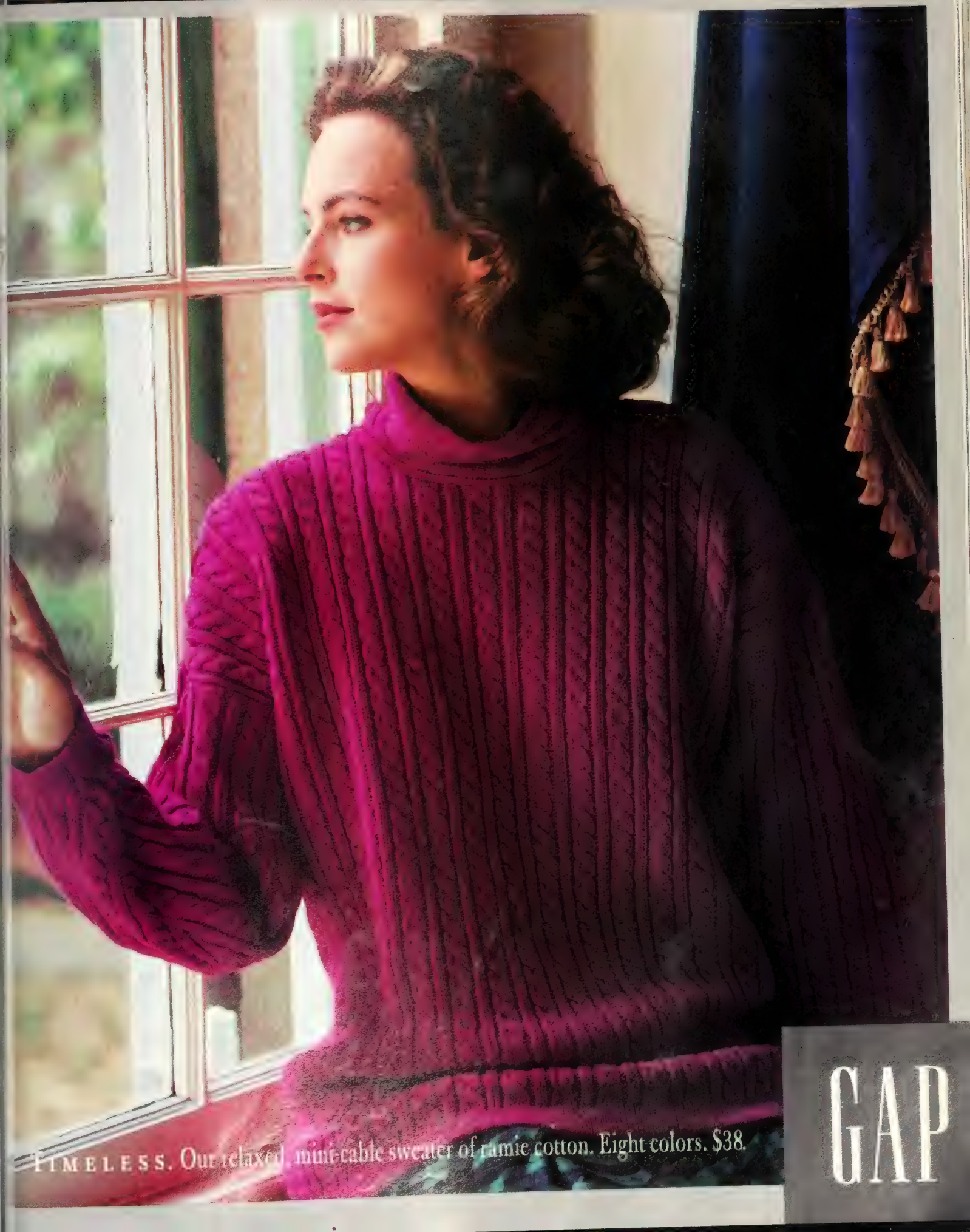
Don Zanone, above, with his patchwork vase. Top left: His vases by Cappellin, Toso, and two in the latticino pattern. Left: Four pieces by Seguso, orange vase by Cenedese. Far left: Dimitri Levas. Below left: His Seguso vase. Below: A Venini hat with Kurt Markus photo.



Dimitri Levas, for example, a stylist who has worked at Tiffany and with many top fashion photographers, bought his first piece six years ago, and now the shelves in the dining room of his Neoclassical New York apartment are packed with Murano vases from floor to ceiling with many more in a living room decorated with paintings by Warhol and James Brown and photographs by Dennis Hopper and Robert Mapplethorpe.

"It's great for a collector because there's so much of it that collecting all of it is an impossible goal," he says. His most remarkable piece looks like an inflated

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pink blowfish or a sputnik on a pedestal. As one looks around, it seems that every available horizontal surface supports an unusual piece. "Although the prices have become outrageous, there are still a few collectors who are desperate enough for a piece to pay anything," he says. He has two examples of the best-known Murano design, the handkerchief vase, which resembles a piece of fabric with its corners draped upward, as if defying gravity. Thousands of these were produced, all by hand, each slightly different.

Murano, an island that forms part of Venice, has had a glassblowing tradition for over a thousand years. (The craft was introduced by a monastery in 982.) In 1921 a lawyer named Paolo Venini sought to introduce a new spirit into Murano, which by then had fallen into aesthetic doldrums, by starting his own workshop in which the designs of contemporary artists, sculptors, architects, and designers would be aligned with the traditional skills of the Murano craftsmen. The renaissance that resulted lasted through the sixties.

The sought-after pieces from the Murano renaissance were made in about ten factories, with Venini's the most important. Old techniques were applied to new designs, and new techniques were invented. Picasso, Max Ernst, Léger, and Marcel Duchamp were among the many artists who designed pieces for the revived workshops. In the twenties and thirties the designs inclined toward more Classical shapes (the Neoclassical urn was among the most common) and paler colors. By the forties and fifties, however, the designs reflected the dominant styles of painting and sculpture. The wild, crude forms of Surrealism and Abstract Expressionism can be seen in some pieces from these years.

Dealer Mark Isaacson, who sells Murano glass in his New York store, Fifty-50, favors the output of the forties and fifties. He's selling more of it than ever. "I had someone walk in off the street the other day and spend $7,000 on a Murano vase," he says. Odd for a piece that many might consider kitschy.

"It's not about being pretty. Some of it is downright ugly"

"It's not about being pretty," Isaacson says. "It has an esoteric quality to it. Some of it is downright ugly, but there's something beautiful in its ugliness. It's not sweet; it doesn't have that quality of being precious. There's something brute about it, something people are as likely to hate as like."

Another Murano fan is Muriel Karasik, who in her own words "created Bakelite radios," referring to the craze for these prehistoric appliances that erupted a few years ago. She did the same for Mexican jewelry and has similar plans for Murano. Next May she and Leonard Tomkinson, America's acknowledged expert on Murano, will open a show of modern Italian glass at Karasik's Madison Avenue gallery which she hopes will create a Murano stampede.

"It's a new market," says Tomkinson, who has been bringing "high-powered pieces" from Europe for dealers like Karasik for about ten years. "What's exciting about it is that people can still get into it, because enough was produced for it still to be accessible."

Account executive Don Zanone bought his blue, red, and green patchwork vase at a California flea market for $100 and now owns about twenty others purchased from his friend Leonard Tomkinson. The patchwork vase is one of the designs of Fulvio Bianconi, a top Murano glassmaker who also developed the handkerchief vase. It is elegant yet whimsical: transparent squares of color drift together like a pattern of light on water with the apparent defiance of gravity characteristic of some Bianconi vases. "These vases are great for apartments," Zanone says. "They're small decorative objects that can add beauty when space is a factor."

A design like this shows how different Murano glass is in spirit from the other types of European glass. Murano designers never used the icy, colorless crystalline forms typical of Scandinavian glass.

The market for the best Murano glass in the United States has been formed largely by dealers like Mark Isaacson, Muriel Karasik, and Leonard Tomkinson, all based in New York, but interest and resources are cropping up elsewhere in this country. It's a fiercely competitive field for both dealers and collectors. Tomkinson is the kind of person who will get on a plane if he hears that a certain vase he wants is on sale in a shop in Europe. However, despite the high prices being asked for the masterpieces of Murano, the sharp-eyed can occasionally find important pieces in antiques stores and flea markets. ♠



Two pieces from Barovier & Toso and two from Venini, top, owned by Dimitri Levas. Above: His Neoclassical vases from the turn of the century.

MICHAEL HALSBAND

Murano Sources

Fifty-50
793 Broadway, New York, NY 10003
(212) 777-3208

Muriel Karasik Gallery
1094 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028
(212) 535-7851

Leonard Tomkinson
25 Mercer St., New York, NY 10013
(212) 219-1880

3434
3434 North Halsted St., Chicago, IL 60657
(312) 348-3988

Rosebud Gallery
1859 Solano Ave., Berkeley, CA 94707
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Driving Ambitions

Speed is of the essence in the design of the cars of the future. **Charles Gandee** discovers

Remember the car of the future? We never got it, did we? At least not the one they promised us, the futuristic, streamlined car like the one George Jetson used to cruise around in.

Instead, we got the box—actually, a pair of boxes: one small with glass, one large with wheels. The box was serviceable, of course, but it was also, shall we say, a few quarts low in the thrill department.

Happily, however, that lackluster chapter in automotive history appears to be drawing to a close. Assembly lines from Detroit to Stuttgart now roll out increasingly more sleek and aerodynamic models that look as if the wind machine had played a formative role in their design.

Are we to infer from this latest stylistic development that the car of the future is making a comeback? HG wanted to know. So we checked around to see what four high-technology, high-profile manufacturers had idling in their garages of tomorrow.

Although Mercedes-Benz admits that "the box is out" and that shape is now determined by wind efficiency, the company is not interested in designing cars that look either "like a teardrop or a banana." (In a similar vein, the people at Peugeot said they have no intention of designing cars that look "like jelly beans.") Mercedes allegedly has no dream or concept cars—"unlike our Detroit competitors." However, the company is at work on developing "intelligent" cars that can communicate with each other via sensors and satellites to warn of hazards and changing driving conditions. The goal of what Mercedes has dubbed its Prometheus project is "to reduce the number of road traffic casualties by half by the year 2000."

Mercedes isn't interested in cars that look like teardrops or bananas

On a lighter note, Jaguar will introduce a new XJ-S convertible this fall, and in the early 1990s, its first new sports car since the E-Type model. The new "super sports car" series will be named in a logical progression, if somewhat anticlimactically, the F-Type.

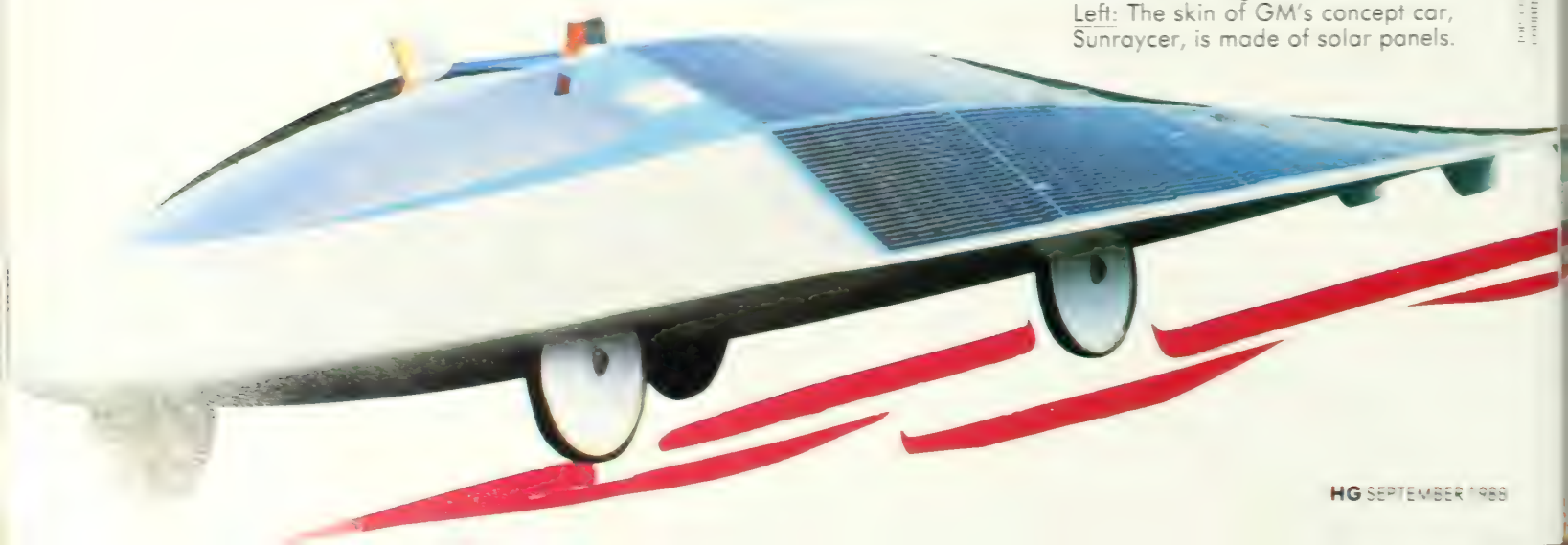
Jaguar has also joined forces with the TWR Group to develop JaguarSport Limited, a new breed of cat, as they say "aimed at the more specialized requirements of the enthusiast." In other words, fasten your seat belts. The new JaguarSport will be available in the U.S. in October of next year, but only five hundred will be made. Not many, perhaps, but it is three hundred more than the 48-valve V-12 Jaguar due this month, touted as the world's speediest road car. Jaguar has seen the future, and it's going to be fast.

BMW likes to think of its cars as more evolutionary than revolutionary. The company already put its formerly boxy line through the wind tunnel and doesn't plan another major redesign for a decade. In the meantime, the engineers in Munich busy themselves fine-tuning such technical innovations as computer-controlled engine management systems, wave-of-the-future electronically controlled accelerators, and, most remarkably, the BMW 750iL's V-12 engine, which they bill as "virtually maintenance-free" (OK, so you have to change the spark plugs and oil filters).

Tradition has it that the Bentley is "for the man who's won the race, but who doesn't want to wear the laurels." That could change this month, however, when the new Bentley Turbo R is unveiled. "It's a bit like sitting in the Concorde at takeoff," explains company spokesman Ian Kerr, adding that the new model will out-accelerate most current production cars.

Fast, sleek, technically sophisticated. Sound familiar? We may get that car of the future after all. ♠

The shape of things to come? Top: The Pontiac Banshee will come with rearview TV monitors and may be the meanest-looking car in the works. Left: The skin of GM's concept car, Sunraycer, is made of solar panels.



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Masters on the Block

David Lisi finds a surprising range in prices for works by painters of the past



Portrait of a Young Lady with a Lapdog, by Abraham van den Tempel, 17th-century Dutch, at the Otto Naumann gallery.

With all the attention commanded by a $50 million Van Gogh and a $20 million Monet, Impressionist and Modern art have been priced through the roof, and, as of last week with the $4.19 million paid for Jasper Johns's Diver/Sky Colorbank, contemporary art seems to be following their lead into the realm of stratospheric prices. It would seem, then, that the days of the affordable masterpiece are gone, with great art becoming the exclusive province of the ultrarich. Yet there are paintings that were recognized as masterpieces when Van Gogh was a schoolboy which today can be had for less than ten percent of the cost of a run-of-the-mill Impressionist work. These works by old masters, the great European painters and their followers from the thirteenth through eighteenth centuries, are being rediscovered by collectors who prize their technical brilliance and Classical allegories.

"Old-master paintings are an extraordinary value, especially when you consider that you can buy a masterpiece by a major artist for well under $500,000," says Nicholas Hall of Colnaghi gallery in New York. "And these works have withstood the test of time. They have consistently appreciated five, five to six hundred percent." Or as George Wachter of Sotheby's old-master department says, "You get a lot for your money. For what an ordinary American teacher, you can buy a pretty major old master."

Those perceived as unfairly outpaced by the boom in Impressionism and Modern art are attracting new interest, and collectors are discovering that what are considered by technologically [illegible] direct antecedents to the important nineteenth- and twentieth-century schools. "Many of our clients come to the old masters from contemporary art or Impressionism," says Ian Kennedy of Christie's old-master department. "They start with decorative works—flower paintings under $20,000—but very academic but more like the Impressionists. Then they work their way into the more interesting paintings." Kennedy also acknowledges the influence of several decorators in popularizing the period. "Decorators such as Mark Hampton and Mario Buatta have emphasized the English country-house look, which is friendly to the old masters." Yet, because of their stylistic diversity, old-master paintings seem to blend with a variety of styles. So while an English landscape may complement a formal apartment on the Upper East Side, a modern loft in Soho might do just as well with an Italian Mannerist painting or a Dutch still life.

"Diversity is one reason the old masters are undervalued," says Mark Brady, a New York dealer.



A 14th-century Crucifixion by Nardo, at Colnaghi gallery.

...as other areas are very reinforced in terms of the number of artists they contain. But in old masters, there are a greater number of artists and styles. There is also the phenomenon of the Italian and French studios where several artists often worked with the same models or on the same subject matter. Therefore, a painting may be attributed as "by the master," "by the master and an assistant," "by a follower of the master," or "by an imitator," all of which doesn't necessarily affect the aesthetic value of a painting but certainly affects the price." This diversity, then, along with condition, accounts for the extremely wide range of prices found in old-master sales, where estimates range from $1,000 to $500,000.

"The most important element is choosing an old master is personal taste," says Mark Brady. Fortunately, because of the wide variety of styles and number of artists, it is still possible to choose something you can live with that is affordable as well as undervalued with regard to the rest of the market. "Sixteenth-century Italian painting seems somewhat undervalued at the moment," says Ian Kennedy. "Mannerist works of religious subjects or Florentine portraits were very popular in the days of J. P. Morgan and Stanford White, but now you can get quite a nice one for about $50,000."

Sotheby's George Wachter agrees. "Second-rung Italian gold-ground paintings and eighteenth-century English portraiture—in fact, all portraiture—seem to be off a bit. We had several lots in our June sale, a Singleton estimated between $40,000—$50,000 and a Blackett estimated between $20,000—

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$15,000, both of which are marvelous paintings at very reasonable prices. At a higher level, paintings by Cranach the Elder are an unbelievable value. He was the major German artist of his period, yet his work can be had for $100,000–$200,000. Can you say the same for a major artist today?" Wachter is also very enthusiastic about work by Jan van Goyen, an important seventeenth-century painter who was also quite prolific. "You can still get a Goyen for $80,000. That is an amazing buy."

Otto Naumann, a New York dealer, also pointed to portraiture as undervalued. "Works by many of the Dutch portraitists such as Verspronck, Tempel, or Helst have been passed over. The quality is there. You can get a great portrait for $80,000–$100,000, and it seems to me that if the rest of the market gets picked through, these will increase in value."

Naumann advises the buyer new to the old-masters market to get the advice of an experienced dealer or collector in the field, as the age and varying attributions ascribed to these works can daunt even scholars in the field. "Ask about condition first," says Naumann. "It is one of the most important factors. Make sure what you are seeing is really the work of an old master and not overpainting that was added later. Also beware of extensive cleaning which may have stripped important layers of paint." Wachter agrees: "For more expensive paintings we advise buyers to get an independent condition report by a conservator. To come in blind is a mistake. Don't be brave, get good advice."

Both Sotheby's and Christie's have sales of minor old masters which are designed for the collector who wants to get his feet wet. "The works are estimated between $1,000 and $50,000," says Wachter. "These are sales for people who want to get into the area. We don't always know who the artist is for certain, but there are always some wonderful images."

"Most people think of the old masters as austere, but they are quite the opposite," says Nicholas Hall of Colnaghi. "I think they appeal to the new conservatism that is about, but the subject matter is often sexy, luxuriant, and expensive-looking. Sort of like something out of Tom Wolfe." And, as Ian Kennedy puts it, "The market is more diverse than I've ever seen it. It's a very good time to get in. For a small investment, you can acquire a small piece of history, an insight into a time so different and yet so like

Old Master Sources

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
Old Master Paintings Department headed by Ian Kennedy (212) 546-1178. Old-master sale on October 20.

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
Old Master Paintings Department headed by George Wachter (212) 606-7230. Old-master sale on October 21.

Sotheby's
34–35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA
Old Master Painting Department headed by Julian Stock 493-8080. Old-master sales on October 26 and December 7.

Didier Aaron
32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 988-5248

Didier Aaron & Cie
118, rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honore
75008 Paris, 47-42-47-34

Thomas Agnew & Sons
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629-6176

W. M. Brady & Co.
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Colnaghi
21 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 772-2266

Richard L. Feigen & Co.
113 East 79 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-0700

M. Knoedler & Co.
19 East 70 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 794-0550

Otto Naumann
4 East 74 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 734-4443

Wildenstein & Co.
19 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 879-0500

Colnaghi
14 Old Bond St., London W1X 4JL
491-7408

Richard Green Gallery
44 Dover St., London W1X 4JQ
493-3939

Matthiesen Fine Art
7–8 Mason's Yard
Duke St., St. James's
London SW1Y 6BU 930-2437

Johnny Van Haeften
13 Duke St., St. James's
London SW1Y 6DB
930-3062

Galerie P. De Boer
Herengracht 512, 1017 CC Amsterdam
23-68-49

Maurice Segoura
20, rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honore
75008 Paris
42-65-11-03

Jan Krugier Galerie
3, place du Grand Mezel, CH-1204 Geneva
21-03-68

Galerie Bruno Meissner
14, Bahnhofstrasse, CH-8001 Zürich
211-9000

Enrico Frascione
Via dei Fossi
61/R, 50123 Florence, 294-087

September Sales

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
September 15–16: Stamps
September 17: European furniture and art
September 19: Jewelry
September 20: Coins
September 24: Chinese art and export porcelain
September 30: American paintings

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
September 15–17: Estate of James R. Herbert Boone to benefit Johns Hopkins University
September 20: Arcade furniture and decorations
September 23: Arcade American paintings
September 29: Arcade Oriental rugs and carpets

Swann Galleries
104 East 25 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 254-4710
September 8: Reference libraries of Zeitlin & Ver Brugge
September 15: Art and architecture books, ceramics books from Gary Tropper's library
September 22: Books on Pacific travel and exploration
September 29: Bindings and literature

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
September 14: Belle Epoque, Art Deco, and Art Nouveau furniture and decorations
September 29: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94103, (415) 861-7500
September 13: Antique and modern silver
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Buried Secrets

There's more to bulbs than ordinary tulips, writes **Patricia Thorpe**

If youth is wasted on the young, spring is wasted on springtime. After the torments of winter, any change would be appreciated, but just think how much more a little spring would mean right now—not just the relief of a few days of soaking rain and forty-degree nights but the whole sense of promise and the vision of a clean slate that only spring can give, the feeling that this year you may get it right. As you look around now in the glare of the dog days, all you can see are your mistakes. Nothing new has come into bloom for weeks; anything still in flower is a sullen purple or the wrong shade of yellow. This is the moment for a bulb catalogue.

I know the bulb sellers would be happier if we all ordered early, but in June the garden looks so promising I can't imagine where I'd put a single snowdrop. By August I'm ready to rip up acres and try anything new. Speaking of new, this year why don't we skip over all the enticing narcissus and tulips and read the catalogues from back to front, turning first to those obscure flowers of the last page, plants so daring that not even a catalogue writer can pretend they have common names. It's not that I don't love daffodils and tulips, but most gardeners do fine with them and ignore scores of equally easy and interesting plants. The world of spring bulbs doesn't begin with King Alfred and end with Darwin.

It's hard to ignore an onion four feet tall with a flower only slightly smaller than a soccer ball

If you don't want to skip tulips entirely in your search for something different, try species tulips and listen to your garden echo with the outraged refrain, "That's a tulip?" This response is understandable—how could a plant four inches high that blooms in February be related to the long-stemmed aristocrats of May? Ignore the sneers of your neighbors—these are delightful and widely varied flowers. Some are almost like crocuses and bloom as early (*Tulipa pulchella* or *T. urumiensis*); some spread as rapidly as a ground cover (*T. tarda*); almost all return year after year. Rabbits, not being taxonomists, are confounded by these tulips and don't eat them. In the case of *T. acuminata* you can see why: with its weirdly twisted and striped petals, this doesn't look like anything you could eat; *T. batalinii*, on the other hand, is a delectable bonbon, short, fat, a delicious pale yellow set in slender, slightly rippled gray leaves. That's a *tulip*?



After being routed by the species tulips, your garden visitors are likely to keep exclaiming, "That's a tulip?" to cover any confusion, especially as they struggle to identify those delicate milk-chocolate bells edged with gold. No, this one is a fritillary, *Fritillaria assyriaca*, one of the more accommodating members of a tempting genus. *F. meleagris*, the checkered lily, is another small, easy, and inexpensive species, happily naturalizing in damp spots around your garden. After that come the real showstoppers, but I can't promise that they're easy. Some of the very difficult fritillary rarities are so expensive that a tight budget will keep you from disaster, but even the reasonably priced and frequently offered crown imperials are far from foolproof. On the other hand, they are astonishing, at least for one year, so take the plunge. The plants are magnificent—they go shooting up over three feet when everything around them in the border is still only two inches high. The effect is stunning but a bit silly; their pronounced odor of skunk is another questionable feature. Crown imperials need good drainage and heavy feeding; even with that they may come up blind. *F. persica* is another large species, a two-foot column of spiraling silver leaves topped by deep plum bells. The usual adjective is somber, but it's lovely, too.

The list of overlooked bulbs must include the allium family, with the exception of *Allium giganteum*—it's hard to ignore an onion four feet tall with a flower only slightly smaller than a soccer ball. If you are utterly confident in your sense of scale and have money to burn, you can certainly stop traffic with this one. But it doesn't come back reliably—after the first year you may get a huge starfish of leaves and a flower the size of a chive. Consider instead *A. christophii*, winner of the Star Wars prize for flower that looks most like a space weapon. This is seldom seen—you'd remember if you'd seen an enormous airy sphere of metal-flake mauve—and is easy to grow and easy to place. It is bizarre but not peculiar; it works with other plants instead of upstaging them. *A. aflatunense*—tall but not as massive as *A. giganteum*—is early, and it returns and multiplies. These larger allium all benefit from good feeding but need nothing else. The smaller species don't even need a good meal and are often used in rock gardens. They are useful and appealing in any small space—*A. moly*, *A. cernuum*, *A. sphaerocephalum* (drumsticks), *A. pulchellum*, it doesn't matter where you start. There are at least 400 species blooming from late spring to late fall.

CHRISTOPHER SHARROCK


NDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.
REMY MARTIN
Depuis 1724
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
FRANCE
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Rémy

You haven't yet exhausted the range of knockout bulbs—this may be the year for eremurus. (It's not a true bulb, but it is sold and planted now.) This makes a perfect exclamation point in June, a strong straight wand, soaring four feet or higher, in peach tones or yellow—breathtaking with delphinium.

All the above are hardy survivors at least as far north as zone four. In the South and in warm Western climates you can smugly order lycoris, pancratium, sprekelia, and crinum, to mention only a few. Gardeners there are more daring in their use of bulbs to make up for the perennials they can't grow. It seems like a reasonable trade-off, but I still gnash my teeth with envy at the huge stands of amaryllis that just pop out of the ground. I'll go back north and take solace in my camassia, three-foot spikes of silver blue stars, a bit brief in flowering time but completely reliable, hardy, and edible besides.

After this swarm of peculiar-sounding plants, you may be happy to retreat to narcissus, of which, after all, we can never have enough. As for the planting itself, here gardening most resembles a childhood treasure hunt: you bury a secret in the ground—something brown, shiny, round, accompanied by ritual bonemeal and a mothball or two—and mark the spot with clues that become more enigmatic as winter progresses. Next year, just when you've forgotten all about it, something yellow and wonderful appears. It may only be a daffodil, but it's spring. ♠

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Talleysheet

The glamour of black and gold accents . . .

Gardening by video . . .







The latest sparkle in rooms: black-and-gold antiques and decorative objects. The best resources are Didier Aaron, Niall Smith Antiques, and Jean-Paul Beaujard in New York City. "Black and gold add brilliance and life. They give a room great élan," says French antiques dealer Beaujard, whose own apartment is a study in this new grandeur. Niall Smith specializes in nineteenth-century antiques, both ebony and ebonized, including ebony beds and ebonized Viennese Biedermeier furniture and bibelots. An ebony-and-ivory Indian table with penwork, circa 1880, and a Victorian cut-out wood valance with mother-of-pearl inlay are on display in a room setting at Valley House Antiques on Long Island, in Locust Valley, New York. • Just released: *Life in the Garden,* a chat and stroll through the gardens with C. Z. Guest in her new 23-minute video. Says Guest: "Having a garden is like having a good loyal friend." **A.L.T.**

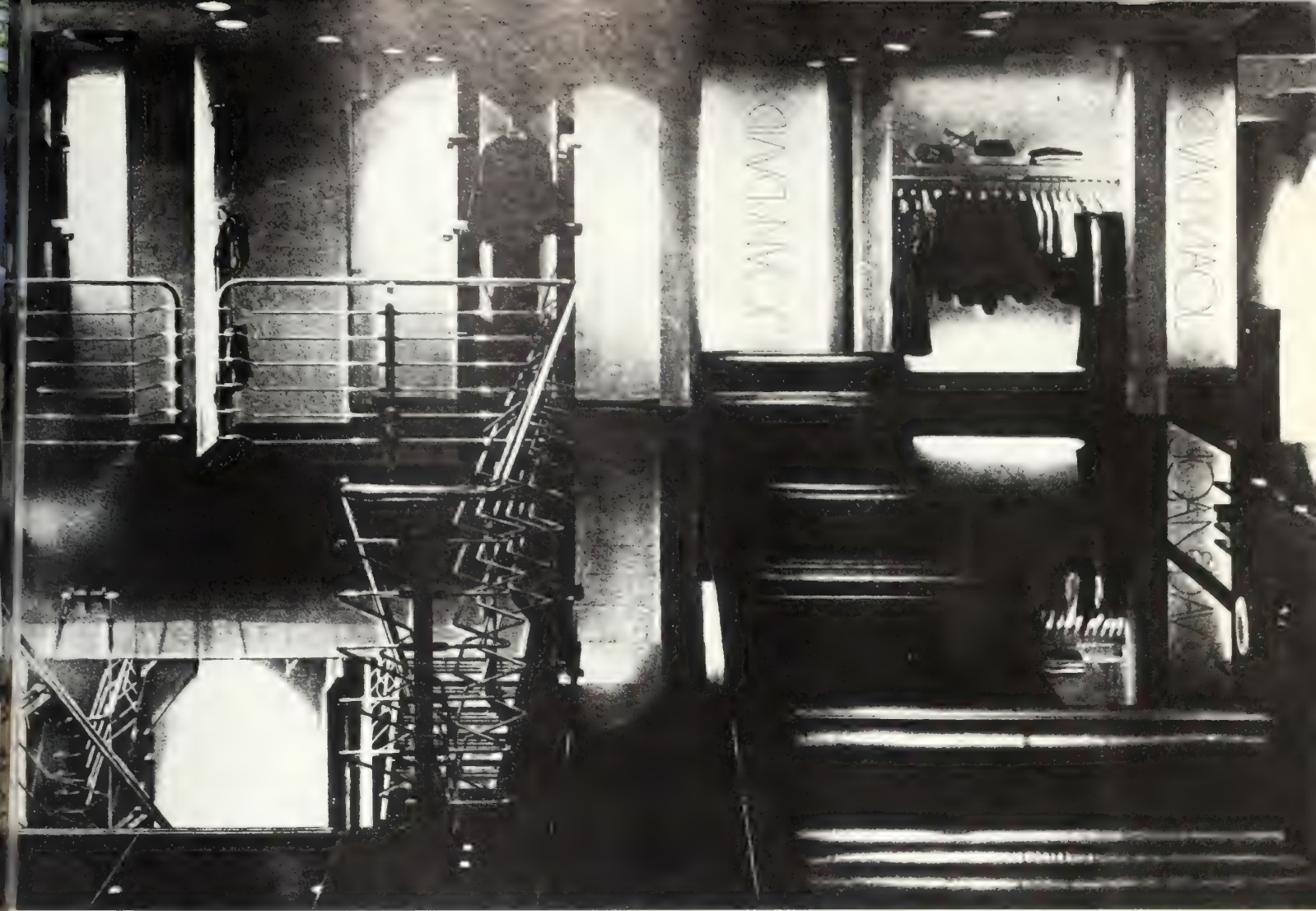




1. Clock from Jean-Paul Beaujard. **2.** C. Z. Guest by Cecil Beaton. **3.** Napoleon III chest with semiprecious stones, Beaujard.

4. Regency chair, Didier Aaron, NYC. **5.** At Valley House Antiques—entire parlor is for sale. **6.** Three-piece clock garniture, c. 1860, Didier Aaron. **7.** Louis Philippe sleigh bed, Niall Smith Antiques. **8.** Beaujard mantel.





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THE AMERICAN FUR AWARDS
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Talleysheet

Quilts and Aubussons inspire fall fashion . . . Pillows and panels from antique carpets . . .

Fashion designers look homeward for fall. The all-American quilt turns up in Marc Jacobs's collection. "At home I have a room covered with Ralph Lauren's Home Collection striped ticking, and I love to collect quilts from Kelter-Malce and Susan Parrish on Bleecker Street in New York. I simply took a few liberties with some patterns," notes Jacobs of his jackets and overscaled hand-knitted sweaters with snowflake, clover, and bear-paw motifs. Valentino, the Rome-based couturier, showed hand-beaded evening dresses for spring/summer inspired by his collection of Aubusson carpets. For fall/winter ready-to-wear he simply translated the look for day in a shearling suit appliquéd with vivid Aubusson patterns. By night the rich patterns are stamped across jewellike kimono-sleeved pullover sweaters. A source for Aubusson and nineteenth-century pieces: the four-year-old Locust Valley, New York, shop of Ande Phipps and Merrill Stenbeck—Valley House Antiques. Go there for Aubusson panels and pillows (remounted rugs with decorative felt borders), French paisley throws, and chairs covered in needlepoint. **André Leon Talley**



1. Kelter-Malce's Amish fan quilt. 2. 1890s Pennsylvania Mennonite quilt, Kelter-Malce.



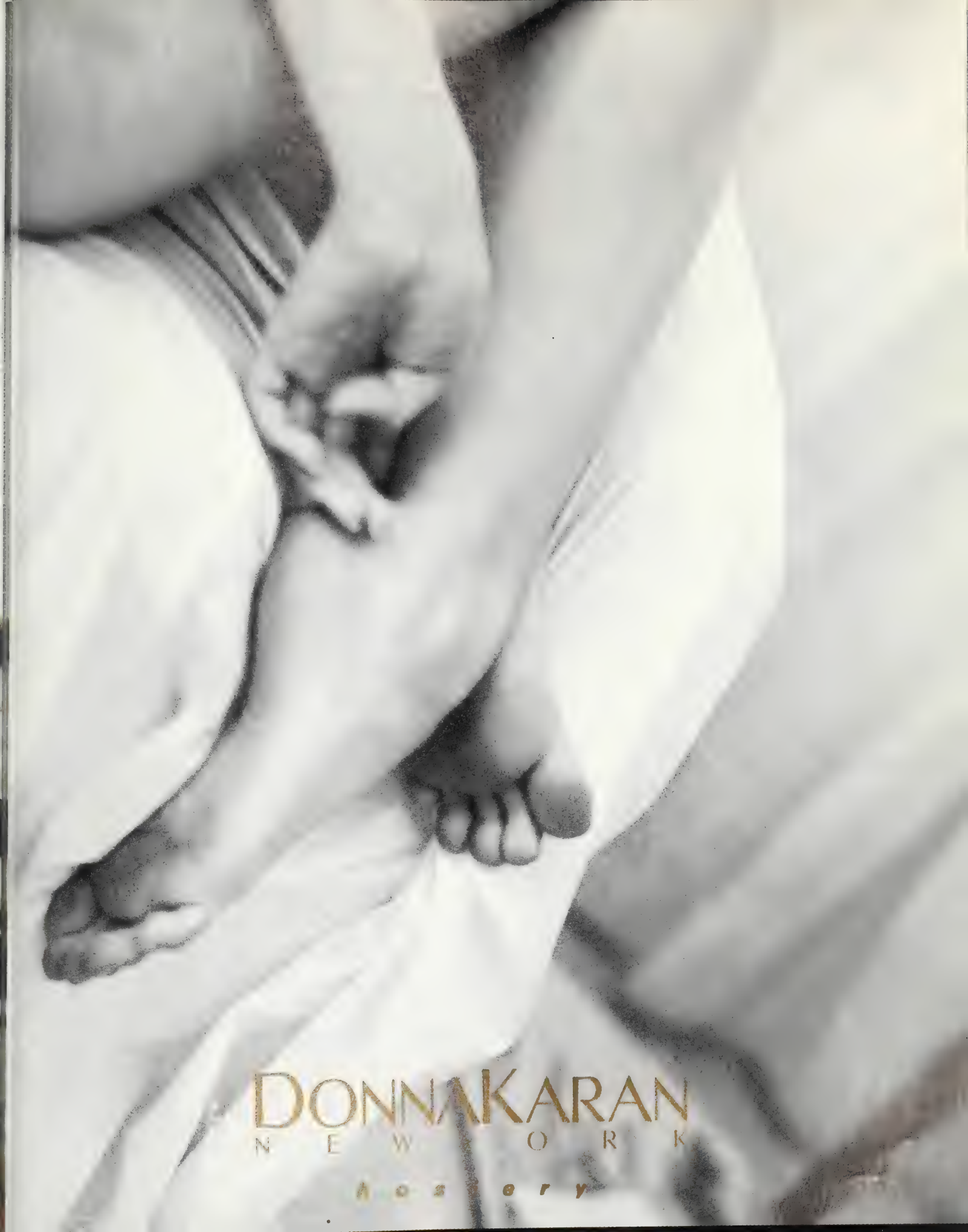






3. Marc Jacobs suit. **4.** Album quilt, 1882, Susan Parrish Antiques. **5.** Valley House Aubusson panel. **6.** Valentino Aubusson-inspired suit. **7.** Front porch, Valley House Antiques, with textiles and Aubussons.

1 2 4 5 7 MICHAEL MUNDY 3, 6 MICHEL ARNAUD


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american greats

is our lead story featuring the preeminent American decorators in unusual portraits by *Snowdon*. Influential decorators have always played a behind-the-scenes role in establishing taste and social acceptance. Now they themselves are becoming public personalities and their work is reaching a broader public than ever before. The **trend** we highlight this month is **Neo-Gothic**. Displacing the geometry of Modernism and the classic motifs of the Postmoderns are the angular details of the Gothic style—which, as *Charles Gandee* notes, come not with the medieval gloom of the Gothic novel, but with light, color, and delicate shapes. In **architecture** we feature *Steven Holl*, who follows no style but his own. *Maxime de La Falaise*'s bohemian apartment provides an example of **personal style,** part Gypsy, part Bloomsbury, overflowing with dogs and rugs. We also show you *Catie and Donald Marron*'s Manhattan apartment and one of America's great gardens hidden behind walls in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. —*Anna Wintour*



The decorating establishment: Chessy Rayner and Mica Ertegün's design, above, for a country living room; library in a New York apartment, below, by Mark Hampton; and Betty Sherrill, bottom, of McMillen.



Gothic revise: Stonework Arch Border, top, from Brunschwig & Fils; Banquette Gothique, center, from David Hicks France. Above: Catie Marron's Manhattan sitting room.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT
COURTESY BRUNSCHWIG & FILS, FRANCOIS HALARD
SNOWDON, OBERTO GILI (2), PASCAL CHEVALLIER



american GREATS

Never has the American decorator served such an important social function. With more time—and many more dollars—being spent at home, with new money searching out establishment taste—and connections—the proven masters of style are more influential than ever. ***Georgina Howell*** *gives the lowdown on the dozen decorators who really count*

Portraits by ***Snowdon***



s. henry parish II

The First Lady of American Decorating, Sister Parish, in her sheet-draped living room, seated on a Regency ram's-head bench. A 1760 girandole on wall above a rare Regency table; 19th-century Russian candelabra on pedestal table and Anglo-Indian goat on the floor. Curtains are made of moiré from Brunschwig & Fils.
Style: Andrew Ottley
Details s[illegible]





mrs. henry parish II

Comfort comes first: Books line the bleached wood walls of a library in a house on the Hudson River. Regency mirror above the mantel, Louis XVI desk, and Louis XV armchairs. Pillows, curtains, and chair add a golden hue.



albert hadley

The president and partner of Parish-Hadley perches on an old ice-cream-parlor stool between 1920s French red metal chair and 1820 French steel campaign chair.



The power and status of American decorators have never stood so high. Over the last decade they have succeeded the painters of the sixties and the fashion designers of the seventies as the social arbiters of our times: companies such as Parish-Hadley, MAC II, Mark Hampton, and Mario Buatta are chosen for reasons far beyond the aesthetic. In the late eighties the choice of a designer for your Manhattan duplex or country house is a crucial element in the struggle for acceptance into the social register. Acquiring the proper decorator confers instant pedigree and lineage—simply through the writing of a massive check.

New York's dozen great decorators exercise their patronage with varying degrees of ruthlessness. "I do sometimes reject clients," admitted one of them, "for reasons of snobbery."

"Yours or theirs?"

"Mine."

No one is more despotic than the legendary Sister Parish, the Mount Everest of the new shelter culture. The only original still operating, she is the authentic representative of Old Money values and taste. She grew up in Far Hills, New Jersey, and spent her summers at her family's "little white pillbox with a porch right on the water" in Maine. In Manhattan she operates from Gloria Swanson's former Fifth Avenue ground-floor maisonette: "It's convenient for the dogs." With both a father and a husband in banking, she started her first shop during the Depression—"but she won her black belt back at Foxcroft," says an old acquaintance, speaking of the horsey upper-crust school where Sister Parish first asserted herself. Now the Diana Vreeland of the decorating world, Sister dominates every drawing room she enters and has been heard to demand of her host, "Who *are* all these people?"

A shrewd, magisterial figure in navy cashmere, with a fresh white blouse with a bow and very real pearls, Mrs. Parish awaits an interview with extreme irritation. She would rather do any interrogating that has to be done. When Glenn Bernbaum, wry proprietor of the top decorator/client stamping ground, Mortimer's, rang the now 38-strong firm of Parish-Hadley to ask if they could work with him on a new town house he had just built, he was told that Mrs. Parish would have to interview him first. And, according to Bernbaum, he auditioned, passed muster, and adores her. Says another observer, "I hear the same thing happened

mark hampton

He sits in an English Regency gilded armchair, c. 1820, from Gene Tyson Antiques. The giltwood eagle console, c. 1730, is from Florian Papp.

when Mrs. Kennedy asked her to do the White House."

She sits, Pekingese at her feet, in the prettiest office in New York—a tiny country drawing room in bandbox turquoise stripes, here a garden rose in a green glass vase, there a jug of a different blue, a piece of needlepoint, a painting of dogs. Is she happy for her style to be summed up as "cabbage roses and Aubusson"?

"It's always been my cup of tea. Of course, I've been copied a lot."

The acerbic touch is completely absent from her work. Sister Parish rooms are fresh, feminine, affectionate, and romantic. Her great talent has lain not just in grasping the authentic code of the great English country house but the whole tenor of that life. Like her old friend John Fowler, she understands how not to overdecorate. Betty Sherrill of New York's other oldest decorating firm, McMillen, recalls going into a room that both she and Mrs. Parish had worked on. "There was this commode between the windows that was the wrong proportion. I said, 'Sister, this doesn't fit!' And she said, 'Don't you know I wanted it to look as though it had been inherited, so I went out and bought it too small.' "

The grandest of all, Mrs. Parish doesn't have to make a point of it. The unpretentious streak runs through everything she does, from the painted and uncarpeted stairs to the Kentucky patchwork quilts she revived, even to the flowers she sent to ex-employee Mark Hampton when his father died. "I was near Indianapolis, a place you can only buy gladiolus," he recalls. "And suddenly this magical little basket of tiny roses and miniature flowers appeared out of the blue."

All the same, her views are autocratic.

Privilege? "It's a great help. It helped me, and when I'm employing people, I notice it." New money? "We're not against it! We want to give them pleasure, make them feel comfortable." Pause. "And *grateful*. But remember you're starting from scratch, mentally and physically."

A woman who, in Maine, still sleeps in the bed in which she was born, Sister Parish stresses the emotional importance of continuity. "When people are buying a house and already wondering if they will get their money back, they have the wrong outlook. You must love a house and want to make a home of it."

When people want the symbol, they go for the whole Sister Parish production, but the soft-spoken, careful Albert Hadley stands as the distinguished heir apparent to his partner, with a style both architectural and contemporary. Nan Kempner and Oscar de la Renta compare Hadley's clean simple taste with that of Billy Baldwin's, the first indigenous American decorator who with Nancy Lancaster and Elsie de Wolfe brought decoration out of post-Victorian formality into a mixture of old and new. Though somewhat in Sister Parish's shadow,



irvine & fleming

Keith Irvine, holding a Hepplewhite armchair with gilt trim, c. 1800, and Tom Fleming resting against a Regency library chair, c. 1830; in front of Newel Art Galleries' Louis XIV settee.



denning & fourcade

Robert Denning at home in a French Empire armchair, c. 1805, and Vincent Fourcade by 18th-century urn. Statue is 18th-century English plaster cast, from a house designed by the architect James Wyatt. Table is George III.

Hadley is "great with people of pronounced taste," says Nan Kempner. "His rooms don't yell the designer's name at you. Not the way you can tell at once if it's a Denning and Fourcade room."

Albert Hadley wears a sober suit and regards you demurely and donnishly over the top of his tortoiseshell spectacles.

"I appreciate the romantic, but I'm wacky," he says. "I approach things analytically. I'm more proscribed." And Minimalism, which recently passed through retrospective decor like an express train? "It forced us all to edit our surroundings. It concentrated our minds on employing only the devices that amplify the point of view you're establishing."

He lives in a pared-down apartment with startling chairs and in a scrapbook country house full of personal possessions in Connecticut. "I like to know exactly where I am. I don't like stage sets." He considers "Country House Style" a poor description of current American decoration. "The striking thing about an old English country house is the sense of interesting architectural enclosure. The rooms do not have distinct personalities because they have accumulated over the generations. I like each room to have its own personality. But then they must work together."

The Duchess of York approached Sister Parish after seeing Parish-Hadley's house for a polo-playing acquaintance, Henryk de Kwiatkowski, in Greenwich, Connecticut. The duchess wanted that crisp new traditional look for the house she and Prince Andrew are building with James Dunbar-Nasmith near Windsor. If she also welcomed not having to make the choice at home—where David Hicks is married to Lord Mountbatten's daughter and therefore rather heavily cued for the job—she seems to have struck a hitch. Parish-Hadley participated in the initial phase of the design, but a British firm will create and execute the final plans.

Clients almost always end up with a decorator via the grapevine. They have seen the houses of friends or relations and want the same know-how for themselves. Beyond the rapport that must exist between a client and a designer to keep relations sweet over the taxing year or two a big project may take, today's social glue has become stronger than ever. Society has always laid the ground rules for style and taste, but in the late eighties a New York decorator cannot consider himself at the top of his profession without the support of the New Society. The decorator, in turn, holds the social network together, providing the substance and background against which the new monied hostess can play out her roles, and acting as a common source of interest and culture between the new key names. Her decorator is often a new billionairess's only guru. What the decorator teaches, she preaches as if it were her own.

Mark Hampton is the urbane prototype of the species, well versed in the English and American social and architectural traditions. Charming, disarming, he wears suits bought in London from Anderson & Sheppard, the same tailors who dressed Fred Astaire and Gary Cooper. He has a house in the hotbed Hamptons and wears tortoiseshell spectacles with a



albert hadley

A flair for Classical restraint: In the decorator's own living room a black-and-gold Louis XVI side chair covered in beige and natural striped linen, zebra-patterned hooked rug, and silver-gilt metal Art Deco table with Armin Pfeiffer nail sculpture. The sculpture on the mantelpiece is by Otello Guarducci. Custom-designed light fixture by Parish-Hadley sits atop a mirrored cube table with beveled edges. The recessed cornice and baseboard details are also mirrored.


He lives in a pared-down
apartment with
startling chairs



mark hampton

Pure Fifth Avenue: An Adam-style gilded George III pier mirror, c. 1790, hangs above the fireplace of the library of a New York apartment. A round gallery-top mahogany pedestal table sits between two Georgian mahogany armchairs, from the St. Giles suite of furniture, c. 1745, covered in a Brunschwig & Fils silk brocade. Sofa is covered in Ottoman Cream from Old World Weavers. Hand-embroidered carpet is early-19th-century English. Andirons are by Giacometti. Picasso's *La Leçon de dessin*, 1925, reflected in mirror.



Today's social fabric reminds Hampton of nothing so much as high Victorian Empire

ROBERTO GILI





gilt nosepiece. He denies having any social life at all, and he is out every night of the week with his popular wife, Duane.

His first job, during the 1960s, was with David Hicks in London, "stopping off in one weekend at Chiswick House, visiting West Wycombe Park for Lady Dashwood to show us the Tapestry Room, lunching at Stonor Park to see the chapel that never shut down even in Cromwell's time, pausing on the way back to see a Batty Langley ruin." He has decorated the houses of Estée Lauder and Vice President and Mrs. Bush, Rupert Murdoch, Senator and Mrs. John Heinz, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter Burden. The social fabric of 1988, he says, reminds him of nothing so much as high Victorian Empire.

"It's terribly important that a designer be cognizant of your way of life and taste," says Nan Kempner. "He has to work from a knowledge of the way you are. I adore Mark Hampton. He's so good and conscientious—and congenial."

It is no coincidence that the choice for the redecoration of Blair House fell to Manhattan's two most social decorators. The former home of a newspaper family from Kentucky which became President Truman's residence and now serves as the president's guesthouse, Blair House required a three-year ménage à quatre among diplomatic Hampton, exuberant Mario Buatta, exacting U.S. Chief of Protocol Lucky Roosevelt, and Clement Conger, curator of the Diplomatic Reception Rooms. The ménage, awkwardly maintained and frequently bogged down in committee work, finally ended with both designers claiming to have the prettiest rooms and the most urgent reason to use the same favorite hand-blocked paper.

"Fortunately," says Mark Hampton, "Mario is always late, so I'd have an hour in which to make my points first."

Buatta's personal style is exhibitionist, entertaining, and self-promoting. Strongly into licensing and lecturing, he is noted for circulating magazine features about himself to all his acquaintances on the day of publication. "I don't know how much work he can do," says one observer. "He's out all the time. If a *door* opens, he's there holding court." Buatta works with two, sometimes three, assistants from an office that threatens one day to suffocate him in an avalanche of falling papers, fabrics, and vases. "We're like a zoo," shrugs Buatta. "I can't explain it."

He's also enormously talented, with clients who include Nelson Doubleday, Malcom Forbes, Charlotte Ford, and Barbara Walters. His chosen ingredients are the same as Sister Parish's, but put together in overdrive. "He does what I do," she concedes. "Only I've been doing it for 32 years."

His humor is obstreperous, running to the kind of English

irvine & fleming

Antiques and ornaments: In a Manhattan apartment, above left, silk taffeta under valances that are actually painted linen. Left: Dark green and white marble floor in a mirrored private entrance hall with Irvine & Fleming touches—pilasters, ornamental moldings and a combination of French and English antiques.



denning & fourcade

Le style Rothschild: Vincent Fourcade designed this Paris library around a superb rare-book collection. The Empire sofa is covered in Artemis fabric, available at Brunschwig & Fils. The fauteuils are Louis XVI. The carpet is a 19th-century Aubusson from Dario Baccara, Paris. The large painting depicts the Algerian campaign.

PASCAL CHEVALLIER

There are many people who like our style who didn't have anything like it five years ago"

Buatta would place whoopee cushions on the chairs of elderly duchesses who came to visit and sing loudly when bored at dinner



mario buatta

The king of the English country-house style, above, rests on a Louis XIV pedestal amid pieces covered in fabric from Brunschwig & Fils, Colefax & Fowler, and Cowtan & Tout. Opposite: A good mix. A New York library includes Chinese table with Tang period horse. American carousel lion by window dressed in fabric from Alan Campbell. Regency armchair; linen print on sofa and chair from Lee Jofa. Rug is English 19th century. Painting is Balthus's *Le Corbeau*, 1983–86.

practical jokes that embarrassed and delighted John Fowler when Buatta became his friend in London in the mid sixties. He would place whoopee cushions on the chairs of elderly duchesses who came to visit, sing loudly when bored at dinner, and pretend to pocket the silver as he left. He once fixed a gaudy paper bird to John Fowler's shoulder at a grand shooting lunch given by a ducal neighbor. The distinguished decorator carried on all afternoon in ignorance, like Long John Silver with a parrot.

The Fowler connection links Buatta, the son of a New York society bandleader, with the seminal influences on American decoration. Fowler, Lady Colefax, and Nancy Lancaster were the original sources of the Country Style, which will run and run as long as there are conservatives to buy it. Buatta says, "John knew only one way to do things, and that was the right way. He taught me restraint. He said if you get grand on one thing, play it down on the next three things."

Famous for chintz, Buatta has expanded his range. One prominent client pays tribute to the variety of which he is capable. "In the country he did our cottage with jelly bean colors, stripes, and rag rugs. In the duplex it's light and airy in pink and green, the library in wood with old rugs on sisal matting, and a sitting room like turquoise malachite with a woven carpet in animal spots."

Keith Irvine and Tom Fleming say that English country was always a misnomer for London House and that, in any case, the style was invented by an American, Mrs. Lancaster. "If she hadn't brought her wealthy friends to Colefax & Fowler, they'd have had no one to decorate." The look, says Irvine, has become overruffled, with curtains "festooned out of existence." Once John Fowler's assistant, Irvine later hired, then fired the younger Buatta, who now, he says, decorates for millionaires "as mad for publicity as he is himself." Irvine and Fleming are lifelong fans of what Fowler extolled as an "edge of pleasing decay."

"In my own apartment the furniture is nicely distressed," says Irvine. "I like to use chairs in their original fabrics if they are pretty. But you have to have a smart enough client." Irvine went to Oslo last year to redecorate the American embassy and ended up rearranging the furniture with the help of fifty marines. His hosts liked it so much he did himself right out of the job.

Almost to a man, the top decorators stress the relative simplicity of their work and hark back to the modest approach of Billy Baldwin, who worked for Ruby Ross Wood, who in her turn picked up the outlines when she ghosted a book for Elsie de Wolfe called *The House in Good Taste*. "If you asked Billy to make over your apartment," remembers Bill Blass, "he'd begin by taking things out!" Says Mica Ertegün of MAC II, "He would find beautiful pieces and then take it all down a peg with a sisal carpet." Yet Baldwin could realize the fantasy in a client's imagination, creating for Diana Vreeland an apartment that was all crimson and leopard spots to her single specification. Ertegün maintains it was he who started the sixties tenting craze with his original covering for Babe Paley's rooms at the St. Regis Hotel.

The exceptions to this overt homage to simplicity, and to



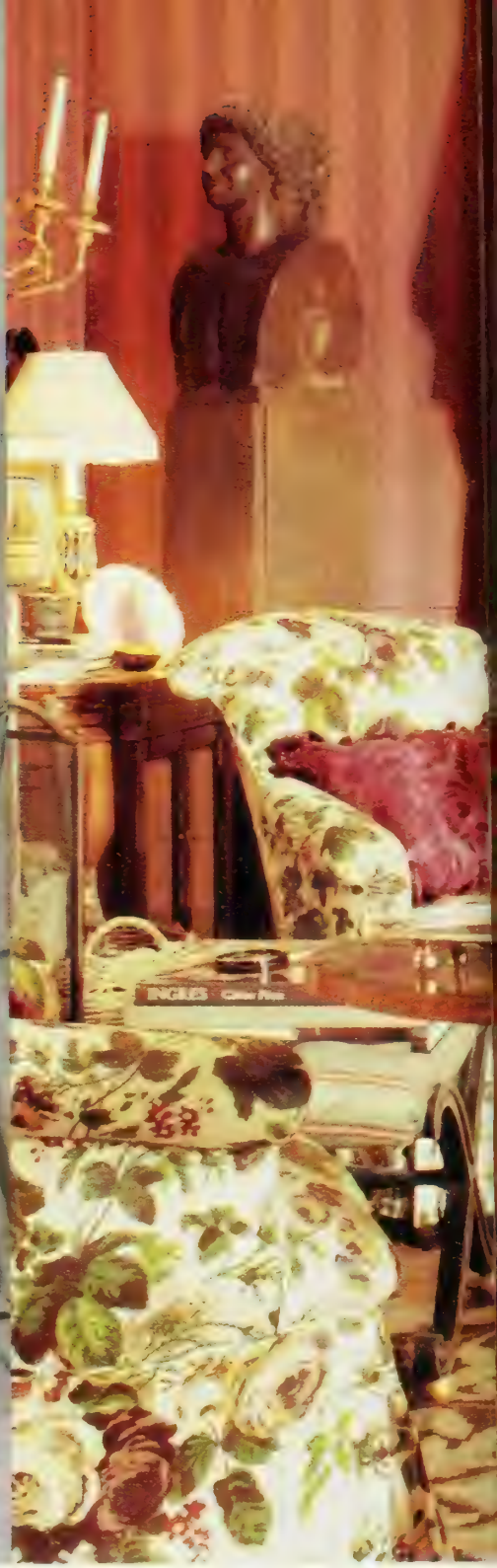


mac II

Pretty civilized: A French country table sits behind the sofa in a country house. Indian 19th-century painting hangs above the mantel. Opposite: Chessy Rayner in Victorian chair with [illegible] marble and mother-of-pearl and Mica Ertegun [illegible] of Louis XV mirror [illegible] and table are [illegible]


Mica grew up in a
Chessy in her grandmother's
Louis





david easton

Schooled in the classics: The decorator, above, with one of a set of George III giltwood armchairs, c. 1770, and a George I giltwood center table, c. 1725, both from Mallett & Son, London. Right: In his living room, pair of Adam side chairs by rosewood table near window; Regency penwork table in foreground. Chintz is Bailey Rose from Cowtan & Tout. Curtains are moiré; striped wallpaper from Cole & Son, London, available at Clarence House.



OBERTO GILI

I tell my staff to get in line with the chauffeur, the hairdresser, and the maid. The only difference is we get our knees under the table and exchange Christmas gifts"



mrs. virgil sherrill

Well bred: Betty Sherrill, the president of McMillen, dressed for a shoot on chair covered in linen zebra pattern from Brunschwig & Fils. Chinese cloisonné bird and Regency stand are from the 19th century; painting by Dunoyer de Segonzac. Opposite: A New York dining room with 18th-century English table and Hepplewhite chairs, 18th-century Chinese wallpaper, and silk taffeta curtains.



MICHAEL MUNDY

every other rule, are Denning and Fourcade, with their urban Continental palazzo style that Reinaldo Herrera calls by an old name—"le goût Rothschild." Sister Parish calls it "New Victorian," and dryly adds, "You know more about them than I do."

"It's a style that, as far as most Americans know, began with them," says Mark Hampton. "They began by giving chic little lunch parties," says one long-term acquaintance. "Being adorable. Giving you wonderful food. That was the first time anyone had seen walls papered with tapestry. And they carried all before them—Vincent so grand and French, Bob so handsome and fit."

Fashion designer Carolyne Roehm, and her Wall Street husband, Henry Kravis, chose them for "their fantasy and taste—and then Vincent turned out to be the most organized human being, always available, always on time." The Denning and Fourcade look has been enormously successful, particularly with the wealthier fashion crowd who want instant and recognizable grandeur: one of their biggest fans has been Oscar de la Renta.

The huge 73rd Street brownstone Denning and Fourcade share is like something from the heyday of Edith Wharton: rich, patterned enfilades of rooms, with here a four-poster bed, there a mahogany bathtub, or a television screen that rolls down to be watched from a great leather daybed. Nothing they do is understated, even the house they built in a perfect rural landscape in the *(Text continued on page 242)*

"It's a little old-fashioned here. I've been here for 37 years; Mrs. Smith's been here 60 and hates publicity"

going gothic

There's a new medieval mood taking shape in interior design, architecture, furniture, and fabrics. **Charles Gandee** looks at the revival of Gothic Revival as the future heads ever more deeply into the past. Who said chivalry was dead?



Past perfect: The Gothic arch makes its point in Dame du Lac fabric, right, by Old World Weavers, reproduced from a 19th-century interpretation of a medieval scene, and in the armchair, opposite, designed this year by James H. Harris & Co., available from Luten Clarey Stern. Details see Sources.



This mean little chaise might have been the perfect perch for Mary Shelley

Hark! Who goes there? 'Tis Gothic, my Lord, come yet again.

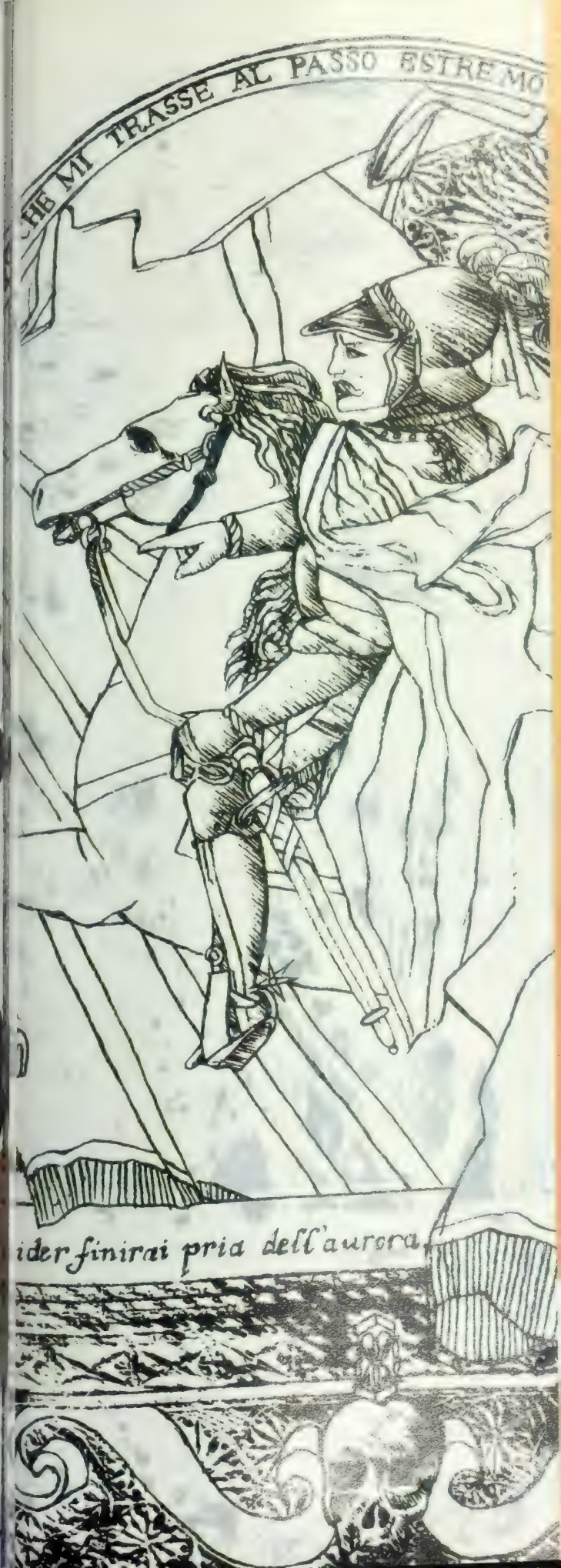
Oh no. Can it be? Surely not Gothic? Surely not again? There's something so creepy and menacing about all those dark shadowy rooms with cold stone floors, molten moldings, and spidery friezes; something so alien and otherworldly about all those ornate patterns and overwrought details. Isn't it just too gloomy? Perhaps even a little sinister? Don't things tend to go bump in the night in Gothic buildings?

Now the English country look, that was another matter. Who could object? Floral chintzes are cheerful and homey, portraits of pugs add a cozy touch. But lancet arches? Rib vaults? Flying buttresses? Is it possible that an ornamental style born in 1140—when one Abbot Suger rebuilt the east end of the abbey of Saint-Denis outside Paris—can find a home in the late twentieth century? Yes. 'Tis possible indeed.

Perhaps it's fin de siècle panic that sends us hurtling back even further into history in search of images to revive and reexplore. Or perhaps it's as antiquarian Horace Walpole explained in the mid eighteenth century when he added fuel to the then raging Gothic Revival fire by building a "little castle" for himself in Twickenham, London, called Strawberry Hill: "Imagination delights in whatever is remote and extraor-



JAMES MORT





Modern with a Gothic twist: Inspirations from the past come to the fore in Jon Mills's spiky metal Crawling Chaise, opposite, and the Fearless Knight, left, a detail from a tablecloth designed this year by Jane Wildgoose. Above: Bonetti and Garouste's Cathedral armoire of painted metal, lacquered wood, and glass merges stark bright lines with the glow of stained glass.

PASCAL CHEVALLIER



JAMES MORTIMER



ERIC BOMAN

dinary . . . in order to avoid the objects that custom has rendered too familiar.''

For whatever reason, now clearly audible on both sides of the Atlantic are the sounds of well-aimed picks determinedly mining the rich vein that is Gothic.

Unlike many of the eighteenth-century Neo-Gothics, however, who were committed to essentially replicating the past—''all Gothic designs should be made to imitate something that was of that time,'' advised Walpole—contemporary inheritors of the tradition appear to be less rigorous about their history. (Some might even say licentious.) Architect Philip Johnson, to name but one of the more energetic stylistic time travelers, is a particularly stellar example. Four years ago Johnson and his partner, John Burgee, erected a new corporate headquarters for PPG Industries in Pittsburgh which looks as if Westminster Palace had slid into the River Thames, floated across the Great Pond, and cast down its anchor on the banks of the river Allegheny. But somewhere along the way the great stone arches, spires, and pinnacles of Westminster turned to reflective glass. Although Charles Barry and A. W. N. Pugin, the architects of the original 1836 model, probably wouldn't appreciate the material metamorphosis, Johnson and Burgee's glass-manufacturer client is, as one might expect, delighted.

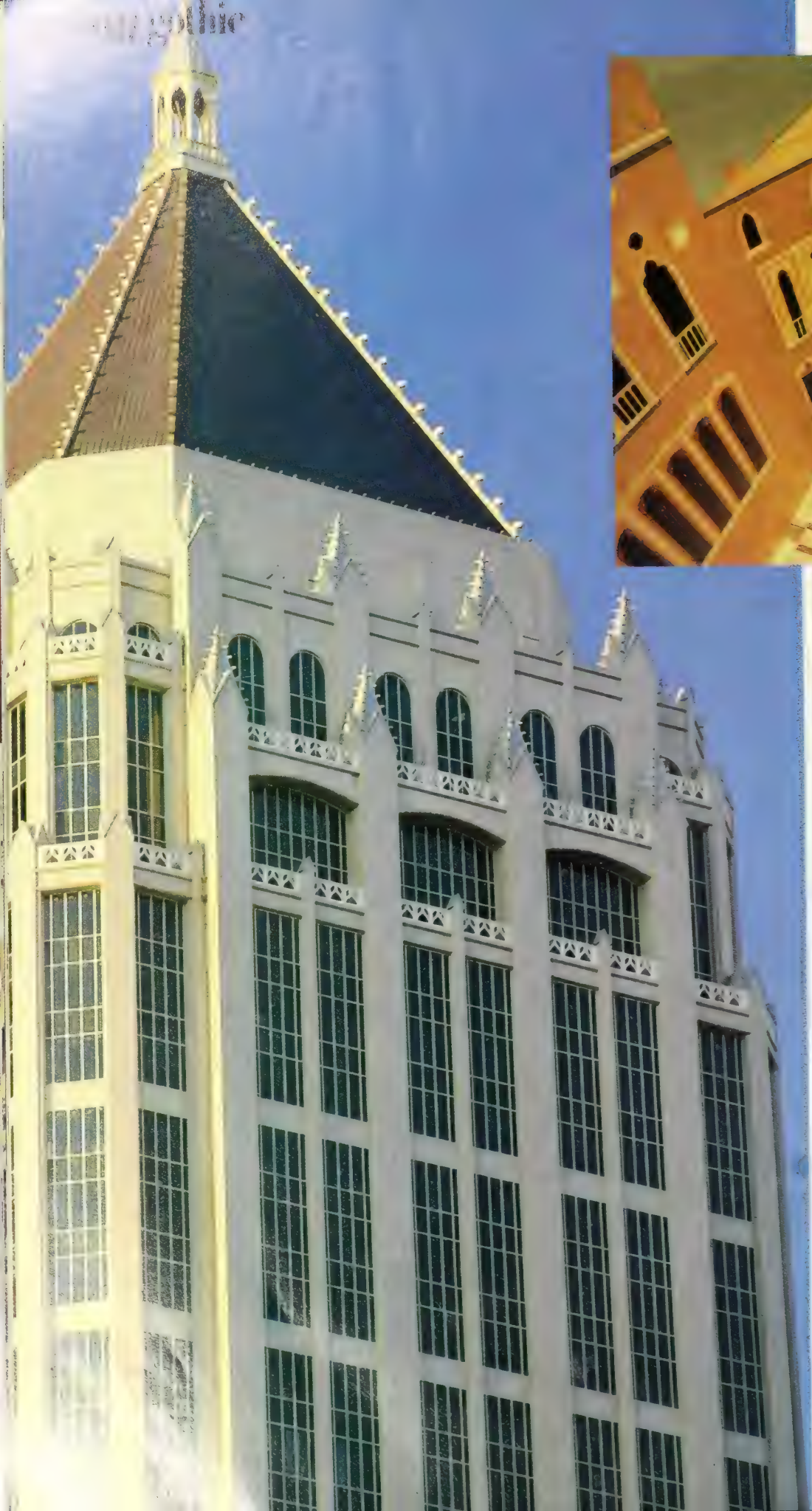
More recently the dynamic architectural duo completed a command Gothic performance in Atlanta, Georgia, with an 841-

Arch revival: A Gothic pelmet, above, in a window treatment by Ian G. Shaw with curtains of Florian fabric by Manuel Canovas. A Pugin chair at the House of Lords, inset left, and an American 19th-century chair, inset right, covered in Brunschwig's 1987 Prince Noir Tapestry. Right: A perfect setting for Gothic dreams. The bed from 1865 is covered in Damasco Borgia from Clarence House.

TOM MILLER

ERIC BOMAN


on't things tend to go bump
in the night in Gothic buildings?





TIM BEDDOW

foot-high tower for IBM which soars, according to partner Burgee, "like a great Gothic cathedral marking a city." Are Johnson and Burgee employing the Gothic style to make a social comment? Has the corporation replaced the church in contemporary American culture? Is this the cathedral of Saint IBM? The boys aren't talking.

Kevin Roche is another architect who appears to have heard the siren song of the Gothic muse. Roche recently unveiled a set of drawings for an astonishingly convincing Neo-Gothic addition to the Jewish Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York City which is housed in C. P. H. Gilbert's 1908 Neo-Gothic Warburg Mansion. (This from the man who gave Manhattan such abstract Minimalist monuments as the UN Plaza Hotel and the Ford Foundation building.)

None of this is news, of course, to the perennially open-minded Philadelphia architect Robert Venturi, who included a Gothic chair in his 1985 furniture collection for Knoll International and incorporated Gothic details into a pair of new buildings his firm has designed for Princeton University. And even in southern California, of all unlikely places, Eric Owen Moss—arguably the most aesthetically rambunctious architect that state has to offer, which is saying something—still holds out hope that the powers that be will see the light and build the country club he designed for a new housing development in San Diego *(Text continued on page 236)*

RION RIZZO CREATIVE SOURCES PHOTOGRAPHY ATLANTA

Many have heard the siren song of the Gothic muse



Towering achievement: Philip Johnson and John Burgee use Gothic forms to great effect in their new IBM Tower, opposite, in Atlanta. Opposite inset: Taking steps toward Venetian Gothic is the stairway created last year by David Linley Furniture for a London advertising agency. Left: Gothic is underfoot with the carpet Sammy, designed by David Hicks. Above: Medieval aristocracy is evoked in the British Heraldry scarf by Hermès, also available at the fine Stylist Associates Limited Gallery.





Manhattan RESERVE

An uncompromising simplicity sets the tone in the Donald Marrons' New York apartment. Catie Marron explains her style to **André Leon Talley**

Understated drama: Pale colors in the living room form a backdrop for art and antiques. Beyond, in the dining room, are a George III giltwood mirror and 19th-century English Regency chairs covered in Directoire from Scalamandré. Opposite: Catie Marron in black by Bill Blass.



OBERTO GILI





"It's classic, but with a sense of personality," says Catie Marron. "I pared down to certain basics, then added the details, hoping it wouldn't look too decorated." Marron, formerly an investment banker with Lehman Brothers and now a contributing editor of HG, reflects on the task of redecorating the New York apartment she shares with her husband, Donald Marron, chairman of the Paine Webber Group and president of the board of trustees of New York's Museum of Modern Art. "After we were married three years ago, Don suggested I change things to something that would be more appropriate for us as a couple. Because the paintings are very good, I couldn't just decorate. I had to focus on the demanding quality of the art."

To help get things off the ground, Marron enlisted the assistance of Lee Radziwill. "Lee and I organized the seating areas and chose many of the fabrics, carpets, and colors. She also found the wonderful gilt chairs in the dining room which had belonged to Daisy Fellowes. I love gilt. It has life and personality—and gilt in the furniture complements the frames of the paintings.

"Once the bones were correct, I set about finding the furniture. As I found one piece, I would then know what to do next. Last fall I asked Albert Hadley and Brian McCarthy of Parish-Hadley to help. They came up with the color for the dining-room walls, which I call a rich brown but which most people see as gray. We all wanted a sense of elegance, and one day last October, as I was moving the furniture around with Brian, I got so excited because we finally had it."

Which is not surprising because even before her years at Wellesley, where she majored in economics and art history, and well before the two Louis XV armchairs bought with a first paycheck from Morgan

Soft palette: For the sitting room printed Papiers Japonais fabric from Clarence House was chosen for the walls. Shalimar from Quadrille for the sofa, and Jaguar cotton duck from Karl Mann Associates for the table. Details see Sources.

"I love gilt. It has life and personality"



Perfect placement: Catie Marron, above, in Chanel, at her George III writing table with a bouquet of porcelain poppies by Clare Potter. Left: Boxes and Japanese kimono baskets in closet. Opposite above: In the living room a late-18th-century Swedish giltwood bench covered in silk from Clarence House sits beneath mantel with two late-18th-century Swedish candelabra and an 18th-century French clock. Opposite below: The library has 19th-century Russian mahogany armchairs, a 19th-century Austrian gilded Empire table, a pair of 19th-century Persian camels.

OBERTO GILI





Stanley in New York. Catie Marron had a strong sense of how things should look: "I used to drive my mother crazy by moving all the furniture around in my room." Says Albert Hadley: "Catie has a great editorial eye about what is appropriate, beautiful, good. She has a strong personal taste—and lots of style." Marron's eye is evident in her interesting juxtapositions of paintings and furniture with pieces that have an element of fantasy. "As Don has his pictures, I've developed a collection of objects all with nature—leaves, flowers, fruits, animals." In the living room, for example, Marron placed a faux Wedgwood cachepot with garlands and lion's-head decorations and two Russian vases with grapes and grape-leaf mounts on a French gueridon with grotesque legs carved like serpent monsters. Nearby stand a pair of eighteenth-century Italian giltwood consoles, embellished with leaf motifs.

And in the library, where one wall is covered with black-and-white drawings in gilt and silvery frames, Marron flanked an Austrian Empire table with a pair of Russian mahogany chairs that feature carved backs depicting stars, sunbursts, and cornucopias. Nature is also seen in an ormolu clock shaped like a sunflower as well as in porphyry candelabra in the living room which are trimmed in gilded roosters.

Despite such rich ornamental details, however, the Marrons' apartment is one of uncompromising simplicity. It is in the American tradition of Billy Baldwin—for people who live with fine art and antiques. There is an attitude of refusal: a refusal of excess, exuberance, and extravagance.

What warms such cool, rigorous design is the owners' sense of sophisticated ease: "Don and I love to have friends over and prefer to entertain in a relatively informal way," reports Catie, whose eye for simplicity is reflected in the modern tailored clothes she prefers. As Marron says, "I am not the five-tiered ruffled-dress type." ♠

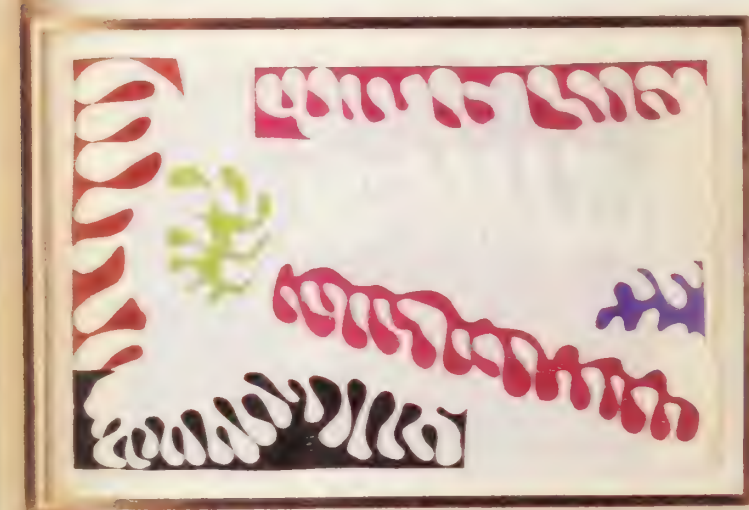
A classic urbanity: In the living room, left, a 19th-century French gueridon holds two 19th-century Russian vases and a 19th-century faux Wedgwood cachepot. Above right: Catie Marron in dress by Carolina Herrera. Right: Library has 19th-century Russian table, Louis XVI armchair, an 18th-century giltwood barometer on wall. Far right: Four plates from Matisse's *Jazz*.






Manhattan RESERVE

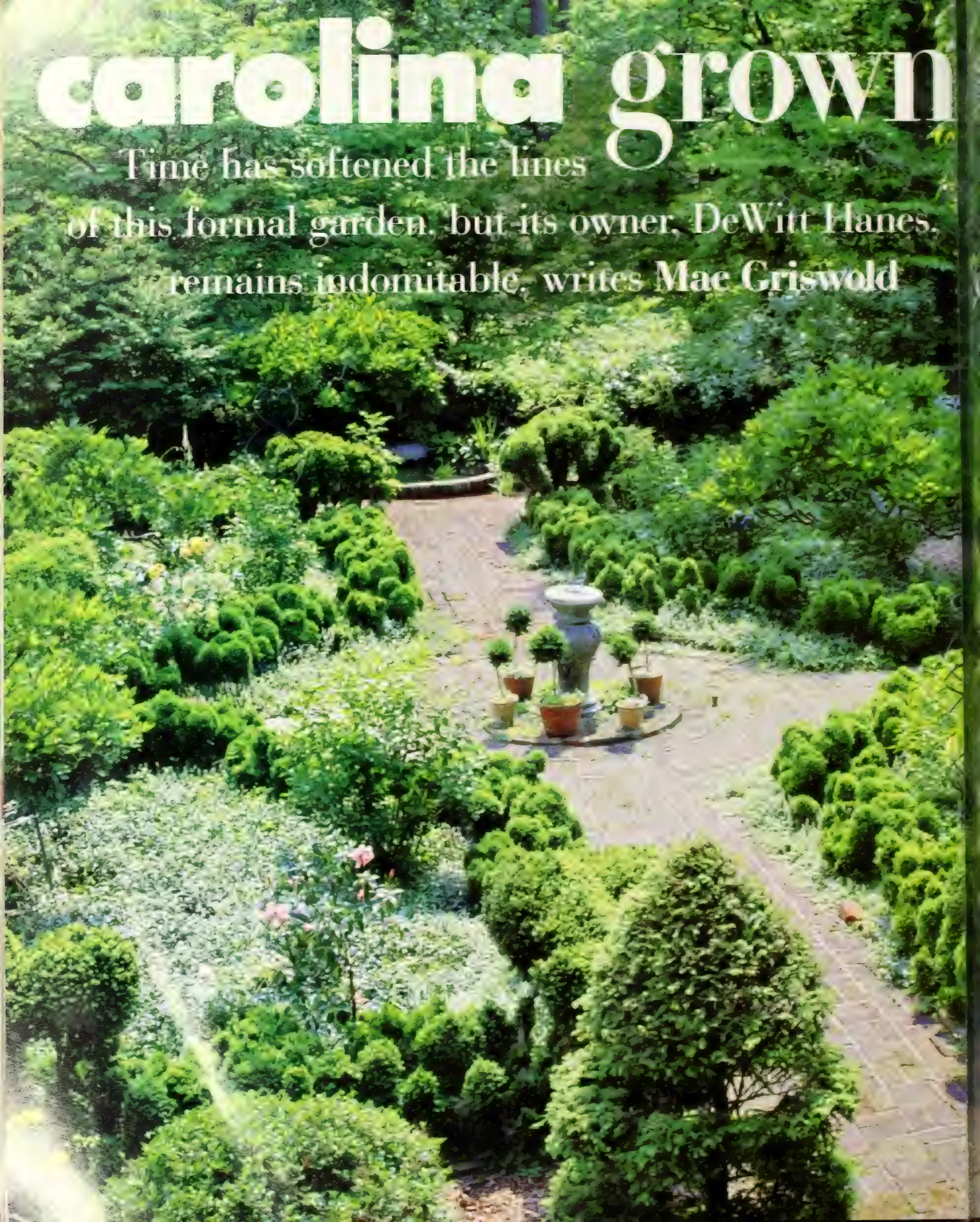






carolina grown

Time has softened the lines of this formal garden, but its owner, DeWitt Hanes, remains indomitable, writes **Mac Griswold**





Garden recipe: "A wall, a path, a coping around the bed, a tree, a place to sit—that is a garden," said landscape architect Ellen Shipman in 1929. The garden she designed in Winston-Salem is even better today, as roses and wisteria loop over the wall and the path runs wild with vinca, ajuga, Johnny-jump-ups, and violets. A dovecote hides at center.

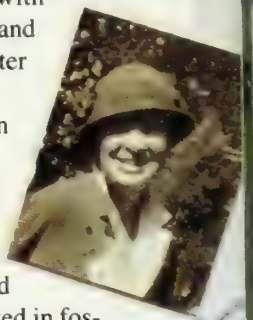


The kitchen garden and greenhouse hidden in the woods behind the big brick house are filled with old soldiers. Nobody throws out the ancient leggy hibiscus and gardenia trees here—they just go back to the greenhouse plot to convalesce. They always flower again. Mrs. Ralph P. Hanes of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has grown most of the hibiscus from her own cuttings: "I'm a dirt digger, and I'm mad about rooting." The small greenhouse is ruffed with fine double blue columbine, the name long lost, and common jewelweed (*Impatiens capensis*), the most ordinary orange-yellow roadside flower. They look unexpectedly great together.

The kitchen garden and greenhouse exhale an air of mossy patience—an air soon dispelled by Mrs. Hanes, who knows how to be patient and how to be impatient. Mrs. Hanes is nearly ninety, so she has had a long time to practice both virtues. "I have got enough ahead of me to live 2,500 years," she breathes, as she surveys one of two gardens (the other is in the Blue Ridge mountains about an hour outside Winston).

Mrs. Ralph P. Hanes is the size of a big ten year old. She says she has shrunk four inches from age and is scared that soon she'll be eating her shoelaces from bending over. In fact, she stands very upright. She wears a sturdy blue smock with ruffles at neck and wrist, and her white hair sticks out magnificently with an electric-shock effect. No one could miss the fact that she is a grande dame—the grandest, perhaps the oldest, and maybe the wiliest of them all. Who could resist a woman who growls at her King Charles spaniel scratching at the door, "Go on—you've gotten very heady, and besides you're too pretty to come in," and then whispers to you, "Since I've said no, I have to wait a *few* minutes."

DeWitt Chatham (as in blankets) Hanes (as in stockings) grew up in Elkin, North Carolina, and went to finishing school in a Gothic castle up north—next to the Rockefellers' Pocantico Hills. She had fallen in love with Ralph Hanes when she was eight, she says, and they were married and lived happily ever after until his death in 1973.



She is the matriarch of a notable Southern family, but a family that has insisted on being at home in America, not just the South. Although DeWitt Hanes styles herself a "mountain woman," and pioneered the current revival of Appalachian arts and crafts, she and her family are just as interested in fostering the contemporary arts as in preserving Southern traditions and collecting baskets.

"The Haneses have done more than shanghai the benefits of European sophistication and drag them to provincial America," says Roger Kennedy, director of the National Museum of American History at the Smithsonian. "Their in-



Green thoughts: DeWitt Hanes, wearing a cornhusk hat made by mountain women, in her kitchen garden. Ellen Shipman's signature, opposite, in the Hanes's guest book and her photograph, inset left; Shipman visited every spring and fall. Inset far left: 'Rosa Mundi' rose showers the grass with perfumed pink and red striped petals.

terest in the arts comes out of a rigorous, unsentimental sense of how life should be. They have grounded themselves in their own culture—but without being patronizing or quaint about it."

"I've gardened all my life," says DeWitt Hanes. "My grandmother in Mississippi had a greenhouse—a pit in the side of the hill, actually—where she kept 'Maréchal Niel' roses and calla lilies. My father kept plant lists of his garden, where he grew lotus and other exotics. In fact, like most people in the South, we were not so struck when everybody discovered Thomas Jefferson's garden records—after all, we *all* had had diaries like that."

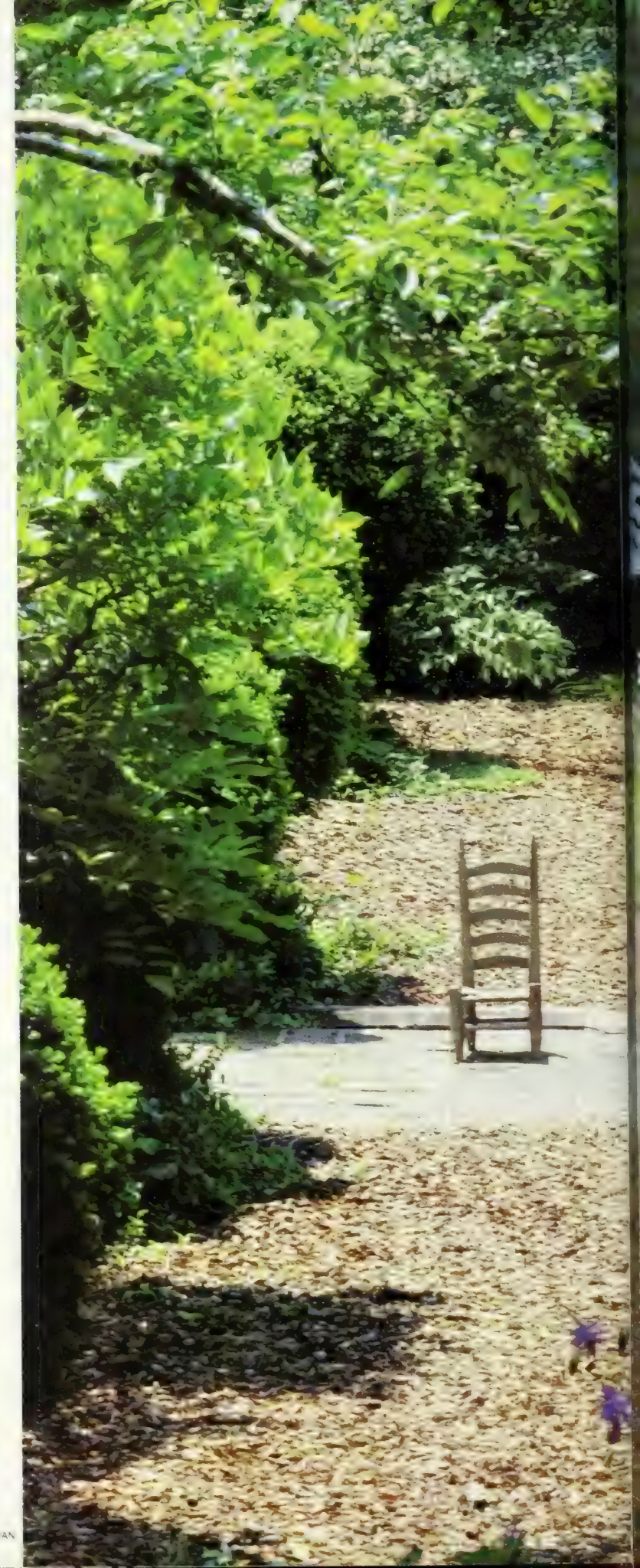
Her Winston-Salem garden is a low-walled square right next to the big brick house. The roomy loggia and terrace have seen a busy fifty years, between a large, bouncy, tight-knit family, and such diversities floating in and out as Henry Mencken, Andrés Segovia, Walt Kuhn, Sister Parish, and Cornelia Otis Skinner, to take just a handful. Helen Hayes, by now a fixture, and one of Mrs. Hanes's best friends, wrote not too long ago, "Please may I move in for always?"

Aldous Huxley almost stayed longer than he wished: he fell through the cellar trapdoor in the sitting-room floor which had accidentally been left open. Another guest told Ralph Hanes he knew why the boxwood was so fine. "You invite the brains of the world," he said, "then you open the trapdoor, and later you just sweep up the bones to feed your box." (Boxwood loves bonemeal fertilizer.)

Boxwood is all you see in the garden at first. English box bulges out into the walks and ten-foot-tall American box "trees," pruned by Ralph Hanes into exotic balloons, are tethered to the earth by their long stalks. Ralph Hanes had a knack for making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. American box *is* leggy; that's its problem, so why not show off its legs?

Another visitor designed the garden—Ellen Shipman. Born in 1869, she was one of that band of first women landscape architects, including Beatrix Farrand, Marian Coffin, and Annette Hoyt Flanders, who made some of the most beautiful gardens in America. In 1938, Mrs. Shipman told a journalist, "Until women took up landscaping, gardening in this country was at its lowest ebb. The renaissance of the art was due largely to the fact that women, instead of working over their boards, used plants as if they were painting pictures, and as an artist would."

In the 1890s, Shipman was encouraged to become a landscape architect by Charles Platt, an architect, garden designer, and painter. Platt and Shipman believed in strict geometry and soft plantings. Platt used stone and brick to shape a garden and relied on plants as filler. Shipman used plants to define garden spaces and to highlight the contrast between a



Family seats: An antique child's chair used by great-granddaughter Martha is dwarfed by an old cast-iron fern-pattern bench and by white irises, daisies, peonies, white foxgloves, and blue *Baptisia australis*. A standard fuchsia back by the dovecote adds a spark of red, and lilies and aconite will contribute height later. Toward the front of the border dark and light pinks, pansies, and snapdragons are a relaxed jumble of soft color.

ERIC BOMAN



garden and its surroundings. "Don't you ever plant one thing outside the wall that isn't native," DeWitt Hanes recalls her saying, "but you can plant anything you want inside."

Shipman took justifiable pride in her garden architecture. A brick garden house topped with a dovecote and what's called the Chippendale Gate, made of white Chinese stickwork, anchor the garden at opposite corners.

"The night we moved into this great big house was the night of the crash," Mrs. Hanes remembers, "and Ralph sat up till dawn. Ellen Shipman had come down for her first visit that spring, when money was rolling, but she loved Ralph, so she kept coming when the money didn't. She got Ralph interested in gardens by teaching him to prune. 'Ralph,' she said, 'there are only two things that man can really control: one is a tree and one is a vine. Always cut out anything that goes up, and make sure you don't leave any nubbins.'

"Before she did any work she sat down with us and said, 'Now you must both tell me your favorite flowers and what you want from a garden—because if anyone asks you who did it, I've been a complete failure.' Then she came here twice a year because, she said, gardens are always changing."

As the ornamental trees planted within the garden square have grown and thickened, simpler increasingly means better here. Recently, gardener John Edwards replaced many of Shipman's perennials so that soft pink, blue, yellow, and white shimmer together again. White violets and Johnny-jump-ups (*Viola tricolor*) have spread everywhere, as have Mrs. Hanes's favorites, wild phlox (*Phlox divaricata*) and Virginia bluebells (*Mertensia virginica*).

What once took seven gardeners now takes only one man—and Mrs. Hanes. "I still know how to bend," she crows. Once everything was staked and tied and shampooed within an inch of its life, but now what's easily grown has been slipped in. Once there were crisper levels, flat surfaces embroidered with hundreds of flowers like a Madeira tablecloth, standards of all different heights, and bamboo arches wreathed with the pale yellow single rose 'Mermaid'. It must have looked good then, but it certainly looks better now.

Ellen Shipman's garden was meant to last for generations; its exact geometry has only become better as it softens with age. DeWitt Hanes knows all this, and more: "One time last summer I came down to Winston-Salem from the mountains and walked in my nightgown in the moonlight. The garden was all overgrown, spiderwebs were glittering everywhere—I knew I must be dead and had come back to my garden because it was just the way it will be in a hundred years." ▲

Editor: Babs Simpson

Hanes's hemlock: The hemlock was sculpted into ruffles by the late Ralph Hanes, who was a brilliant pruner. Pink geraniums stand next to a potted boxwood underplanted with alyssum, a signature plant throughout the garden. Spilling onto the terrace from the border below is the feathery foliage of *Rosa hugonis*, the Golden Rose of China, which has hundreds of primrose yellow flowers, dark red hips in later summer, and bronze leaves in fall. Right, [illegible] herbs are companions to [illegible]

the **holl** truth

With a style all his own, architect Steven Holl continues to search for personal authenticity. **Martin Filler** reports

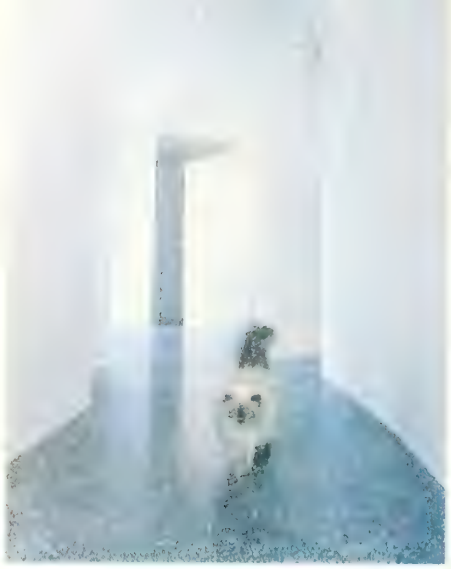


PAUL WARCHO



Steven Holl, right, in his New York office with models of two of his current house projects. Left: Living area of apartment by Holl in New York's Metropolitan Tower; most of the furniture, the lighting, and the rug were also designed by the multi-talented architect.

GEORGE LANGE



In Metropolitan Tower apartment, terrazzo flooring, skewed wall planes.



Lighting by Holl, above, built-in desk, right, and living room, below, in the Metropolitan Tower apartment.





The what's-next syndrome in American architecture is at a fever pitch these days. Postmodernism, yesterday's style of tomorrow, has been widely deemed a failure and already seems passé. Though much Modernism now looks good in contrast to the excesses that followed it, there is no chance that the International Style will ever rise again. The most publicized new direction is Deconstructivism, subject of a controversial show curated by Philip Johnson at New York's Museum of Modern Art this summer. That dubious movement will be taken seriously at least until the exhibition closes. Early next year—from February 9 to April 4, 1989—MOMA will shine its powerful spotlight on the work of another young architect who is lucky not to have been lumped together with the seven ill-assorted members of the Deconstructivist brigade.

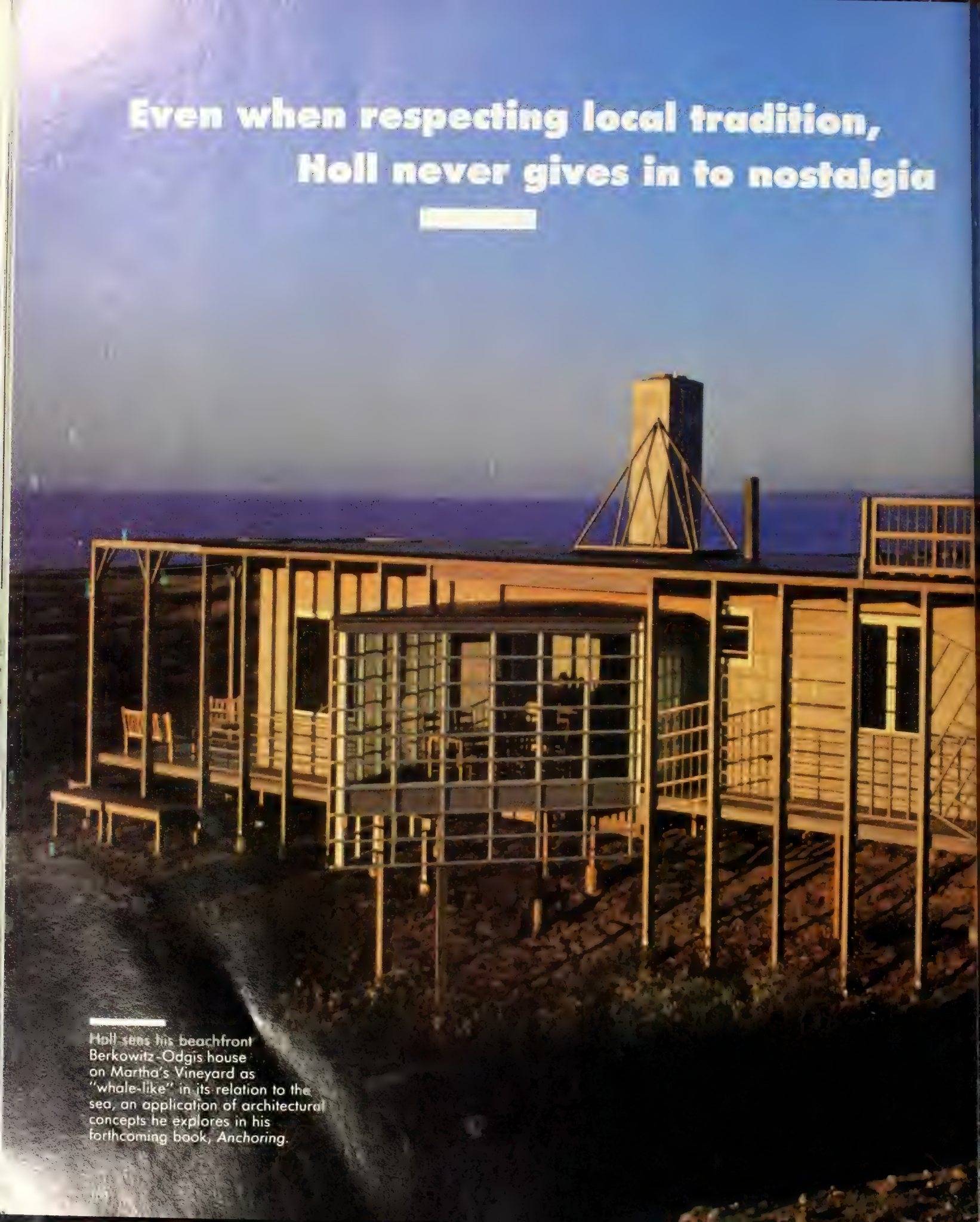
Steven Holl, regarded by some to be the most promising American architect of the emerging generation, is not part of any new architectural trend. Nonetheless, he is producing some of the most innovative and consistently original designs in this country today. To the dismay of categorizing critics, Holl's work does not fall neatly into the confines of any prevalent "ism"—it is neither Modernism, nor Postmodernism, still less Deconstructivism. His use of clean traditional forms, handsome natural materials, inventive yet appropriate ornament, rich harmonious color, and careful attention to local building patterns gives Holl's architecture the conviction, stability, and repose conspicuously missing from most contemporary construction. Holl's architecture varies significantly depending on its locality: his elegant concrete and stucco commercial-residential building in Seaside, Florida, to be finished this fall, is quite different from the board-and-batten vacation house he has just done on Martha's Vineyard. On the other hand, his

His work can be either rustic or urbane, depending on its context

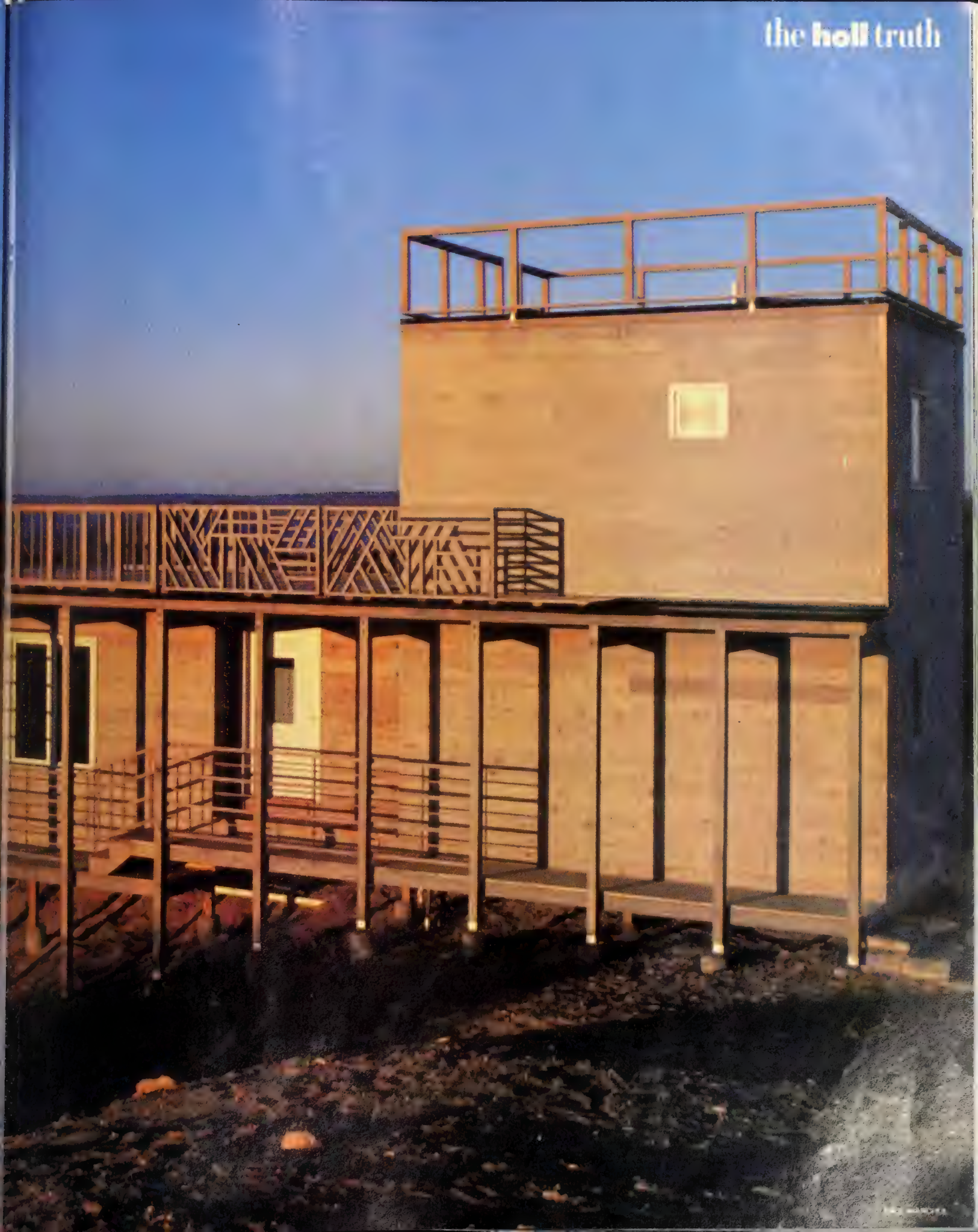


In Holl's Berkowitz-Odgis house on Martha's Vineyard a table by the architect and traditional country chairs play off against the light-filled prow of the dining room. Antique crock, bowl, and baskets are from Claire West Antiques. Details see Sources.

Even when respecting local tradition, Holl never gives in to nostalgia



Holl sees his beachfront Berkowitz-Odgis house on Martha's Vineyard as "whale-like" in its relation to the sea, an application of architectural concepts he explores in his forthcoming book, *Anchoring*.





Holl gives the simple wooden front porch of the Berkowitz-Odgis house the dignity of a Classical canopy.



Metal-clad chimney flue and stove, above and right, contrast with the warmth of wooden plank floors and beams. Below: The veranda.



Holl's designs have a combination of American directness and Classical dignity

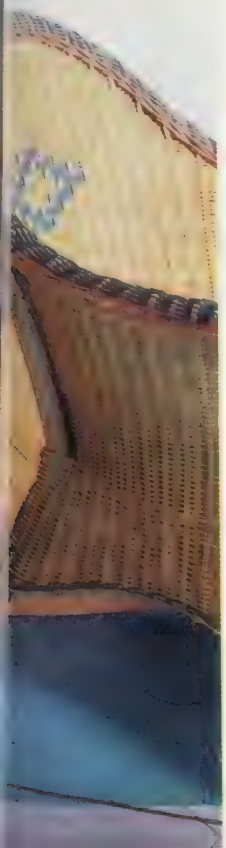
designs are not the least bit nostalgic. They have none of the knowing winks and submissive nods to history and convention that have weighed down some of the slightest schemes of the past decade. This is architecture with assurance but not arrogance, respectful of but not obsequious to the past, and hopeful about but not worshipful of the future.

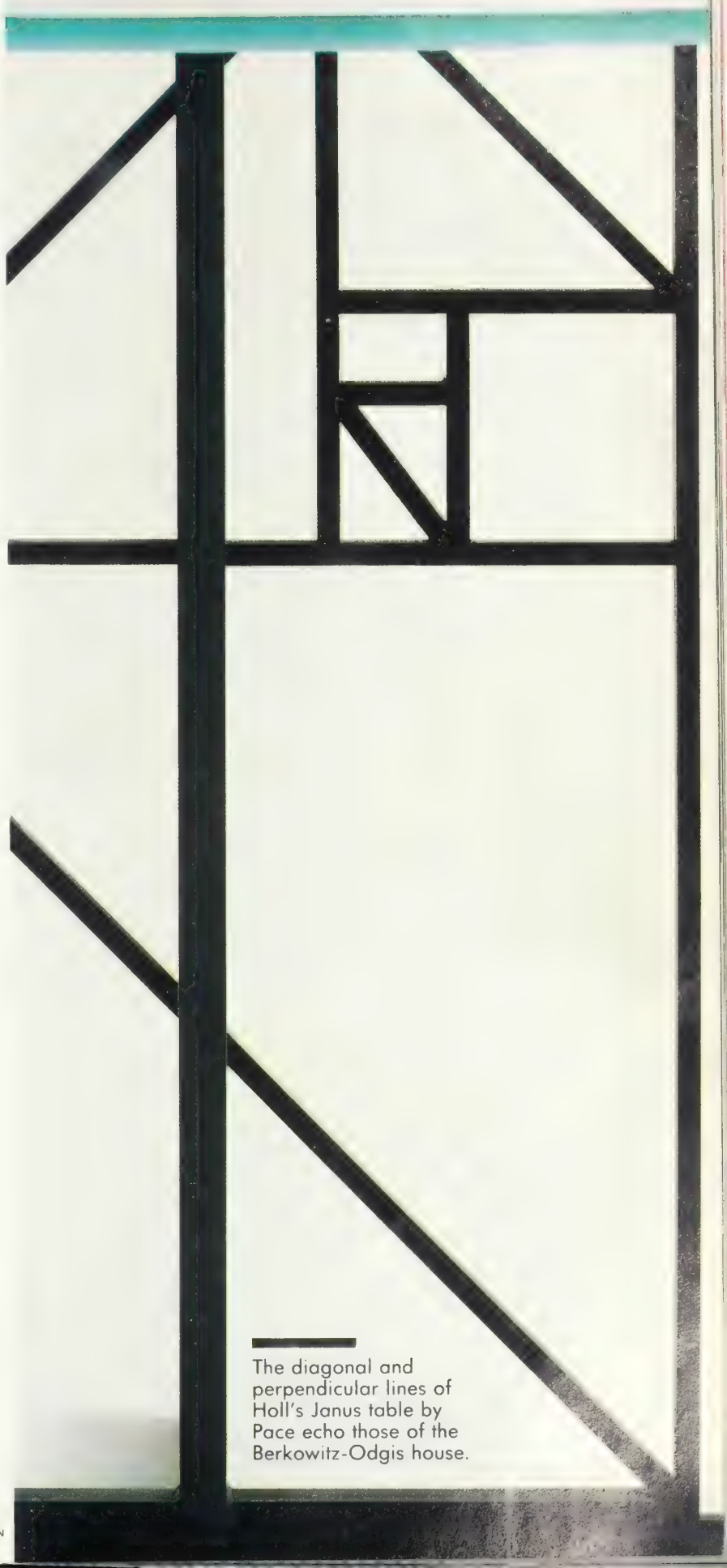
Holl has been content with keeping his New York–based practice small enough so he can continue making architecture himself rather than leave the designing to his assistants. He is absorbed not in generating publicity but in his own continuing exploration of the architectural process, amplified through his teaching first-year design at Columbia's School of Architecture. Holl is outwardly unperturbed over his relatively small output to date (only a few houses, shops, and interiors completed thus far) and is far more concerned with fully developing new ideas than with becoming the latest consumable, and potentially disposable, object in an architectural marketplace hooked on novelty and indifferent to quality. He is a young man in no hurry.

Holl, at age forty, is neither a flash in the pan nor an overnight success. Although it's been a decade since his flinty, unsentimental designs began to attract attention within his profession, only now is he becoming known to a wider public. Holl's two most visible schemes, a pair of shops on New York's Madison Avenue, have been drawing curious passersby as much for the architecture as for the goods on sale there. The Pace Collection at 72nd Street is a glittering light-filled vitrine for the firm's contract furniture, some of it designed by Holl himself. One block north is Giada, the Manhattan retail outlet of the high-style Milan fashion manufacturer. This shop is radically different in feeling from the Pace showroom and together they give an excellent idea of Holl's range. Pace is all exposure, delicate line, and smooth surface. Giada is all enclosure, heavy mass, and rich texture. Terrazzo floors and red-patinated brass hardware and door give the clothes in Giada an air of becoming fragility, while the varied glazing and pale colors at Pace impart the furniture with a desirable weightiness.

Born in Seattle in 1947, Holl studied at the University of Washington and took part in its architecture program in Rome, which he describes as an awakening in his life: "I flew directly *(Text continued on page 245)*







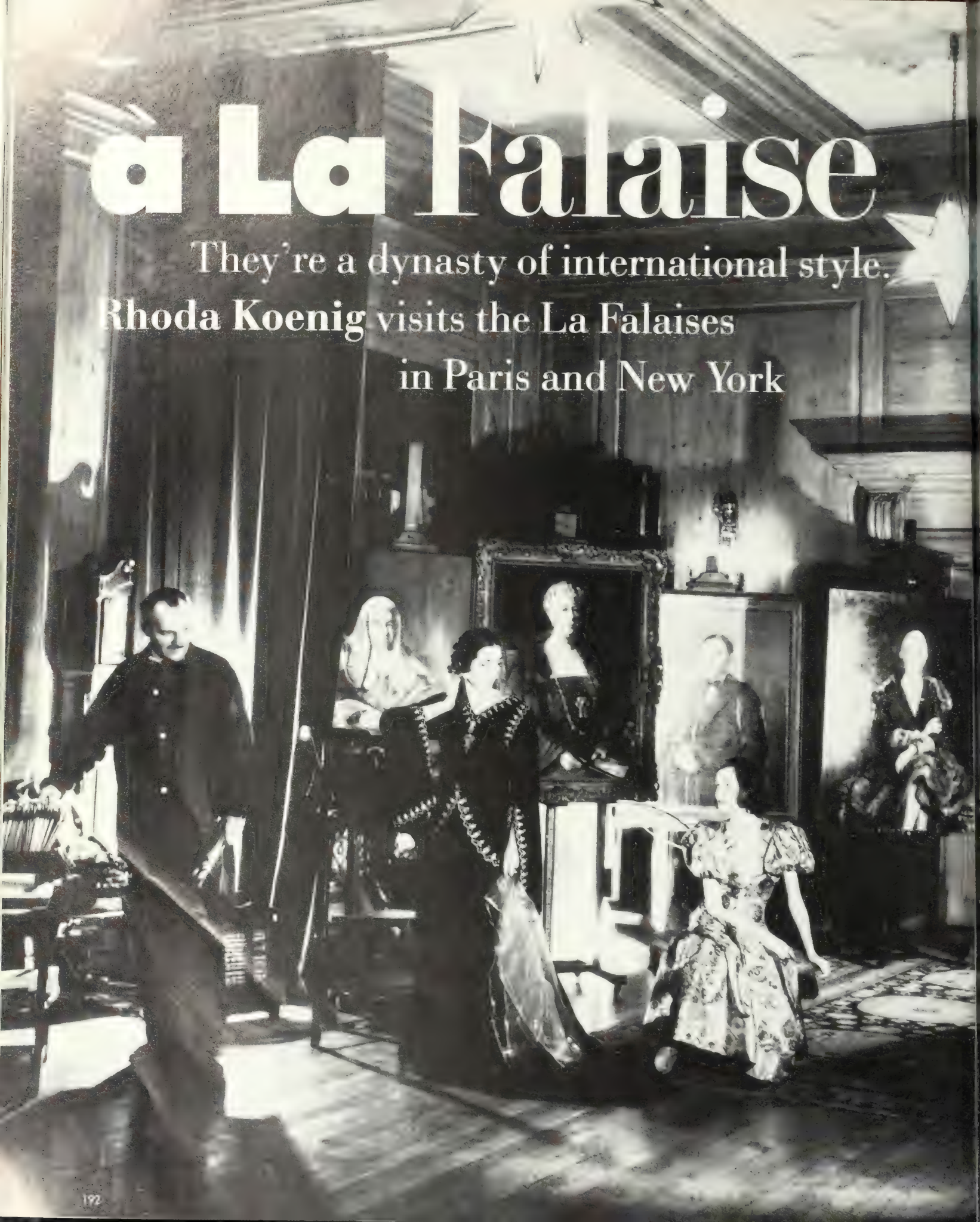
The diagonal and perpendicular lines of Holl's Janus table by Pace echo those of the Berkowitz-Odgis house.

PAUL WARCHOL

JON JENSEN

à La Falaise

They're a dynasty of international style. Rhoda Koenig visits the La Falaises in Paris and New York





Family portraits. In Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Maxime in her living room with her three dogs. Left: Cecil Beaton photograph of the Birleys in London studio of Maxime's father, the royal portraitist Sir Oswald, with Maxime's mother, Lady Birley, in an embroidered Indian dress, and Maxime seated at right. The various commissions include Queen Mary, Elsie de Wolfe, and Maxime's godfather, the famous French cartoonist Sem.



The visitor to Maxime de La Falaise's lower Fifth Avenue flat is prepared for an abundance of chintz and crystal, but no one has mentioned the excessive amount of dog. Warned by an unlucky friend, "She has a dog that bites," I was a bit dismayed when my entrance prompted *three* banshee hounds to rush across the room howling, leaping, and snapping, while I stood very still indeed and thought, "Which one?" Maxime de La Falaise, previously Maxime Birley, latterly Maxime McKendry, wafted in and shooed the naughty dogs out of the living room where a carpenter was doing something to the wall between the Gothic pelmet and the facsimile tree. We stretched out, foot to foot, on her Afghan-curtained bed ("my boat"), while the dogs switched their homicidal intentions from me to one another. "Come on, Patch, upsy me," Maxime crooned. "Baby-Butts, give Cokey a kiss," she murmured to a growling dog that had another upside down and pinned. "That's better." The animals gradually settled down to nothing more alarming than pushing at my arm or ankle with a wistful nose.

Creating aesthetic as well as canine order out of chaos is something Maxime de La Falaise has been adept at for decades—as a fashion designer, known for the well-tamed gypsy look, and as a decorator, for rooms that look as if several fanciful antiques shops have been turned upside down and shaken hard. A strain of haut bohemianism runs through the family—daughter Loulou, son Alexis, and grandchildren Anna, Men, and Muff. "I should think it is in the blood a bit," says Loulou, who is part of Yves Saint Laurent's design team. Although Loulou was at one time the mis-

Gypsy caravan. In the living room, the pelmet design by La Falaise was painted by Graham Smith, the embroidery is Gothic gros point, from a Paris flea market. An American Empire mirror hangs above a large sake vessel; sofas covered in fruit-and-flower chintz from Paris's Marché Saint-Pierre. Sofa in foreground is 19th-century garden furniture covered in kilim rug; chair, American Empire.





tress of an eighteenth-century castle in Ireland, she had "more of an affinity with the tinkers."

In Maxime's latest unlikely setting, a former loft above a wholesale Oriental carpet showroom—she has also lived in a dodgy part of the Upper West Side and in a run-down commercial quarter that was later called SoHo—she has what a "rather rude English friend referred to as the largest bedsitter he'd ever seen." An open-plan kitchen takes up much of the living room; it is bordered by a fence topped with removable animal-shaped chopping blocks made by Alexis. That room and the bedroom are crammed with rich fabrics and furniture, as well as artworks by Maxime's painter friends and objects from her childhood home, Charleston Manor, near the Sussex farmhouse once inhabited by the Bloomsbury aesthetes Clive and Vanessa Bell.

Although Maxime was born in England, married a Frenchman, and has lived for many years in America, she thinks of herself as Irish—her mother's parents, with whom she spent a great deal of time, were traditional Hibernians in their romantic extravagance. "Once my grandmother fell into a muddy stream when she was out walking. She called for the servants to bring a change of clothes, a chair, a bathtub filled with hot water, and a Coromandel screen to the water's edge. She couldn't bear the thought that my grandfather would see her as anything but perfect."

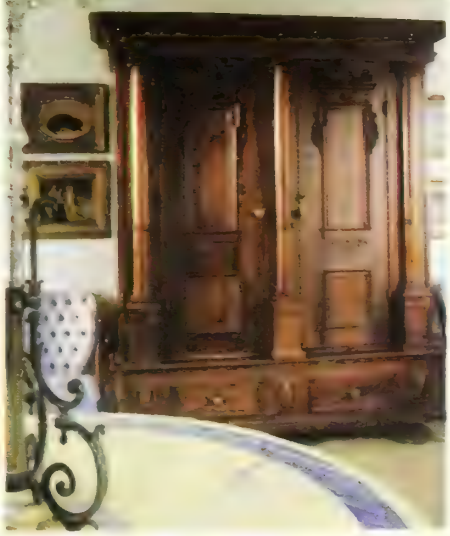
Maxime's father was Sir Oswald Birley, the royal portrait artist who painted the present queen and the last two kings. He and her mother, well known as a gardener and a beauty, often traveled to America,

Well blended. The dining area, left, with an Irish sideboard, candlesticks from a New York junk shop, and 17th-century bronze dragon incense burner. The dining table has a faux marble top and a gargoyle base; crystal and gilt-bronze candelabra was de-electrified after being purchased at the Marché aux Puces in Paris. Right: In the living room, the trees were hand-painted by Graham Smith after La Falaise's design. Smith's charcoal drawing of the Empire State Building.

OBERTO G

My style is hit or miss,
but I think it's mostly hit"





Patterned style. Facing La Falaise's bed, top, a wall covered in Pierre Deux Provençal cotton. Federal settee in same fabric, with Patchouli, Baby-Butts, and Cokey, next to Grand Rapids nail chest. La Falaise's portrait by her father. Above: Armoire, found at Ace Galleries, NYC.



Charleston spirit. A trunk draped in leopard-skin velvet serves as a table in the living room. The lampshade is made from original Yves Saint Laurent posters; bases are Chinese. In the foreground, an American Empire armchair. Opposite: The bedroom love seat, upholstered in original Yves Saint Laurent, French country iron [illegible] hung in Afghan cotton.



Her rooms look as if several fanciful antiques shops have been turned upside down and shaken hard



Bohemia. In Loulou and Pierre Klossowski's Paris salon the 18th-century crystal chandelier was found in Paris's Marché aux Puces. Over a 19th-century sleigh bed, an antique mirror found in the basement of Comoglio on Paris's rue Jacob. Two rare blue porcelain vases, which serve as candelabra, are Napoleon III, a gift from Yves Saint Laurent.

An immense waterfall of crystal makes the room look like a lit caravan



where he painted the imposing faces of such families as the Mellons, the Stotesburys, and the Huntingtons. "They were like Edwardian parents," Maxime says. "They thought that children and dogs could be taken care of by servants." Her brother, Mark, later became an important part of the London social scene as well as the proprietor of Annabel's nightclub, now celebrating its 25th anniversary.

After school Maxime had ambitions of becoming a medical student, but then the war broke out, and, like many another patriotic sixteen-year-old in 1939, she lied about her age to get into the air force. She wasn't interested in the army. "I liked blue close to the face. I didn't think khaki suited me." When the war ended, she met Alain de La Falaise—"He had a very aristocratic mind, in the good and the bad sense"—and set up house in Paris, where she wrote articles and styled photographs for *Silhouette* magazine. "Until I came to the U.S., I lived in rented furnished flats with white walls and plain chairs and tables. Paris itself is so beautiful that the decor is outside in the street. New York is so grim that people are forced to be nest builders—you fight off all the cement and stone and chasms with colors and textures and things."

Maxime also went to work for Elsa Schiaparelli, a situation that greatly simplified her wardrobe needs. "All I had was underwear and jeans. I borrowed the rest from Schiap." She designed the baby collection for the boutique, one that echoed Surrealist, or perhaps Edwardian-parent, tastes. "I did a straitjacket so the child could be made to sit still and rompers covered in poisonous mushrooms." From Schiaparelli she moved to Paquin, designing "everything—jewelry, every sweater, every belt," and then "I fanned out—fabrics in Italy, gloves for W. Pinkham & Son in the north of England, shoes for Rayne. I introduced the rugby shirt to France."

Maxime's *(Text continued on page 236)*

Quiet play. In her daughter's own suite of rooms, Loulou sits on floor reading to two-year-old Anna. Overstuffed toy bin was part of an antique French carousel found by grandmother Maxime in the south of France.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

"We were lucky to have been brought up without any roots or ties"



Snapshot album. Alexis and Louise de La Falaise's living room at Fontainebleau. Over mantel, 1821 map of America from Louisa's great-great-grandfather. On sofa, daughter Lucie, or Muff, 15, and her brother Daniel, 18, known as Men. Below: Alexis in his workroom. Below right: In Men's bedroom, photographs of wartime planes.

La Falaise

...ries Farmer and son
... and playing Ping-Pong
... in the courtyard of the
... in Fontainebleau. In
...s bedroom, bottom,
...-grandmother Lady Birley
...inted by her husband Sir
...ald, and table laden with
...s favorite things











Country life. The La Falaises strolling through Fontainebleau park, left to right, Alexis, Mem, Louisa, and Muff

STEPHEN SIMON (LIFE)

what's cooking in *Paris?*

From the basement of the Ritz to the pinnacle of French cuisine, *Jeffrey Steingarten* tours the City of Light

Almost ninety years from the day that the eponymous César Ritz opened his Paris hotel with the immortal chef Auguste Escoffier at his side, I belatedly followed the lead of the then Prince of Wales, who said, "Where Ritz goes, I'll go," and joined the inaugural class at the École de Gastronomie Française Ritz-Escoffier, the newest cooking school in Paris. I had never attended cooking school, and, having been away from Paris for five years, I had plenty of eating to catch up on.

The service entrance of the Ritz is in back of the hotel at 38, rue Cambon, two doors down from Hemingway's famous bar and diagonally across from the boutique and the apartment above it where Coco Chanel spent the last years of her life. Down a flight of stairs is a long passageway running through the kitchens, laundries, wine cellars, and food lockers of the Ritz. On the morning I arrived the place was crawling with construction workers from every nation where French is spoken—sprightly Africans balancing ten-foot iron bars on their shoulders, paunchy middle-aged Burgundians whistling at the young male cooks who worked in the Ritz kitchens. The new owners of the Ritz, the Egyptian-born Al-Fayed brothers—who also bought Harrods a few years back—were nearing the end of a complete overhaul of the hotel. The École Ritz-Escoffier had been constructed a few months before, across the hall from the two-star kitchens of the Ritz, and the school opened for business on April 5. Its director is Gregory Usher, a knowledgeable and experienced American who ran La Varenne for seven years and then the Paris Cordon Bleu, until the Al-Fayeds won him away with their plan to open a cooking school in the basement of their hotel.

I was issued a uniform, a locker, and a security pass with my picture on it. It took me fifteen minutes to slip into the six pieces of my new outfit—checked trousers and starched white jacket, a white apron folded over at the waist and tied in front, one clean kitchen towel neatly tucked into my apron strings, one neckerchief folded diagonally several times and knotted like a tie, and a shallow round white cap. In French kitchens your status is announced by the height and grandeur of your hat. Mine was the smallest and humblest they could find.

Other students drifted in and out of the locker room as I dressed. There was a Japanese cook from a restaurant called La Toque in northern Japan, a Taiwanese cook from a French restaurant in Taipei with probably the same name, and the cook to the Earl and Lady Spencer, Princess Di's father and stepmother. All were enrolled in the six-week, middle-level César Ritz course, and they were nervously approaching their final exams. I had persuaded Greg to let me spend a week in the advanced twelve-week Ritz-Escoffier Diploma course. My fellow students were Nacho (short for José Ignacio), a 24-year-old Spaniard whose family owns several restaurants in Madrid, and Jim, a California restaurateur nearing his fiftieth birthday. Nacho showed me how to fold and tie my apron, and Jim knotted my neckerchief.

In French kitchens your status is announced by the height and grandeur of your hat. Mine was the smallest and humblest



I was excited to find a shower stall in the locker room, as my charming little Left Bank hotel lacked even one of those hand-held devices. The French doubtless have a historic preservation law prohibiting the installation of real showers in all but the most luxurious hotels. Either that or they enjoy going face down in the bathtub to wash their hair.

Nacho, Jim, and I walked down the hallway to the main kitchen of the school, handsomely outfitted with painted tiles, stainless-steel cabinets and countertops, wooden chopping boards, and *(Text continued on page 238)*



Noble HOUSE

Charles Maclean tells the tale of Ardkinglas, the last of the great baronial mansions built in Scotland



Designed by Edwardian architect Robert Lorimer, the 146-room house, right, was built in 1907 for Sir Andrew Noble on the shores of Loch Fyne. Above: Johnny Noble, the current laird at Ardkinglas, and his Jack Russell terrier Tommy. One of the wild goat's horns hooks over a shelving oyster-growing [illegible] on the estate.







One half expects to walk in
on a forgotten house party
from the Edwardian era



A baronial mansion of local granite and Caithness slate weathered the color of malt whiskey, Ardkinglas stands in misty seclusion to the landward end of Loch Fyne. At the foot of its own steep glen, surrounded on three sides by tall trees that preserve the feeling of an autarkic, time-stopped world, the house faces west looking downwater to Inveraray and the hills of Kintyre. Unlike the grim Gothic piles that are a legacy of Queen Victoria's love affair with this part of the world, its tower and castellations seem to rise naturally out of the dramatic Highland landscape.

The last great country house to be built in Scotland this century, it was completed in 1907, the heyday of the Edwardian era. Arriving unannounced, one half expects to walk in on a forgotten house party from that earlier age: the women taking tea in the loggia, the men at billiards after a day's stalking on the hill or gone up to change for dinner—invariably a white-tie affair with a piper in full Highland dress playing pibrochs between courses.

Johnny Noble grew up at Ardkinglas, but under less rigid social conditions. He remembers roaming around the policies from dawn till dusk in a gang of half-wild children. For a boy keen on fishing and shooting, it's hard to imagine a more idyllic childhood home. Returned to live there year-round, he's now involved in the day-to-day business of running the estate he inherited from his father in 1972.

He still has time to enjoy its Buchanesque pleasures and to entertain, perhaps not on the Edwardian scale but lavishly enough to fill the great house with seasonal spates of family and friends. But like many an Argyllshire laird, he has had to find new ways of adapting a traditionally unhurried west coast way of life to the present day. At Ardkinglas it has meant turning the estate, which was created as a rich man's Highland pleasure dome, into a center of local

Overlooked by a Roger Fry painting on the ceiling, the drawing room is the center of life at Ardkinglas. The wall paneling was designed by Lorimer to accommodate 16th-century Florentine tapestries. Dominating the room is the huge fireplace with its carved granite lintel weighing five tons.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

industry—something he has achieved without changing the unique character of a house that only eighty years ago was considered the last word in modern living.

The chance to build a country house for a client to whom expense is no object must be the dream of every domestic architect. Robert Lorimer, yet to be acclaimed as the Scottish Lutyens, was known then mostly for his country-house restoration work. The commission of Ardkinglas came as an answered prayer. "What I'm longing for," he had only recently written to a friend, "is a man to come along to me and say 'look 'ere young fellah, I'm a new *man* and I want a new house, constructed in the most up to date manner and I want it to be characteristic of all the best that can be done now, I want new furniture, new fixtures, new *everything*.' "

Sir Andrew Noble, Johnny's great-grandfather, was precisely such a man. Having made his fortune as chairman of Armstrong, the Tyneside armaments firm—he'd just pulled off a coup by selling to the Japanese the battle fleet with which they defeated the Russians in the 1904–05 Russo-Japanese war—he wanted an architect to build a suitably impressive mansion on his vast Argyllshire estates. An expatriate Scot content to live near his work in Northumberland, he'd bought Ardkinglas chiefly to please his Scots-Canadian wife, who'd always longed to return to the Nobles' native homeland in the west of Scotland.

"He was introduced to Lorimer by Cameron Corbett, an Ayrshire custard baron," Johnny Noble tells the apocryphal story with a certain glee, "who'd married a lavatory baroness, namely, Miss Shanks of Barrhead. Corbett was delighted with the house Lorimer had built for him at Rowallan and strongly recommended his work. The Shanks family, of course, would later honor the architect by asking him to design their most prestigious top-of-the-line loo, the Remirol, which, I'm afraid, is Lorimer spelled back wards.

"To this day, you can still find a Shanks' Remirol wherever the map of the world was once painted pink—including here, at Ardkinglas."

Lorimer was given a free hand by the Nobles, who, not resident in Argyll, asked



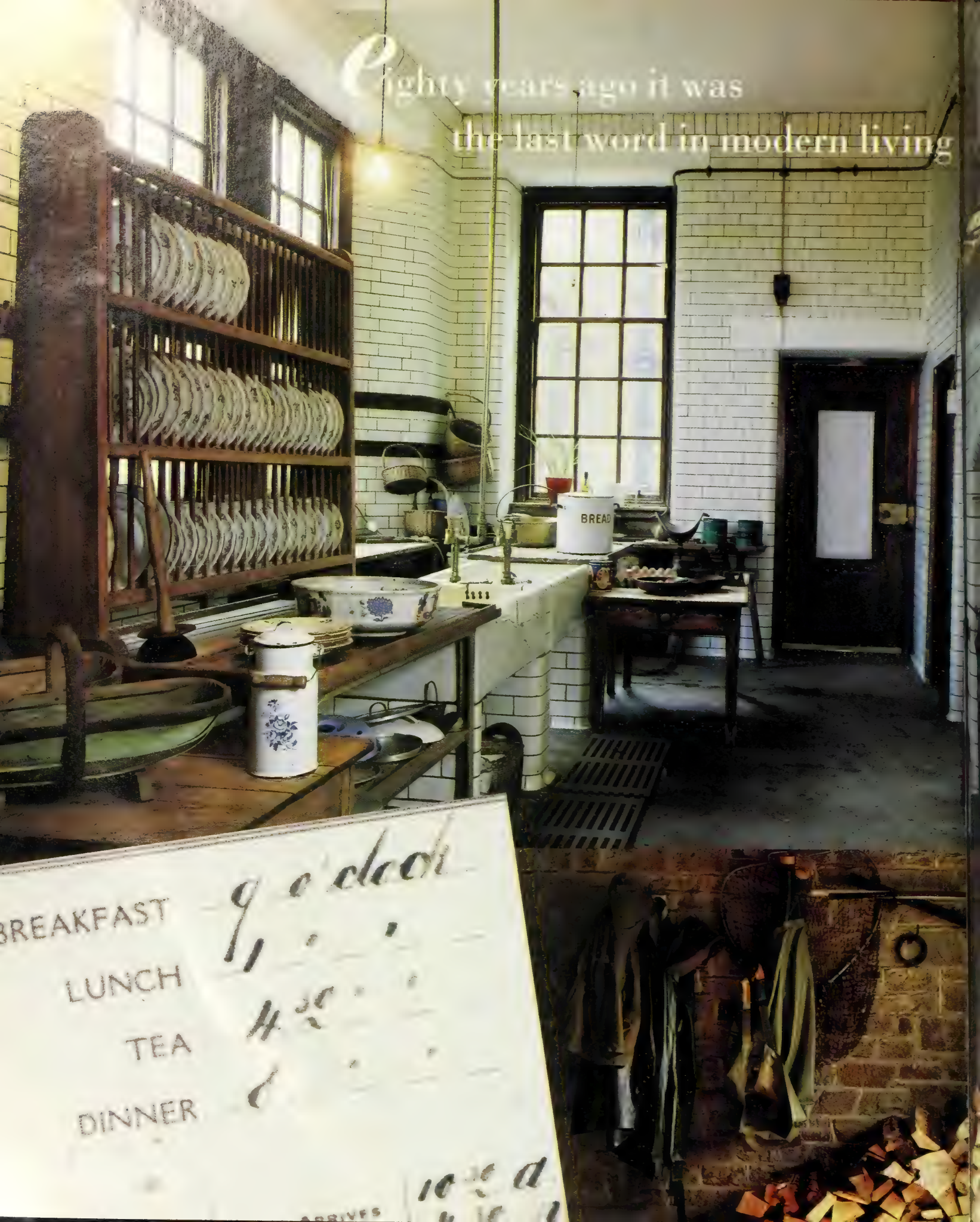


CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

*t*he instructions were simple: nothing but the best, hang the expense



The light-filled oval morning room has a fine plasterwork ceiling decorated by Edinburgh craftsmen. Left: The unusual shower is just one example of Lorimer's obsession with "modern contraptions." Far left: The arcaded loggia. Left above: Chandelier, with three bay leaves from the family crest worked into the design, proudly displays bare light bulbs.


Eighty years ago it was
the last word in modern living
BREAD
BREAKFAST
LUNCH
TEA
DINNER

sum to undertake the design for the house down to the last detail. Sir Andrew's forceful daughter Lilian, liaised with the architect and the craftsmen, but her instructions were simple: nothing but the best, bang the expense, and get on with it. The patriarchal Sir Andrew, by then well into his seventies, was in something of a hurry.

Ardkinglas was finished in a remarkable eighteen months at a cost of £55,000 (roughly $5 million in today's money)—a not inconsiderable sum to spend on a shooting lodge that would only be used for a couple of months every summer. But as Johnny Noble points out, his great-grandfather was far from being the hard-nosed, penny-pinching Scots businessman of popular legend. "Even when they didn't have money, the Nobles were always big spenders. Andrew's father, for instance, had his horse shod in solid silver to cut a dash with his Glasgow pals. Within the confines of good taste—there's really nothing grandiose or pretentious about the house—Lorimer interpreted that kind of extravagance in his designs."

In search of a more modern Scottish style Lorimer brought to the traditional neo-baronial lines of Ardkinglas with its corbelled turrets, stepped gables and crenellated roofs, the gentling influence of Tuscany light and an almost feminine sense of grace. It tells in the rich accumulation of detail, from the decorated plaster ceilings, the curving exterior staircases, the raised dais in the billiards room where spectators could lean comfortably against a wooden rail and watch the game with a fire at their backs—to the original designs for the light fixtures, fireplaces, door handles and even keystone flags.

Influenced by the Scottish Arts and Crafts movement, Lorimer indulged one or two extravagant notions the Nobles would live to regret. A garden statue of a well-developed mermaid, who broods at a pond screened by a hastily grown yew hedge, will raise [Try to remember to page 3—]

The flower room, right, one of many service additions designed to sustain the Edwardian household's every need. Above left, The tiled scullery adjoins the kitchen where a large slab once catered to a never-ending house party. Left, logs cut to a generous length for the drawing-room fireplace. Inset, A framed reminder of meal and post times which once hung in every bedroom.

HG

A Directory of Decorators

The best of American interior design—from New York to the Far West



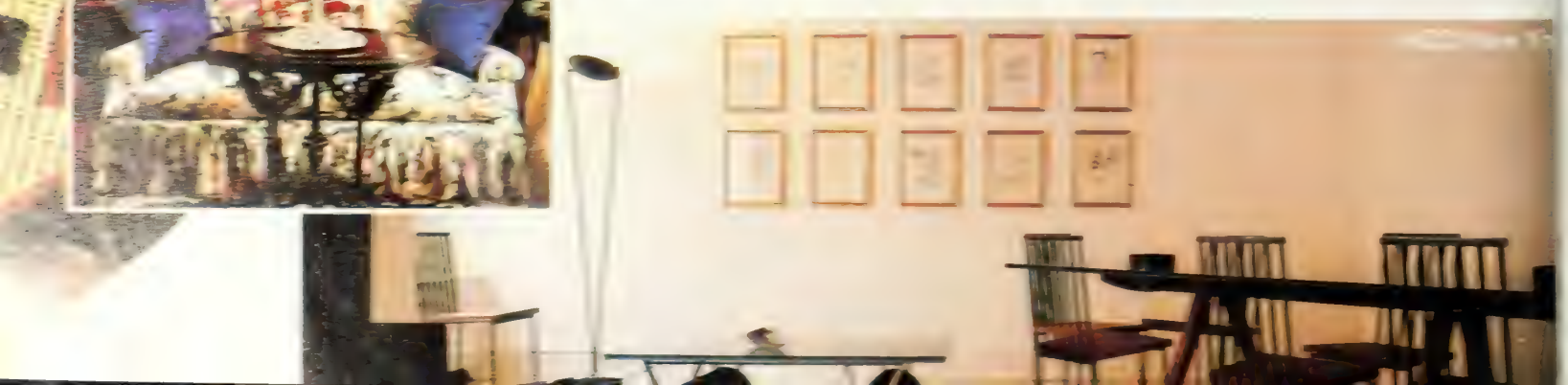




Robert Currie
New York

Choosing a decorator can seem a daunting proposition: not only is decoration a major investment of time and money, the relationship of client to decorator is extremely important to the success of the venture. You want a decorator to discern your own taste, to add much of his or her own style, to present a coherent scheme, to shop for you, to provide the best in materials and workmanship—in short, to do everything necessary to arrive at a comfortable, attractive living space.

To help in this crucial decision, the editors of HG have combed the country to select the best American decorators working today. In this city-by-city listing we have come up with five categories to help define each decorator's style. By these designations we do not mean to limit or pigeonhole a decorator's work. As one who spoke for many put it: "We are there to interpret a client's wishes, taste, and possessions."





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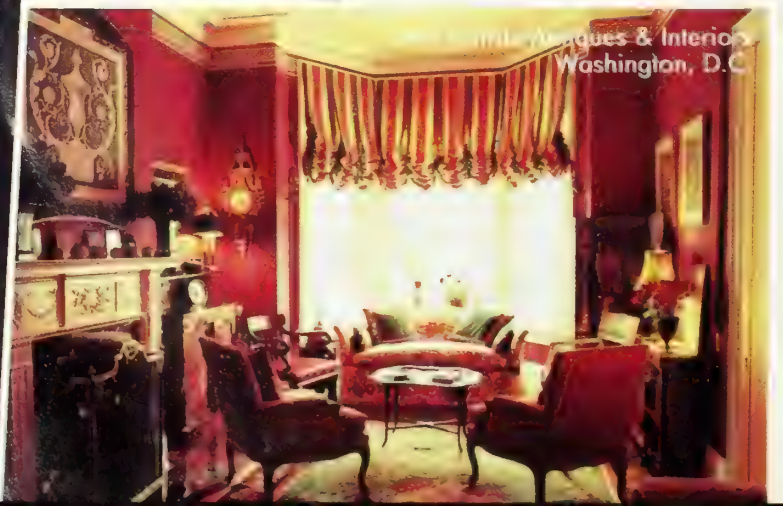
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Patino/Wolf Associates
New York

Juan Montoya
Design Corp./New York





NEW YORK CITY

Tice Alexander
260 West 72 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 877-1282
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Albert Hadley, Stanley Barrows, Carlos de Beistegui, Pauline de Rothschild
"My strength lies in creating rooms with architectural integrity and drama which represent a certain quality of living. My rooms might combine objects and furniture from vastly different periods that are unified by an aesthetic bond."

Bilhuber
19 East 65 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 517-7673
Style: Classical
Designers: Jeff Bilhuber, Tom Scheerer
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Frances Elkins, David Adler, Albert Hadley, Thomas Jefferson
"We do distinctly American classic decoration. We are modern—but not chrome and glass; we find the best furniture and put it in a thoughtfully edited setting."

Pauline Boardman
767 Fifth Ave., Suite 2850, New York, NY 10153; (212) 288-8379
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
Clients: Milton and Carroll Petrie, Damon and Liz Mezzacappa
"My style is a mixture of old and new, European and the best of American tradition. I love color, texture, and well-lit rooms with an abundance of artwork."

Bray-Schaible Design
80 West 40 St., New York, NY 10018; (212) 354-7525
Style: Modern
Designers: Robert Bray, Michael Schaible
Fees: Percentage of budget
Inspirations: Ward Bennett, Le Corbusier, Pierre Chareau, Luis Barragan, Albert Hadley, Pauline de Rothschild
"There is a strong architectural focus to our work and no preconceived style. We mix modern furniture and antiques and love an uncomplicated palette."

Thomas Britt
796 Lexington Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 752-9870
Style: Modern
Associate designers: Jay Benkowski, Malcolm McKinstrie II, Cathleen Quinlan
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Palladio, Rose Cumming, Billy Baldwin, Carlos de Beistegui, Stanley Barrows
"I combine furniture and decorative art from the East and West and am known for creating highly architectural backgrounds and balanced arrangements of the decorative elements of a room."

Bromley/Jacobsen Design
242 West 27 St., New York, NY 10001; (212) 620-4250
Style: Modern
Designer: R. Scott Bromley
Fees: 30% on construction, 30% net on furnishings
Inspirations: Robin Jacobsen, Philip Johnson
Clients: Robert Redford, Felix and Elizabeth Rohatyn, Diana Ross
"Our strength is the shaping of exquisitely detailed spaces with both functionality and visual interest."

R. Brooke Interiors
138 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 628-3255
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: Hethea Nye, Ralph Harvard
Fees: Retail, hourly consultation
Inspirations: Mario Buatta, Mac II, Mark Hampton, John Fowler
"We work closely with clients to create cozy and beautiful rooms that combine the best of American and English design."

Mario Buatta
120 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 988-6811
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Blair House, Malcolm Forbes, Henry Ford II, Barbara Walters
"I love the way the English live. Their houses are filled with seven

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT BRIAN HAGIWARA ANTOINE BOOTZ MARY NOBLE OURS (2)

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(Counter-clockwise from top left)
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BRACELET (282839) 18K, ½ CT. TDW, $1,699.99 ($2,250*) • RING (282820) 18K, 1 CT. TDW, $2,499.99 ($3,200*)
RING (750379) 18K, ¾ CT. TDW, $1,999.99 ($2,750*) • CT. = Carat. TDW = Total Diamond Weight

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or eight generations of family possessions, reeking of history, mystery, and romance."

Gary Crain Associates
234 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 223-2050
Style: Anglo-American
Assistants: Robert L. Ventolo, Marc N. Gelinas
Fees: List or retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"Our main thrust is a traditional look—basically American—whether formal or informal."

Cullman & Kravis
790 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 249-3874
Style: Classical
Designers: Elissa Cullman, Hedi Kravis
Partner: Nancy Prentice (London)
Associate: Hope Weil
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: John Fowler
Client: Stanley Jaffe
"Our strength is our curatorial approach—we provide authentication for fine collectibles and put them in a traditional setting."

Robert Currie
109 West 27 St., New York, NY 10001; (212) 206-0505
Style: Avant-garde
Associate designers: Philip Cozzi, Richard Lee
Fees: Percentage
Inspirations: Pauline de Rothschild, Jean-Michel Frank
Clients: Norma Kamali, Calvin Klein, Jean Muir
"I do everything from traditional to avant-garde. It's the detailing that runs through my jobs. And I play with scale: I would think nothing of putting a low Chinese table next to a huge sculpture so there would be some eye play."

Denning & Fourcade
125 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 759-1969
Style: Classical
Designers: Robert Denning, Vincent Fourcade
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Carlos de Beistegui, Georges Geffroy
Clients: Henry Kravis and Carolyne Roehm, Gloria Vanderbilt, Oscar de la Renta, Henry and Nancy Kissinger
"Our style is elastic and varied—more European-looking than not."

Rubén de Saavedra
210 East 60 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 759-2892
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail, 35% on contracting
Inspirations: Carlos de Beistegui, Velázquez
"I design elegant interiors in all styles, combining the best of past and present. I do ultramodern to period interiors—and everything in between."

William Diamond Design
270 Lafayette St., Suite 1510 New York, NY 10012 (212) 966-8892
Style: Anglo-American
Associates: Anthony Baratta, Pauline Feldman
Fees: Design fee, percentage of construction, decorating, and landscaping
Inspirations: Madeleine Castaing, Joseph D'Urso
Clients: Pierre LeVec and Pierre Moulin, Nancy Newhouse
"For each project we use a fresh sense of style and grace, clean bold pattern, vibrant color—and a crisp simple scheme."

D'Urso Design
80 West 40 St., New York, NY 10018; (212) 869-9313
Style: Modern
Designer: Joseph D'Urso
Fees: Percentage of budget for architectural design and furnishings
Inspirations: Architecture, art, and nature
Clients: Lanford Wilson, Esprit and Calvin Klein showrooms
"Each project is new, not set in style, not preconceived. I like antiques as well as modern furniture."

David Anthony Easton
323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 486-6704
Style: Classical
Associates: Mark S. Gaudette, Eric

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: NC, LIZZIE HIMMEL, IZUI, DEWEY NICKS (2), MARK DARLEY



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J. Smith, Katharine E. True
Fees: Difference between retail and net on furnishings, 35% on painter's fee
Inspirations: Robert Adam, William Delano, David Adler
"Our offices have always aimed to integrate architecture, decorating, and landscape. Though tempered by the times we live in, the eighteenth-century totality of design has always been a goal."

Georgina Fairholme
185 East 85 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 410-4035
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Rose Cumming
"I love color, comfort, fabric from different countries and time periods. That's what the English country style really is."

Mark Hampton
654 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 753-4110
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee, 20% on purchases
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Marion Morgan
Clients: Anne H. Bass, Carter Burden, George and Barbara Bush, Estée Lauder
"My style is based on a lifelong interest in history, architecture, and decoration, and that makes it possible for me to work with many varying types of personal taste. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries inspire me, but I am always in the process of expanding my taste."

Mariette Hines Gomez
241 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 288-6856
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Eileen Gray
"My interiors are simple and architectural in feeling—a tailored style with antique and modern furnishings. My contemporary palette may include five different whites, color tones, and textures."

Irvine & Fleming
19 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 888-6000
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: Keith Irvine, Thomas Fleming
Associate: Sam T. Blount
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster, Luchino Visconti, Carlos de Beistegui
Clients: William and Patricia Buckley, Rex and Mercia Harrison, Joan Kennedy
"We do London houses—all the tradition of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century adapted to the fact we live in 1988."

Noel Jeffrey
22 East 65 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 535-0300
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail on furnishings, design fee on construction
Inspiration: Albert Hadley
"My interiors range from contemporary soft to highly eclectic—and all contain a mix of period antiques and emphasize opulent fabrics and finishes."

Johnson/Wanzenberg
211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 489-7840
Style: Avant-garde
Designers: Jed Johnson, Alan Wanzenberg (architect)
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Renzo Mongiardino, Jean-Michel Frank, Henry du Pont
"Inspiration comes from diverse sources, from the eighteenth century to the present. Our style is dictated by the lifestyles and needs of our clients."

A. Michael Krieger
45–17 21 St., Long Island City NY 11101; (718) 706-0077
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, retail on furnishings, percentage on construction
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Albert Hadley
"I create simple, elegant rooms with quality art, antiques, and twentieth-century comfort."

Michael R. La Rocca
150 East 58 St., Suite 3510 New York, NY 10155 (212) 755-5558
Style: Classical
Fees: Retainer, retail on purchases, 20% on construction
Inspirations: Palladio, David Hicks, Adam brothers, William Kent
"I work with the architectural elements in the room. There is a strain of classical Palladian logic at the root of everything I do. Life is complicated; I try to give my clients a little serenity."

Ann LeConey
127 East 59 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 472-2639
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Betty Sherrill
"I bring a unique and daring sense of style and color to traditional settings—and a touch of humor to delight the eye."

Lembo Bohn Design Associates
One Gansevoort St., New York NY 10014; (212) 645-3638
Style: Modern
Designers: Laura Bohn, Joseph Lembo
Fees: 32% of net project or design fee plus hourly
Inspirations: Palladio, Thomas Jefferson, Joseph D'Urso
"We focus on clean-line architecture embellished with baroque details, sumptuous fabrics, and antiques that reflect good taste, mystery, and timelessness."

Robert K. Lewis & Associates
699 Madison Ave., New York NY 10021; (212) 755-1557
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Palladio, John Fowler, Edwin Lutyens, Marcel Breuer
"My early work was influenced by architectural training and the ideas of the Bauhaus. Then my spatial ideas began to merge with a fascination for materials with a historic viewpoint."

MAC II
125 East 81 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 249-4466
Style: Classical
Partners: Mica Ertegün, Chessy Rayner
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, palaces, houses, and books
Clients: Bill Blass, Kenneth J. Lane, Carlyle Hotel
"Our style is cool, spare, and less patterned. It lets the furniture, objects, and people in the room stand out and shine."

Timothy Macdonald
515 Madison Ave., New York NY 10022; (212) 593-4333
Style: Classical
Associates: Jane Ellsworth, Edward Stockman
Fees: Hourly, percentage on construction, or fixed fee; furnishings retail
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Angelo Donghia
Clients: Jan Cowles, Ralph and Ricky Lauren, Mary Tyler Moore and Dr. Robert Levine
"My strength lies in synthesizing diverse tastes into a personalized interior. This includes formal and informal, grand and simple, traditional and contemporary."

Marshall-Schule Associates
1065 Madison Ave., New York NY 10028; (212) 772-1230
Style: Classical
Designers: Ned Marshall, Harry Schule
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Yves Saint Laurent, Henri Samuel, David Hicks
Clients: Rockefellers, Mellons, Emilio Pucci, Ginoros
"We do classical interiors with historical references and lots of details—all tailored to the client."

McMillen
155 East 56 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 753-5600
Style: Classical
President: Betty S. Sherrill
Senior designers: Ethel Smith, Luis Rey, John Drews, Fred Cannon, Mary Louise Guertler
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Eleanor Brown, Ethel Smith, William Odom, George Stacey
"We start with one piece in the main room, a rug for example. The colors come from that and are determined by what happens in the room, who's in it, and at what time of day it's used."

Kevin McNamara
541 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 861-0808
Style: Classical
Business partner: Christopher Norman
Fees: Design and supervision fee, furnishings retail
Inspirations: Eleanor Brown of McMillen, William Odom
"I like clear, fresh colors, eighteenth-century furniture and what's classic and modern, with French and English motifs."

M (Group)
185 West End Ave., New York NY 10023; (212) 874-0773
Style: Classical
Designers: Hermes Mallea (architect), Carey Maloney
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Sir John Soane, Edwin Lutyens, Edith Wharton
"Our approach is architectural with extensive use of moldings and cabinetry that appear original to the space. The decoration is restrained, always clean, and built around the clients and their possessions."

J. P. Molyneux Studio
29 East 69 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 628-0097



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Until then, pleasant dreams.

laura ashley



Style: Classical
Designer: Juan Pablo Molyneux
Fees: Net plus percentage
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Jean-Michel Frank
"My style is European with leanings toward the past—but not at all English country. I love mixing antiques with modern pieces."

Juan Montoya Design Corp.
80 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011; (212) 242-3622
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, hourly, 40% on purchases
Inspirations: Eugène Printz, Jean-Michel Frank
Client: Mario Kassar
"Detail is the essence of good design—everything must be perfect. I strive for an elegant, warm, yet uncluttered space that exudes comfort."

Tice Alexander
New York

Stephen Sills
New York

John Robert Moore II
41 East 68 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 249-9370
Style: Classical
Fees: Individual appraisal
Inspirations: Rose Cumming, Sister Parish
Clients: James and Phyllis Wyeth, John and Jill Fairchild, Martin and Cornelia Bregman
"I like using very unusual colors, combinations of offbeat hues. I have a sense of the unexpected—you come to a designer for that."

MZD
1133 Broadway, Suite 1523, New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-1700
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Mark Zeff
Fees: $150 hourly, design fee, 20% on purchases
Inspirations: Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe
Clients: Furniture line for Barneys New York
"My environments are simple with strong historic detailing. An important inspiration is the period 1920–40; my work reflects the International Style, with a medieval twist."

Richard Lowell Neas
157 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 772-1878
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail, $1,000 per room, design fee plus expenses
Inspirations: Victor Grandpierre, Emilio Terry, Carlos de Beistegui, William Kent
Clients: Jane Engelhardt, Alain and Barbara Cheneviere, bedroom for Queen Elizabeth II
"My style emphasizes comfort, superb antiques, and fine detailing in upholstery and curtains."

Nile
38 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 688-8860
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Patrick Naggar (architect)
Associates: Terese Carpenter (New York), Dominique Lachevsky (Paris)
Fees: Net with overall percentage
Inspiration: Louis Kahn
"We do classical backgrounds with a modern expressionist touch. It's interior architecture, not interior design."

Parish-Hadley Associates
305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 888-7979
Style: Classical
Founding partner: Mrs. Henry Parish II
President: Albert Hadley
Associates: Bunny Williams (vice president), David Kleinberg, Gary Hager, Brian McCarthy, Elizabeth Cameron
Fees: Retail plus design fee
SISTER PARISH
Inspiration: John Fowler
Clients: Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Brooke Astor
"Comfort is the main word regarding style."
ALBERT HADLEY
Inspirations: William Pahlmann, Billy Baldwin
Clients: President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy, William and Babe Paley, Mrs. John Hay Whitney
"While my work exhibits a strong sense of tradition and history, the needs of today's client require unique solutions. Contemporary methods and fresh applications of the old rules result in treatments that are practical and beautiful."

Patino/Wolf Associates
400 East 52 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 355-6581
Style: Modern
Designers: Bob Patino, Vicente Wolf
Associates: Stephen Kreutzer, Walter T. Taylor (architect)
Fees: Design fee, retainer, commission
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Italian Futurists
"Our spaces are about balance and connotations of luxury achieved through an interplay of neutral textures and from a few fine elements well chosen. Every piece is a vital component."

Josef Pricci
257 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 744-4962
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Peter and Karen Cohen, Bill and Adair Beutel, Joe and Cindy Ronchetti
"I'm basically traditional and very English. I love wonderful colors and mixing fabrics. I like to make the past—a time when people lived well—a part of the present."

Dennis Rolland
33 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 644-0537
Style: Classical
Partner: Ron Douglas Shelton
Design associate: Yolanda Lenkiewicz
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Mark Hampton
Clients: Henry and Louise

LEFT MICHAEL MUNDY RIGHT OBERTO GILI



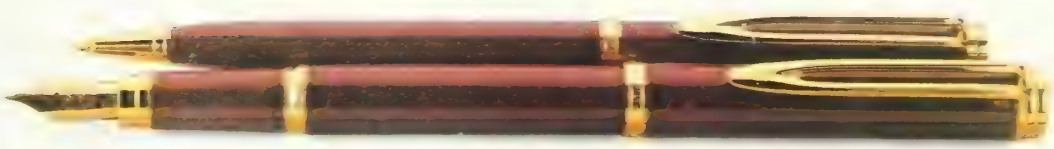
I was born the second son.

I graduated second in my law school class.

And finished second in the Cannes-Marrakesh Rally (twice).

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How delightful to feel first, at last.



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PARIS

Grunwald, Amanda Burden, Adrienne Vittadini
"I immerse myself in a client's favorite style and try to bring it to its most beautiful level. My personal taste is traditional, ranging from country to formal, with great attention to detail."

John F. Saladino
305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 752-2440
Style: Classical
Fees: Fixed presentation fee, hourly thereafter
Inspiration: William Kent
"I do old with new, romantic with technological, and balance a Renaissance color palette, antiques, and artifacts with modern furniture and sleek surfaces."

Saunders & Walsh
1438 Third Ave., New York, NY 10028; (212) 472-0121
Style: Anglo-American
Designers: H. Parkin Saunders, Christopher E. Walsh
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Eighteenth century
Clients: Edsel and Cynthia Ford II, Charles and Anne Scarborough
"We use traditional English furniture and fine eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques. Our focus is on architecture and helping the client establish a good collection of furniture and art."

Stephen Sills
108 East 86 St., New York, NY 10028; (212) 289-8180
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail or flat fee
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, Renzo Mongiardino
"I work to achieve a balance between comforts that are traditional and elements that are eclectic."

Siskin-Valls
21 West 58 St., 2A, New York NY 10019; (212) 752-3790
Style: Avant-garde
Associates: Paul Siskin, Perucho Valls
Fees: 30% against wholesale
Inspirations: Gae Aulenti, Luis Barragan, Halston, Charles James
"Our work is inspired by a variety of sources—history, the client's tastes, humor, drama, and comfort."

Zajac & Callahan
95 Horatio St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 741-1291
Designers: Edward Zajac, Richard Callahan
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"We believe in scale, colorful schemes, and comfort created with flair and professionalism, keeping in mind today's rooms should be au courant thirty years from now."

BOSTON

Cooper Group
359 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 266-2288
Style: Modern
Designer: Celeste Cooper
Associate: Jayne L. Johnson
Fees: Hourly plus 35% service fee
Inspirations: Japanese architecture, Arts & Crafts movement, Billie Tsien, Joseph D'Urso, Bray-Schaible, William Hodgins
"Though I am essentially a Modernist, I am known for my exploration of materials and refined juxtaposition of elements, old and new, which results in a strangely romantic effect."

HHH Designs
16 West Cedar St., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 523-4652
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Honora Haley Hillier
Fees: Individual contract basis
Inspirations: Nancy Lancaster, Elsie de Wolfe, Billy Baldwin, Sister Parish
"I love all beautiful things and mix them together. If you truly love something, it always works."

Robert Hill
12 Louisburg Sq., Boston, MA 02108; (617) 523-2070
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"I use a lot of period architectural elements to soften a new house. And I often use painted floors."

William Hodgins
232 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 262-9538
Style: Classical
Associates: Gregory Richardson, Paul Lanoix
Fees: Retail plus hourly
Inspirations: Sister Parish, Albert Hadley
Clients: Felix and Elizabeth Rohatyn
"I create scaled and personal rooms combining old and new, emphasizing classic architectural backgrounds, handsome furniture, and clear coloring."

JGL Interiors
10 Thacher St., Suite 104, Boston MA 02113; (617) 723-5164
Style: Modern
Designer: Jane Garland Lucas
Associate: Janice Fanya Lewbin
Fees: Hourly or percentage of budget
Inspirations: Edward Hopper, Charles Moore, Gae Aulenti, Andrée Putman
"Accessories are important. We use classical antiques, all types of furniture and color, but how and where depends on the space."

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Anthony P. Browne
2903 M Street NW, Washington D.C. 20007; (202) 333-1903
Style: Anglo-American
Fees: Hourly consultation, retainer, retail
Inspirations: John Fowler, Roderick Cameron
Clients: Evangeline Bruce, Doris Duke, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Sarah Brightman
"I specialize in an authentic English style with a strong emphasis on architectural detail."

Jane Cafritz Antiques & Interiors
3011 P St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007; (202) 333-2737
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus hourly
Inspirations: Geoffrey Bennison, Nancy Lancaster, Mario Praz
"I like to evoke a romantic sense of the past, incorporating sensual color and textile combinations built around antiques, accessories, and comfortable furniture."

Antony Childs
1670 Wisconsin Ave. NW Washington, D.C. 20007 (202) 337-1100
Style: Classical
Associates: David Knight, Kelly Flocks
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Benjamin Cook of Tradewinds, Boston
"I like the contrast of fine, rich pieces against a simple background. I have a classic international look—mixing periods and styles."

CHARLESTON

John Ragsdale Interiors
95 Broad St., Charleston, SC 29401; (803) 722-1838
Style: Classical
Fees: 50% deposit, hourly, retail on purchases
Inspirations: Henri Samuel, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Chicora Wood, Medway, Harrietta, Greenfield, and Black River plantations
"I like a sophisticated and cosmopolitan look with a romantic and elegant feeling."

Kathleen Rivers
20 Church St., Charleston, SC 29401; (803) 577-2083
Style: Classical
Fees: Consultant fee plus percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Michael Taylor, Mario Buatta
"I'm a classicist. I strive for symmetry and harmony, and rooms that appear to have been in place for a long period of time."

ATLANTA

Nancy Braithwaite Interiors
437 Valley Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30305; (404) 231-9894
Style: American country
Associate: Joye Hirsch
Fees: Flat fee, hourly consultation, or retail
Inspiration: Billy Baldwin
"My style is clean, uncluttered, with an emphasis on purity of form and objects. I blend contemporary pieces with antiques, preferably American, of the highest quality."

Dan Carithers Design Consultants
2300 Peachtree Rd. NW, Suite B205, Atlanta, GA 30309 (404) 355-8661
Style: Classical
Fees: Consultant fee plus percentage of purchases
Inspirations: Palladio, Mark Hampton, Colefax & Fowler, John Saladino, David Hicks
"I do traditional rooms and mix ideas, periods, colors to reflect a client's way of life."

Young & Co.
125 Fifth St. NE, Atlanta, GA 30308; (404) 875-8048
Style: Classical
Designer: James Young
Fees: Hourly plus 30% on purchases
Inspiration: Edward Zajac
"My rooms have a strong structure, balanced placement, bull's-eye mirrors, and colored ceilings."

PALM BEACH

Leta Austin Foster
345 Pendleton Lane, Palm Beach FL 33480; (407) 655-5717
Style: Anglo-American



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Paris, Dusseldorf and Milan.

Fees: Net plus 30%
Inspirations: John Fowler, Nancy Lancaster
Clients: Alice Bush Gronewaldt, Jack and Alyne Massey, Ramona and Lee Bass
"The look should be a blend of the house and the people who live in it. I don't like decoration that ignores the architecture."

MIAMI

Dennis Jenkins Associates
5815 Southwest 68 St., Miami, FL 33143; (305) 662-2166
Style: Avant-garde
Associate: Marjorie Fichthorn
Fees: Hourly or fixed fee
Inspiration: Hans Holbein
"Though trained as a Modernist, I don't design from a set formula."

CHICAGO

Cockrell Design
858 North Orleans St., Chicago IL 60610; (312) 266-8610
Style: Avant-garde
Designer: Jon Cockrell
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspiration: Bruce Gregga
"I am willing to experiment with the unexpected, utilizing custom furnishings."

Florian-Wierzbowski
432 North Clark St., Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 670-2081
Style: Modern
Partners: Paul Florian, Stephen Wierzbowski, William Worn
Fees: Fixed fee, hourly, or percentage of construction
Inspirations: Claude Nicolas Ledoux, Victor Horta, Josef Hoffmann, Van Doesburg
Clients: Daniel and Dain Searle, Francis and Margaret Blair
"We work in two styles: "stripped classical" and a contemporary version of the de Stijl look of the 1920s. If asked to do something traditional, we do it with a twist."

Ann Milligan Gray
1416 North Astor St., Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 787-1416
Style: Classical
Fees: Set fee or hourly
Inspirations: Mario Buatta, Colefax & Fowler, Sister Parish, F. Rose Barr
"My interest lies in historical renovation. I have a traditional style with a strong emphasis on architecture and antiques."

Bruce Gregga Interiors
1203 North State Pkwy., Chicago IL 60610; (312) 787-0017
Style: Modern
Fees: Retail
Inspiration: Victor Skrebneski
"I may fill a room with lots of furniture, but it is never cluttered."

NEW ORLEANS

Collum Jackson Chrestia
7219 Perrier St., New Orleans, LA 70118; (504) 866-6677
Style: Classical
Designers: Tom Collum, Edwin Jackson, John Chrestia
Associates: Sandra Staub, Carl Palasota
Fees: Fixed fee, percentage, retail plus shopping per diem, or hourly
Inspiration: Angelo Donghia
"We believe in a mix of classical contemporary furniture and decorative antiques and express a keen sense of color and scale."

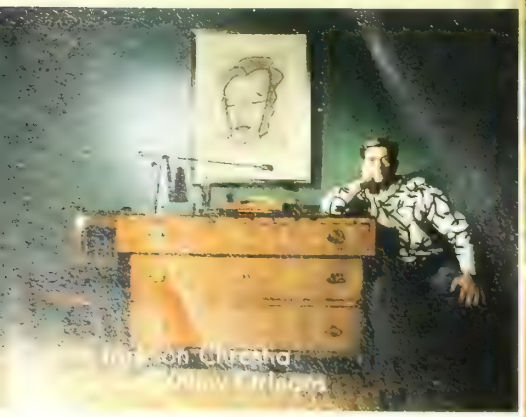
Holden & Dupuy
1101 First St., New Orleans, LA 70130; (504) 524-6327
Style: Classical
Designers: Ann Holden, Ann Dupuy
Fees: Hourly plus percentage
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, John Dickinson, Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Archie and Olivia Manning
"Our look is undecorated and appropriate. We attempt to impart whimsy and humor to every job."

DALLAS

Cadwallader Design
1435 Cedar Hill Rd., Dallas, TX 75208; (214) 942-9530



Holden & Dupuy/New Orleans





COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DAVID RICHMOND, MICHAEL N. PARAS, KEVIN LEIN

IN STORE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The following distinguished stores have holiday catalogues filled with suggestions for Christmas giving. Reserve yours now and enjoy the luxury and convenience of leisurely shopping before the holiday rush. To order, complete the coupon on page 229 and mail to HG Magazine, P.O. Box 1608, Riverton, NJ, 08077-9908

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Style: Avant-garde
Designer: David Cadwallader
Fees: Fixed fee on contracting, residential hourly, 20% on purchases plus handling
Inspirations: John Dickinson, John Saladino
Clients: Bruce and Lynn Lipshy, Barry and Sandra Carter, Barry and Mimi Zale
"I have a soft contemporary approach to interiors. Elegant, spare, with a sense of humor."

Foy Design & Associates
Box 191167, Dallas, TX 75219
(214) 855-5007
Style: Modern
Designer: Tonny Foy
Fees: Dallas retail, fee for architectural design
Inspirations: Ward Bennett, Joseph D'Urso
Clients: Anne Bass, Roger and Carolyn Horchow
"My design leaves room to enjoy the architecture, people, views, and art. I keep the interior simple so there is a unity to the space."

Neal Stewart/Design Associates
1330 Hi Line Dr., Dallas, TX 75207; (214) 653-1840
Style: Modern
Fees: Flat fee
Inspirations: Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier
"Our look is contemporary. Juxtaposing classic furniture, architectural detailing, and lighting delivers drama."

Wilson & Associates
3811 Turtle Creek Blvd., Dallas TX 75219; (214) 521-6753
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Patricia Wilson
Design director: James Rimelspach
Fees: Hourly, 20% below retail on purchases
Inspiration: Travel
"The real challenge in designing is to find out a client's needs and incorporate them into a livable environment."

HOUSTON

Michael Dale Interiors
2503 South Blvd., Houston, TX 77098; (713) 529-7102
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Billy Baldwin, David Hicks
"I work in a range of styles from stark contemporary to traditional and in a variety of palettes, emphasizing fabrics and details."

Holley & Kuhl Interior Design
5100 Westheimer Rd., Suite 200
Houston, TX 77056
(713) 840-1900
Style: Modern
Designers: Richard Holley, Pam Kuhl
Associates: Dede Schuhmacher, Alicia Cannon
Fees: Hourly, wholesale on purchases
Inspirations: Angelo Donghia, Thomas Britt, David Hicks
"Our style is best described as symmetrical and overscaled."

Beverly Jacomini
1701 Brun St., Suite 101
Houston, TX 77019
(713) 524-8224
Style: American country
Associates: Michael A. Meller, Julie Gill Mohajer
Fees: Design fee, hourly, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Herbert Wells, Billy Baldwin
"I love style and comfort. I enjoy using country antiques, as they can be both casual and elegant."

Wells Design
23 West Oak Dr., Houston, TX 77056; (713) 626-1500
Style: Classical
Designer: Herbert Wells
Associate: Jerry Jeanmard
Fees: Retail plus design fee
Inspirations: Cranbrook Academy, Jean-Michel Frank, Ward Bennett, Armi Ratia
"I work with color in innovative ways and an assemblage of possessions accumulated with caprice or wisdom."

RANCHO MIRAGE

Steve Chase Associates
69–846 Highway 111, Rancho Mirage, CA 92270
(619) 324-4602
Style: California
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases plus freight
Inspiration: Arthur Elrod
Clients: Dyan Cannon, Farrah Fawcett, Gene Hackman, Marvin Davis, Johnny Mathis
"I do a blend of contemporary and traditional with a strong emphasis on architectural detailing."

LOS ANGELES

Kalef Alaton et Cie
882 North Doheny Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 551-2630
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases and services
Inspirations: Henri Samuel, Carlos de Beistegui
"My strengths are in working with large-scale pieces and selecting objects. Being a collector myself, I am highly attracted to objects."

Joan Axelrod Interiors
1711 Rising Glen Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 652-4182
Style: Classical
Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Elsie de Wolfe, Billy Baldwin
"I combine country, traditional, informal, and grand looks, insist on comfort, and add a touch of humor. Rooms that take themselves too seriously become unintentionally funny."

Brown-Buckley
9036 Vista Grande
Los Angeles CA 90069
(213) 274-7652
Style: Anglo-American
Designer: Thomas Buckley
Associate designer: Michael Shewan
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: McMillen under Grace Fakes and Eleanor Brown
Clients: Walter and Carol Matthau
"My style, if I had one, would be rooms that are human with a dash of humor. Whether a ranch, apartment, or house anywhere in the world, comfortable elegance is the end product."

Bob DeYoung
1913 Tamarind Ave., Hollywood CA 90068; (213) 465-8001
Style: Avant-garde
Fees: Hourly plus 20% of total
Inspiration: Antonio Gaudí
Clients: Danny DeVito and Rhea Perlman, Christopher Lloyd
"My style is a juxtaposition of traditional European and comfortable modern looks. It derives from a deep sense of space and the needs of my clients."

Tony Duquette Studios
Box 69858, Los Angeles, CA 90069; (213) 274-6736
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail plus designer fee
Inspiration: Elsie de Wolfe
Clients: Doris Duke, J. Paul Getty, Norton Simon
"For me the enemy is the lowest common denominator. I'm totally for an individual look."

Paul Fortune Design Studio
254 South Robertson Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 652-2771
Style: California
Associate: Frank Israel
Fees: Hourly negotiable
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Robert Delaunay, Cedric Gibbons
Clients: Joel Grey, Julian Sands, Lauren Hutton
"I do all styles, but the latest fad out here is my special Mexican/Southwest/early California hybrid. I restore houses to their original look and do a quirky update to make them more livable."

Jarrett Hedborg Interior Designs
13520 Rand Dr., Sherman Oaks, CA 91423; (818) 501-4239
Style: American country
Fees: Hourly
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Walt Disney
Clients: Jeff and Susan Bridges, Anjelica Huston, Bette Midler and Harry Kipper, Jack Nicholson
"I'm in love with the light of California and Hawaii and irreverent, undecorated, comfortable rooms—a Fortuny sofa with Great Dane pillows."

David James Design
8262 Fountain Ave., Suite C
Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 656-9440
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, commission on purchases
Inspiration: Film
Clients: Joel Schumacher, Jim Belushi, Rob Lowe
"I listen to what my clients want and interpret that without painting myself into the picture."

Sally Sirkin Lewis
653 North La Peer, Los Angeles CA 90069; (213) 859-8911
Style: California
Associates: David Wheat, Susan Holley
Fees: Flat fee, hourly, or percentage on sliding scale
Inspirations: Bauhaus, Jean-Michel Frank
"We emphasize architectural detailing and a mixture of contemporary and primitive art and antiquities."

Linda Marder Design
8491 Fountain Ave., West Hollywood, CA 90069
(213) 855-0635
Style: Modern

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BY TINA LEE

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Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Neutra
Clients: Carrie Fisher, Teri Garr, Frank Lloyd Wright plantation restoration
'I choose my jobs because either the client or the house is irresistible. My work is comfortable.''

Luis Ortega Design Studio
8813 Rangely Ave., Suite 3, Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 273-2040
Style: Modern
Fees: Design fee, percentage on purchases
Inspirations: Luis Barragan, Jean-Michel Frank, Eileen Gray, Ward Bennett
Clients: Rita Moreno and Dr. Leonard Gordon
''My strengths: space planning and color sense.''

Janet Polizzi
8428 Melrose Pl., Studio E
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 651-5177
Style: Modern
Fees: Percentage on purchases
Inspirations: William Pahlmann, Robsjohn-Gibbings
Clients: Tim and Nancy Vreeland, Sid and Lorraine Sheinberg
''My interiors reflect a sophisticated, selective eye, be it for English, French, or a contemporary mix of pieces.''

Waldo's Designs
620 North Almont Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 278-1803
Style: California
Designer: Waldo Fernandez
Fees: 33% on purchases and labor
Inspiration: Michael Taylor
Clients: Farrah Fawcett, Elizabeth Taylor
''I do contemporary designs in solid colors blended with selected antiques and artworks.''

Dennis Wilcut
513 North Robertson Blvd.
Los Angeles CA 90048
(213) 854-4481
Style: Modern
Fees: Variable
Inspirations: Jay Steffy, Dennis & Leen
Clients: Saudi royal family
''The cohesive thread running through my work is simplicity and a bold scale.''

Ron Wilson
1235 Tower Rd., Beverly Hills CA 90210; (213) 276-0666
Style: California
Fees: Cost plus one-third, design fee
Inspirations: Peter Shore, Michael Taylor
Clients: Johnny Carson, Cher, Michael Landon, Kenny Rogers
''My clients enjoy a comfortable and slightly formal look.''

C. M. Wright
700 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 657-7655
Style: Classical
Designer: Craig Wright
Fees: Design fee plus one-third on purchases
Inspirations: Jean-Michel Frank, Michael Taylor, Anthony Hail
Clients: Michael and Diandra Douglas, Dan Aykroyd and Donna Dixon, Peter Morton
''I like to use antique mirrors, old lacquer, antique wicker, Anglo-Indian pieces and am particularly fond of Italian furniture.''

SANTA BARBARA

Bartoli Interior Design
811 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(805) 962-2000
Style: American country
Designer: Douglas Bartoli
Inspirations: Houses in the Middle West and Pasadena, as well as European villas
''Most of the spaces I do are for large happy families, and they're casual, warm, full of light. I try never to use a fabric, accessory, or decorative detail more than once.''



Florian-Wierzbowski
Chicago

SAN FRANCISCO

Michael Anthony Design
66 Eureka St., San Francisco CA 94114; (415) 776-0340
Style: Modern
Fees: Hourly, percentage on purchases
Inspiration: Michael Taylor
Clients: Cynthia Freeman, Kenneth and Shirley Sayre
''My interest is in combining primitive artifacts with antiques and contemporary pieces.''

Anthony Hail Studio
1055 Green St., San Francisco CA 94133; (415) 928-3500
Style: Classical
Partner: Charles Posey
Fees: Percentage
Inspirations: Syrie Maugham, Nancy Lancaster, John Fowler, Billy Baldwin, Jean-Michel Frank
Clients: James and Lois Garner.

A. Michael Krieger/New York





Lambo Bohn Design Associates
New York

William Hodgins/Boston

Gordon and Ann Getty
"I mix antiques, old mirrors, and paintings with good upholstery using little chintz if I can help it. I love soft-washed Capri-like colors and textured natural materials. A house should look as though it has been there forever."

Robert Hutchinson Design
232 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94109; (415) 771-7000
Style: California
Associates: Michael Carr, Louis Field
Fees: Retail, hourly plus percentage
Inspirations: Frank Lloyd Wright, Greene & Greene, the American West, Japanese architecture
Client: Polo store, San Francisco
"I hate the words formal, traditional, country. Every material is bendable—wood, stone, anything that suits a client's needs."

Scott C. Lamb
1701 Broadway, San Francisco CA 94109; (415) 673-3337
Style: California
Fees: Design fee, 35% on purchases
Assistant: Judith R. Greenberg
Inspiration: Billy Gaylord
"My interiors are traditional, timeless, but I always include a bit of whimsy and humor."

Ron Mann Designs
497 Carolina St., San Francisco CA 94107; (415) 864-4911
Style: California
Partner: Mary Slawson
Design associate: Louise La Palme
Architect/designer: Steven Draper
Fees: Hourly consultation, percentage on purchases and construction
Inspirations: Brancusi, Diego Giacometti, Frank Gehry
"I select pieces for a relaxed, luxurious living style."

Marc Miyasato Designs
1355 Donner St., San Francisco CA 94124; (415) 822-5854
Style: Japanese
Fees: Hourly or by project
Inspiration: Frank Stout
"People call me because they want an authentic Japanese interior, often adapted for Western furniture, practicality, and taste."

Therien & Co.
411 Vermont St., San Francisco CA 94107; (415) 956-8850
Style: Classical
Designer: Robert Garcia
Fees: Design fee plus percentage
Inspirations: Frances Elkins, Billy Baldwin, David Adler
"I work at creating an ambience rather than re-creating a period. I like clean, contemporary, and understated design."

Chuck Winslow & Associates
Box 410927, San Francisco, CA 94141-0927; (415) 431-5600
Style: Classical
Fees: Design fee, percentage on materials
Inspirations: Van Day Truex, Mrs. Charles Fay, Harry Hinson
"I enjoy creating a background for contemporary art and sculpture, with sensitivity to space and light."

Paul Vincent Wiseman Interior Design
2565A California St., San Francisco, CA 94115
(415) 346-2398
Style: Classical
Fees: Purchases flat fee or percentage plus hourly
Inspirations: Geoffrey Bennison, John Stephanidis, John Saladino
"Quality and appropriateness to location, lifestyle, budget, and architecture are my goals."

SEATTLE

Boehm Design Associates
1213 Pine St., Seattle, WA 98101
(206) 625-0340
Style: Modern
Designer: Don Boehm
Fees: Flat project fee, percentage design fee, hourly consultation
Inspirations: Design and architectural books and magazines
"My style is classical contemporary with an emphasis on scale and clean lines."

Terry Hunziker
97 South Jackson St., Suite 406
Seattle, WA 98104
(206) 467-1144
Style: Modern
Fees: Retail or flat fee
Inspirations: John Dickinson, Michael Taylor, Pierre Chareau, Jean Jongeward
"I have a great interest in the relationship of form, color, materials, the history of their use, and the role of art in space."

Jean Jongeward Interiors
119 Tower Pl., Seattle, WA 98109
(206) 284-1999
Style: Classical
Fees: Retail
Inspirations: Pauline de Rothschild, Billy Baldwin, David Hicks, Pacific Northwest, Japan
"I would describe my style as contemporary, although I do much traditional work."



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Going Gothic

(Continued from page 166) County, flying buttresses and all.

Last winter on the other side of the Atlantic, the curators at London's Royal Academy of Arts offered a crash course in English Gothic, essentially between 1216 (the accession of King Henry III) and 1399 (the abdication of King Richard II). "Age of Chivalry: Art in Plantagenet England, 1200–1400" drew record crowds, and they appear to have been more than attentive. Though you might not call it a revolution, the show has sparked a quickly accelerating interest in things Gothic. Quick-on-the-draw manufacturers have followed suit, as quick-on-the-draw manufacturers do, with "Gothic" floor tiles, fabrics, wallpaper, and furniture. From the House of Lords to the House of Colefax & Fowler. As if to emphasize the point, this year's British Interior Design Exhibition—London's answer to New York's Kips Bay Decorators Show House—featured not one but two rooms in—what else?—the Gothic style. English designer Jon Mills, however, soundly beat his countrymen to the punch, chronologically speaking. Last November the young talent unveiled a mean little metal chaise that might have served as the perfect perch for Mary Shelley to pen her great Gothic fairy tale, *Frankenstein*.

Across the Channel in Paris, Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, the au courant designers responsible for fashioning Christian Lacroix's much-publicized outpost on the rue de Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, appear to have moved on from their neo-Barbarian beginnings. Introduced in France in May, Bonetti and Garouste's new furniture collection for Neotu testifies quite eloquently to the designers' new fascination with a later tradition. The eleven pieces in the series—which includes tables, étagères, consoles, chairs, benches, and armoires—bear the unmistakable Neo-Gothic mark. Partner Garouste explains the change of stylistic heart: "We've now bypassed the Barbarian image, moved on from the Bronze and Iron ages, and it's the rebirth, the rediscovery of the genius of the Middle Ages which is interesting now. We don't duplicate, exactly, but retranslate in a modern style."

Garouste has the right idea. ♠

Decorating Editor: Amicia de Moubray

À La Falaise

(Continued from page 201) career worked out better than her marriage, however, and after her divorce she took up designing in New York in the early sixties. She had her own label, at Blousecraft, and later, like her daughter, began to work for Yves Saint Laurent. "Don't say that I design, because there is only one designer at Yves Saint Laurent," Maxime says reverently. "I adapt the designs for the licensees. The drape of a skirt can give you the wrist movement for a glove, the corner of a handbag can give you an idea for sunglasses. I work for Saint Laurent so easily because his are the sort of clothes I've spent my life with—my grandmother's and mother's Indian silks and shawls, the Irish farm workers who wore red and green flannel petticoats under their black skirts."

As the wife of John McKendry, a man of blasé good looks who was curator of prints and photographs at the Metropolitan Museum, Maxime entertained on a grand scale and in the exotic fashion one would expect from the author of *The Seven Centuries Cookbook*. "We would test everything out—we had a party for each century." McKendry was a charming husband, she says. "He was very musical, rather fey, but halfway through the marriage he started to get iller and iller. We had five good and five pretty terrible years."

Besides her fashion work, Maxime is now writing a history of her family, going through her mother's sometimes elliptical diaries from the twenties. She is talking with Nan Kempner about doing an uptown-downtown cookbook, and applying her decorating skills to the apartment of Leonard Holzer. She finds New York a good place for the creative life, not despite but because of all its irritations and distractions. "I like working against interference. I work on the tube. When things are perfect, I go all blah." She is not interested in parties anymore, but she keeps up with her friends in the literary, art, and design worlds—John Richardson, Fernando Sanchez, Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, Robert Silvers, Dee Ayer—and "people from England and France come and go."

Maxime's apartment reflects her obsessions, her travels, the history of her family and friends. There is a portrait of a very young Maxime, wearing a twin set and holding a shrimp net, by her father and an almost black sideboard carved with a mask from the Knight of Glin, Loulou's first husband, Desmond Fitz-Gerald. A Dennis Smith painting of New York shows a doorman with a corpselike face—"That's my death corner"—and a Robert Mapplethorpe box in the style of Joseph Cornell—a sample of the assemblage work he did before turning to photography—contains a little camera sprouting a baby's head, feet, and four hands. "Those are just some old Rauschenbergs," Maxime says of a group of bathroom decorations, which contrast with the Eastern fantasy of bamboo-trimmed walls and mirrored ceiling. Fantasy is evident, too, in the dining table she designed: "It's faux everything"—the three concentric circles on its top are painted to imitate wood, leopard skin, and marble. For a touch of nature among the chasms of stone, painted trees line the living-room walls, bursting into clumps of carved wooden leaves at the ceiling, and a brightly colored floral border sprouts from the wainscoting. The mélange of hues is wild but ingratiating. "When you've worked in the fashion business for years, you can keep a lot of colors in your head. My style is hit or miss, but I think it's mostly hit."

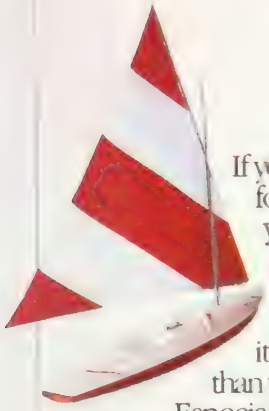
For all her acquisitiveness, Maxime isn't overly attached to her possessions. "I think that if you've lived with something and looked at it for a long time, you've absorbed its essence. I feel rather happily rootless, really. I could leave this place and go to another and put up my tent, and in a week it would be just as cozy."

It's easy to see from Loulou de La Falaise's Montparnasse sitting room that she has a touch of the gypsy. Although the ceiling is sixteen feet high, an immense waterfall of crystal fills up nearly half the room, making it look like a caravan lit by a much smaller chandelier. Loulou and her brother, Alexis, grew up in France, England, and New York, and, she says, "We were lucky to have been brought up without any roots or ties because it makes us rather malleable." Indeed, the blue, white, and glass of her enormous room suggest light, air, and water, an impression Loulou confirms with her remark that movement and sunshine are an important part of her designs. She once made up necklaces that spelled out SOLEIL and DANSE, and a table made of blue, green, and gold Bakst-inspired tiles suggests summers by the sea. In her two-year-old daughter Anna's playroom, several boxes of brilliant butterflies are arranged into groups of buttercup, orange, fuchsia, and lime, the gift of Yves Saint Laurent.

Although Loulou dresses strikingly and stylishly now, as a teenager she was only interested in blue jeans and gumboots, never wearing a skirt until the days of the mini in swinging London, where she attracted the eye of Desmond Fitz-Gerald.

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A La Falaise

When she was seventeen, he married her and swept her off to his castle on the banks of the Shannon where she had trouble adjusting. "I used to walk along the battlements and scream into the night."

After the marriage ended, Loulou returned to New York, where she had once worked for the Surrealist Alexander Iolas gallery, and began studying design. In 1972, Saint Laurent brought her back to Paris to design jewelry, printed fabrics, and color schemes. She has become known as Saint Laurent's muse but prefers to call herself, more casually, a "bouncing board. Yves likes to work at his house. I sometimes go for weekends. He likes to be in a messy room with the seven people he's close to and the dog playing with his toys." Loulou's latest creations are a baroque jumble of beads and bits—circles of black filigree topped with fake amethyst or a mixture of pale turquoise and gold accented with a swoop of verdigris. "I like the French term *bijoux fantaisie* better than the English 'costume jewelry,' which sounds so heavy, like Sarah Bernhardt hitting the stage." Some people have thought her bijoux very fantastic indeed. "Once," she says laughing, "the customs man opened my valise and saw all these brightly colored things and said, 'Do you work in a circus?'"

Alexis de La Falaise was for a time a farmer in Wales but has now moved, with his wife and two children, to Fontainebleau, where he and Loulou played in childhood at "les Peaux-Rouges et les cowboys." He has become a cabinetmaker, producing such delicate items as an obelisk bookcase and an occasional table whose top is composed of black, beige, and emerald triangles that can be lifted off and arranged in a near-infinite number of patterns. The two slip from French to English. "This is a lime tree," she explained of her plants. "This is a maple, this—comment dit-on?" "Geranium, Loulou."

In 1977, Loulou married Thadée Klossowski, the son of the painter Balthus. "We liked each other as soon as we met," he says, "and ten years later we married." At the same time they moved into the 1930s building they still occupy. It was set up to provide work space for painters and sculptors, which attracted Loulou—"I've never liked a bourgeois house." She and Thadée live in one former studio, Anna in an adjoining one. Their bedroom is a little gallery overlooking the sitting room from a balcony hung with blue-and-white Javanese fabrics; the bed is covered with a tartan spread and the windowless walls curtained in stark white. Unlike her mother, Loulou has almost no family pictures on display—"I feel anguished by too many souvenirs"—but there is another Birley portrait of Maxime as well as a bust of her father in the days of his youth and beauty crowned with a fantastic gilt headdress of eleven flying horses.

A mobile spot of color among the brightly tinted tile and china and wood is provided by little Anna, who wanders in clutching a teddy bear, not of conventional brown but lipstick red. "Look at how nicely the color goes with your dress," says Loulou, holding it against the deep blue. One feels that yet another La Falaise eye is being trained for a stylish future. ▲

Editor: André Leon Talley

Cooking in Paris

(Continued from page 204) rows of terrific pots and pans in copper and stainless. Every morning we had a *pratique* in either cooking or pastry and every afternoon a demonstration class. Our cooking teacher was Chef Christian Guillut, who had apprenticed twenty years ago as a teenager at the restaurant Barrier in Tours when it possessed three Michelin stars and who has worked in starred establishments ever since. Thin, serious, good-natured, and indefatigable to a fault, he spent an hour explaining the recipes we were to make that week, all generally modernized versions of classic cuisine. I was assigned the *étoufée de légumes à la crème persillée* (a stew of baby vegetables) and the *pieds de porc farcis en crépinette, sauce aux morilles* (a recipe from Barrier involving the feet of a pig). The immediate objective of each *pratique* in cooking was to get a three-course lunch for ourselves, the administrators of the school, and sometimes an honored guest, on the table by one o'clock.

To begin the vegetable stew, you peel, cut, and carve eight baby carrots and baby turnips, a half pound of baby onions, and four baby zucchini into pieces the size of large olives and the shape of barrels. If any of the vegetables are not quite baby enough, you make them look as though they were. For all this delicate work you hold a paring knife around its blade, leaving only a half inch of the point exposed.

I might have completed my assignment within the allotted two hours if my knife hand had not first become paralyzed. The fingers simply would not move. It struck me as unremarkable that when you strenuously exercise a part of your body in completely unaccustomed ways, it will first protest with pain and then stage a work stoppage. But I could tell that some of the others thought I was malingering. One of them asked me if I had arthritis. Chef Guillut helped me finish up.

The cooking part was fun, using a low wide covered pan with a little butter and water in it. I braised the tougher vegetables first and gradually added the more tender ones—baby leeks and zucchini and then peas and fava beans—always making sure there was a little water in the bottom of the pan to prevent the vegetables from browning in butter. I have a tendency to overstir things in the kitchen, but Guillut put an end to that by showing me how, if you shake and swirl the pan instead, the delicate food stays beautifully intact. Finally we added some crème fraîche and chopped parsley, and the *étouffée de légumes à la crème persillée* was ready.

They were the best vegetables I've ever eaten, and the sauce was sweet with their juices. Nacho's *civet de lapereau* (a rabbit stew thickened with pig's blood) and Jim's buttery *sablés* topped with whipped cream and fruit were both delicious, the wines were good, and everyone felt quite fine.

Tuesday and Thursday we dipped chocolates with Chef Pâtissier Bruno Neveu in the school's pastry kitchen. Chocolate is child's play if you can tell the difference between 27 and 31 degrees centigrade without a thermometer. Neatness counts in chocolate making. Our interpreter, Natasha, sadistically neglected to translate this crucial rule until my section of the marble work table was littered with hard chocolate puddles, I had nowhere to *enrober* my centers of *praline* and *pâte d'amandes*, and the front of my uniform was covered with cocoa. They made me go down to the laundry to find a new one.

On our chocolate days we were free at lunchtime, and I sagely used the three hours before the afternoon demonstration class to scour Paris for good things to eat. Fast food, frozen food, convenience food, and third-rate food have frighteningly gained ground in France over the past 25 years, and you can no longer stumble into the nearest boulangerie, hand the lady three francs, and expect in return a loaf of bread worth eating.

I remember a trip to Paris in the mid seventies, my first for fifteen years, aboard a train

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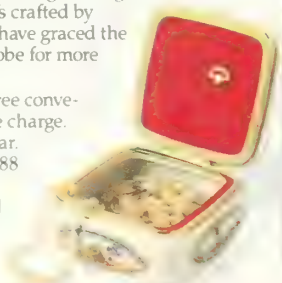
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from Brussels. For the final hundred miles I could think of nothing but the crisp chewy dense yeasty bread of my student days. It was late afternoon when we pulled into the Gare du Nord, and, fearful that the shops were about to close, I left my wife with our luggage, ran from the station, and darted into the first boulangerie in sight. The bread was awful, with a crust like paper, insides like cotton candy, and no perceptible taste. I hurried down the street to the next bread shop and the one after that, all with the same results. An hour later, sadly trudging back to the Gare du Nord in the gathering twilight, I found my wife sitting on our suitcases on the sidewalk. The curious mixture of tears and fury on her face told me she, too, sensed that the bread of our youth was gone forever.

To find the small number of true artisans and cooks whose impeccable standards still bring glory to France, you need a taxi and a guide. Taxis in Paris use a cunning system to ensure that you will never get one. The main light on their roofs is extremely dim and cannot be seen by day. The three tiny colored bulbs beneath it, which are also meant to tell you something about the availability of the cab, employ a code that has been successfully kept secret from everyone, even lifelong residents of Paris. And just to make sure, taxis are painted dark gray to make them indistinguishable from other cars until they run over your foot.

Finding a guide is much easier. Robert Noah's bimonthly *Paris en Cuisine Newsletter* (Box 50099, St. Louis, MO 63105) and Patricia Wells's *Food Lover's Guide to Paris* are nearly indispensable to anyone unwilling to settle for what Fauchon has on offer. Noah is more selective, but you will need his back issues for a complete listing. Wells's book, in a revised 1988 edition, is comprehensive and therefore less critical. Both are terrific. (Robert Noah also offers a nearly miraculous restaurant reservation service. You can write to him at 49, rue de Richelieu, 75001 Paris, or telephone 42-61-35-23.)

For the rest of the week Nacho and I bore an even heavier workload than usual because Jim had flown to Los Angeles to buy a new restaurant. My *pieds de porc en crépinette* took five days to prepare and five minutes to eat, but they were worth every day. Before I arrived, Chef Guillut had immersed four pig's feet in a curing brine with juniper berries, laurel, and thyme. I simmered them for three hours with aromatic vegetables until the bones came loose, soaked some dried morels overnight in water, and began a mousseline of chicken for the stuffing by puréeing both white and dark meat in a food processor with egg whites and salt and forcing the mixture through a sieve. The gaps between Chef Guillut's English and my kitchen French were so spacious, at least in the beginning, that catastrophe might have stalked my every move were it not for our prescient translator, a young woman named Janet from Newcastle upon Tyne, who was interning at the Ritz.

On the final day I sliced the boned pig's feet and beat heavy cream into the chilled chicken mixture, tablespoon by tablespoon, poaching a bit of it every so often to test for consistency and seasoning. Too little cream, and the mousseline was tough; too much, and it fell apart. I also cooked the morels in butter and water and chopped them finely. Half went into the mousseline and half was saved for the sauce, a type of Périgueux we made by reducing Madeira, veal stock, and some of the cooking liquid from the morels.

Everything was ready for the final assembly. A *crépinette* is defined by Larousse as a flat sausage enclosed by pig's caul fat or *crépine*, which is the lining of an animal's visceral cavity. Caul fat looks like an irregular



white net filled in with translucent membrane. Following Guillut's lead, I opened a sheet of it on the table, spread a three-inch square of mousseline near one edge, placed a layer of pig's feet over that, and covered it with another layer of mousseline. Then, trimming the caul fat to leave an inch or two all around, I wrapped it up like an envelope and started again until I had nine little packages. I browned them in clarified butter and put them in the oven to finish cooking. The caul fat magically melted into the plump pillows of chicken and pork. Presented in a pool of meaty morel sauce, they were delectable.

Enclosing a stuffing in caul fat is an ancient idea, and Escoffier gives six distinct recipes for *crépinettes* in his *Guide Culinaire*. I had a chance to study the full English translation of the *Guide* by Cracknell and Kaufmann (published by Heinemann) in the school's library and bought a copy as soon as I returned home, years after I should have. Here, in Escoffier's systematic presentation of 5,012 recipes, is the whole of classic French cuisine as it was to remain, in all its triumph and all its faults, for the first half of this century. Millions of trees could be saved if cookbooks with nothing more to say than "Make the eggs and crayfish in recipe 1,356 but substitute recipe 125 for the sauce Nantua" said nothing more than that.

Crépinettes were ubiquitous on the chic menus of Paris this year. It is dangerous to generalize from only ten meals, but the nouvelle cuisine seems to have moved in a heartier and friendlier direction—and not simply because the earthy *crépinette* was omnipresent. Even in the grandest settings the service was more relaxed and the plates were less decorated with fussy garnishes and painted sauces. The ingredients never seemed overhandled and simply looked more like themselves. It is stylish these days to prefer Italian food to French and to think that the culinary progress we have made in the United States in the past ten years has put us in serious contention. But the French have not stood still in the face of this challenge, and I will risk the opinion that the best food I ate in Paris was as good as they make it anywhere.

Our one disastrous meal was a parody of everything that can go wrong with modern French cooking. We knew we were in trouble when the *amuse-gueule*—the tempting little treats they bring you while you read the menu—did not even remotely amuse. In an apparent homage to, or pun on, Michel Guérard's famous broken eggshell filled with caviar, this chef's shell was filled instead with a tepid raw egg yolk. Get it? Just when you thought he would do Guérard one better and put something really terrific in an empty egg shell, he turned the tables on you. It was all downhill from there.

My last day in Paris was spent in a taxi revisiting the best of what I had discovered with Wells's and Noah's help: ice cream from Berthillon, bread from Ganachaud, bonbons from La Maison du Chocolat and Peltier, a tiny *melon de Cavaillon* from Opéra Primeurs, cheese from La Ferme Saint-Hubert, and foie gras from a little charcuterie near the Ritz called Gargantua. My exhausting voyage, from the remote and dingy twentieth arrondissement to the elegant first, reaffirmed my belief that the museums and monuments of Paris were built chiefly to keep the bistros, boulangeries, brasseries, charcuteries, chocolatiers, and fromageries from running into one another.

My technique and understanding measurably improved in a week at the École Ritz-Escoffier, and I brought home a new attitude toward manual labor in the kitchen. Having an assignment to cook and eat in Paris is like getting paid to spend the night with Isabelle Adjani. Ten days with nothing to do but eat, read, hear, and think about food nearly slaked my obsessive passion for a while. Fifteen days would have been even better. ♠



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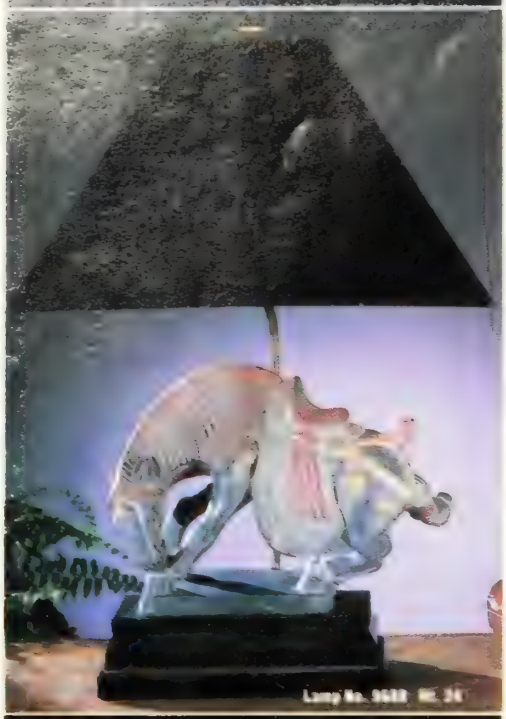
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(Continued from page 159) Hamptons.

"It is not at all simple," says Fourcade in an accent right out of a French farce which has somehow managed to survive for more than twenty years in the United States. "The house was built for a collection of Art Nouveau furniture I inherited from my grandparents.

"There are many people who like our style who didn't have anything like it five years ago. Now we are being ripped off all over the place.

"Ours is not the taste of most American decorators. Look at the way they live themselves. Sister Parish's house is not the house of a mature woman who has lived for beauty and art all of her life. It is stuffed with poodles and cushions."

"Everyone has *wonderful* cushions," says Denning.

When they do an apartment, it instantly takes on a patina of age, as though it has been there for at least fifty years. The Duchess of Buccleuch, having lunched at their apartment, delighted them by writing to say, "It's wonderful to see such a great English house in such good condition."

The late eighties provide a canvas for fantasies fueled by money on an unprecedented scale. In a world where Alfred Taubman makes $800 million on shopping centers and malls, Gayfryd Steinberg hangs a Renoir in her powder room and Basia Johnson runs up a $30 million Palladian mansion alongside a $78,000 orchid house, stories of excess are common. One decorator tells how he recently called an acquaintance in real estate to say he had a wealthy client looking for the best Manhattan apartment money could buy. The agent's response was, "Not another one! I've got three clients already waiting to spend $15 million each on an apartment, and there's nothing to be had."

The power of the decorator is growing. David Easton, for instance, always carries with him 24 typewritten sheets specifying antique furniture he's looking for. Each of his clients has a place in a warehouse, humidified and insured, where japanned or marquetry furniture is gradually acclimatized on its arrival from Europe. "I see people all around me who are far more interested in their houses than their clothes," says Bill Blass. Chessy Rayner agrees. "In the old days there were just a few families in each town who would employ a decorator. Now there must be five hundred who have made zillions. And they can't wait to begin rewriting their lives. If they want to live well and have pretty things around them, great!"

There are two imperatives at play. There is the influence of fashion on clients who begin with nothing and can make up their backgrounds unhampered by family possessions or a grandmother's furniture. They may update their houses frequently. Bill Blass says the usual period is a decade—"the ten-year itch." The other force is what Mark Hampton terms the "romantic longing for an ennobling past." Here the owner wants to found a new dynasty in a setting of great permanence. This takes the form of recreating the past in one way or another.

Ivana Trump has lovingly restored the 1920s Palm Beach house of Mrs. Merriweather Post, and Patricia Kluge, married to Metromedia chairman John, has worked side by side with the scholarly David Easton to build a 10,000-acre estate complete with a brand-new eighteenth-century manor house, a chapel, a gallery, and a carriage museum near Charlottesville, Virginia.

She says, "Now that it's complete, what gives me the most pleasure is that I'm able to leave a bit of John and myself to our descendants. This house is a statement to the generations of what we stood for."

Mrs. Kluge's wardrobe includes outfits by Scaasi, Galanos, Donna Karan, Bill Blass, and Oscar de la Renta, but when it came to the new estate, she wanted, "a house designed for the ages." She chose Neoclassicist David Easton, who taught the history of design for seven years at Parsons. Client and designer planned the house in one hour while having tea at the Carlyle. Mrs. Kluge has been involved in each detail since, down to the white-tailed stag motif on all the locks, doorknobs, sheets, and towels.

Easton admits it's hard to rationalize building twentieth-century houses in a traditional way but agrees with Tom Wolfe that style alone doesn't satisfy an emotional need.

"A modern house wouldn't have sat well in a rural landscape. It's also to do with what people want—enclosure and comfort."

The execution of the house and surrounding buildings is remarkable not only for the historical accuracy but also for the painstaking craftsmanship throughout, extending to the air-conditioning hidden in the Classical cornices, and the dental crown molding for the ceilings.

One of the more modest of the decorators, Easton feels he has a position to keep down. "I tell my staff to get in line with the chauffeur, the hairdresser, and the maid," he says. "The only difference is we get our knees under the table and exchange Christmas gifts."

Not so Mica Ertegün and Chessy Rayner

of Mac II, referred to by some of their peers as "ladies who decorate." There's little getting in line with the maid about either of their social lives. "Those girls!" says Sister Parish. "Mica does *not* have to work. Chessy is very nice."

Extremely competent and efficient, the partners of Mac II are noted for their clean and contrasting styles. They may have achieved the ideal balance, in which Mica Ertegün's European, historically oriented, and architecturally rigorous Classicism is softened by Chessy Rayner's more feminine approach. Their success belies their critics who say that they didn't have to go to Parsons; they simply had a long list of friends. But the friends help and "those girls" are extremely busy with a roster of clients, many corporate, from around the world.

Mica Ertegün, married to Ahmet, wealthy Turkish founder of Atlantic Records, left Rumania with Queen Elisabeth of Greece on the royal train when the Communists took over. She grew up in a wooden dacha with a porch and samovar among the orchards and windy wheat fields of her native Baragan. Chessy Rayner was brought up in New York and at her grandmother's house in Perrysburg, Ohio, which was built in Louis XIV style—"It wasn't exactly *cottagey*." Both, but particularly Mica, run with the Rat Pack, a part of whose activities center on the Ertegüns' house in Bodrum, where Sid Bass and Mercedes Kellogg, the James Nivens, Oscar de la Renta and Annette Reed, and John Richardson all stay, and where a recent guest was Princess Margaret.

McMillen is a big social firm with an older tradition. Today they do much commercial work as well as catering to a backbone of Old Money and many distinguished Middle Eastern clients such as Queen Noor and Prince Bandar. The founder, Mrs. Brown, nearly as legendary a figure as Sister Parish, is 99 and her presence is still almost tangible. "It's a little old-fashioned here, I guess," says Betty Sherrill, originally from New Orleans, who now heads the firm and still runs a tight ship. "I've been here for 37 years: then there's Mrs. Smith who's been here for sixty years and *hates* publicity.

"We like people not to feel the minute they walk into a room that it's a McMillen job. We can provide a background. I hope we give it some of Mrs. Brown's quality and famous restraint, but the client did the room, dontcha think?"

Mrs. Sherrill was raised duck shooting in Louisiana and made many friends hunting. Shooting in Texas with Lord Derby and the Tobin Armstrongs, she wears chaps and boots to wade through the rattlesnakes. On safari once in Tanzania she was there when a leopard almost got Bing Crosby. She is now doing houses for the grandchildren of McMillen's earliest clients: "If clients don't become friends as you work, you're no success," she feels.

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Albert Hadley was invited to dinner recently in an apartment he had just decorated for one of Manhattan's new merchant kings. When the guests admired the magnificent rose quartz chandelier suspended above the table, the hostess told them she had inherited it from her grandmother. Hadley, who had bought it at Sotheby's in London only a few months previously, allowed himself a fleeting smile and added, "Granny had such *wonderful* taste." ♠

Decorating Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet





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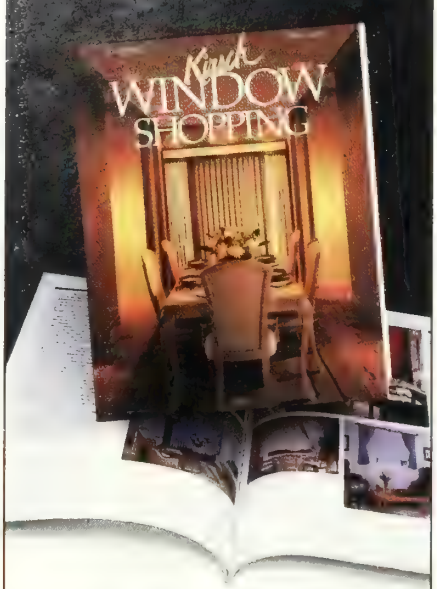
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Name

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Noble House

(Continued from page 213) a few eyebrows. But, on the whole, the artistic freedom given to Lorimer and his gifted Edinburgh craftsmen was rewarded by a house that was remarkable in its decorative detail, modern in the practical aspects of its design, and above all, comfortable.

Until 1947 there was no local supply of electricity at the head of Loch Fyne. Lorimer harnessed the waterpower of the Kinglas River and built a Gothic bunker of large pebbles to house the hydroturbines that are still in use today. A fascinating relic, the "powerhouse" epitomizes his obsession with making everything on the Ardkinglas estate newfangled and up-to-the-minute. Ironically, this now quaint air of modernity has had the effect of embalming the past—as the bare, once proudly displayed light bulbs in the bedroom chandeliers testify. Some of them have never been changed.

It was inevitable that following generations of Nobles would choose to make Ardkinglas a permanent home. Sir Andrew had died in October 1915, "called over," a romantic account has it, by the roaring of stags in Glen Kinglas as the reluctant laird breathed his last. The blithe age of Edwardian summering in Scotland had come to an end. After the intervention of two world wars, life at Ardkinglas was to be lived on a much-reduced scale.

Nonetheless, Johnny Noble remembers that when he was a child everyone in the nearby village of Cairndow still worked for the estate. He now employs many of the local people he grew up with and whose fathers had worked for his father, but the estate has become leaner, more diversified. "The days of seven gardeners toiling away to produce vegetables for the big house are long gone," says Noble. "On the farming side, for instance, with new techniques and equipment, one head shepherd and a forester can look after fourteen thousand acres. I welcome the change. But if you include all the tenanted enterprises being run from the estate, Ardkinglas provides as many if not more jobs than it did in Andrew Noble's time."

Nine years ago, looking for ways to meet the growing costs of keeping up the house, Johnny started to grow oysters from seed on the shores of Loch Fyne. With his partner, marine fish-farmer Andrew Lane, he has since developed Loch Fyne Oysters into a thriving seafood concern that sends out fresh oysters, langoustines, smoked salmon, and kippers all over the world. This year they opened a restaurant a few miles from the house called the Oyster Bar, which the manager of the London Ritz, a regular customer, has compared favorably to its eponym in Grand Central Station.

When the tide is out, you can see the oyster beds from the morning-room windows. In the middle of the loch, a flotilla of salmon cages leased by the estate to a fish-farming tenant are now a permanent part of the view. His father would certainly have disapproved, but Johnny claims he's learned to love them, which is perhaps typical of his pragmatic, relaxed attitude towards life at Ardkinglas.

He lives in solitary splendor, very much the Highland gentleman, though a habit of wearing frayed fisherman's smocks over ancient tweed or tartan "breeks" makes it easy to mistake the laird for one of those toiling gardeners of the Edwardian past. For someone who describes himself as "basically idle," he's kept busy enough by the affairs of the estate. When we talked, he'd just flown back from the Far East, where he'd been on a mission to sell to the Japanese not a battle fleet but Loch Fyne salmon and oysters.

At home his living arrangements are simple enough. He has a live-in couple to keep the house and grounds in order, but usually cooks for himself and whoever happens to be staying. Knowledgeable about food and wine—a passionate expertise he acquired from his parents and his continuing involvement in the wine trade—he has a well-deserved reputation for being one of the west coast's finest hosts.

"Mind you," he sets the record straight over a glass of cellar-cold Chablis in the mermaid garden, "I don't exactly go in for *les délices de sole Alphonse treize*. I tend to give simple but delicious things like smoked salmon and venison, which require hardly any preparation."

Although it can be a little bleak in winter even by Scottish standards, Johnny insists that Ardkinglas is an easy and comfortably compact house to run. Central heating, fueled by off-cuts from the local sawmill (another tenant of the estate), provides what he generously describes as "background heat." Inured to most of its inconveniences, he's never found rattling around in a 146-room barony much of a hardship.

"There are so many misconceptions about living in a large house. It doesn't *have* to be a problem to heat and maintain. Nor does it have to be cluttered with butlers and housemaids. The thought of having an enormous staff is a complete nightmare to me. I pull the cork out of my own wine. If there's any illicit drinking"—he raises his glass to Lorimer's mermaid—"it's done by myself."

A bachelor of 51, with no immediate plans to make changes in an agreeable life, Johnny doesn't appear unduly concerned about the future of Ardkinglas. Because it was built as a holiday home, the idea of the family continuing here has always seemed more important than the succession of any particular line. There's no shortage of Noble relations about. His aunt, Anastasia Noble, lives in the Square and breeds championship-class deerhounds, whose musical baying at the damp Argyllshire moon has lightened the sleep of many an unsuspecting guest. Two married sisters, Sarah and Christina, both have satellite houses on the estate. There are nieces and nephews and countless cousins constantly dropping in or coming to stay. Few of them have to be encouraged to think of Ardkinglas as their second home.

"Things look more optimistic than they've been for a long time," Johnny admits with a hint of satisfaction. "Of course, previous generations didn't have the pressures *or* the opportunities I've had. Whether the sheep lived or died didn't make a ha'p'worth of difference to my grandfather. To me it does."

Hearing him talk about the estate, whether on the subject of modernizing the farm, repairing the roof, or venturing the family silver on the "lowly oyster," what comes across more strongly than Johnny Noble's sense of achievement is his abiding love of the place. On a balmy June evening, looking down Loch Fyne from the sun-drenched loggia, one can understand—at least until the midges come out—why the spell cast by Lorimer, in what he considered the perfect setting for a Scottish country house, has never been broken.

"It may seem eccentric to some people," the laird of Ardkinglas concedes, "my living here as I do. Of course, it depends on what you're used to. But how many places can you go out and catch a salmon, or shoot a woodcock for dinner, or walk down to the shore and gather your own oysters?" ▲

The Holl Truth

(Continued from page 191) from Seattle to Rome," he recalls, "and you can imagine what a revelation that was. I had an apartment right behind one of the greatest architectural spaces in the world—the Pantheon—and was able to see it every day in every kind of light and weather. My teacher there, an architect named Astra Zarina, told us, 'Before you can learn architecture you must first learn how to live,' and that was how I began to think about design, as a cultural experience instead of just putting pencil to paper."

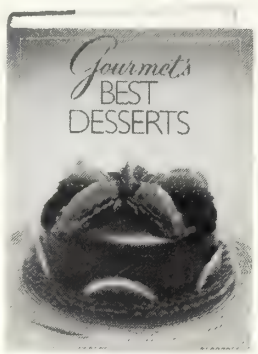
In making that tremendous leap Holl bypassed the East Coast architectural establishment: its schools, its firms, its networks, and even its Italian outpost, the American Academy in Rome. Although Holl's architectural schemes have a strong (though approximate) Classical undercurrent, they have more to do with the simple vernacular tradition of the Pacific Northwest than the preoccupations and pretentions of many East Coast architects. The combination of American directness and Classical dignity in Holl's designs bears the authentic imprint of his patient path toward architectural self-discovery.

He has gained particular notice for his uncommon virtuosity as a designer. With the exception of Michael Graves, no American architect today has been as active in creating furniture and decorative objects in such quantity—and of such high quality—as Holl. His furniture by Pace, tableware by Swid Powell, and rugs by V'Soske have a coherence that allows them to be used together even though they were all designed for specific architectural settings, one of the most impressive demonstrations of total design in recent years. Although that degree of control can have a claustrophobic effect on an interior scheme, Holl's characteristic lightness of touch has largely overcome that danger.

The plainspoken but thoughtful Holl might be called a pragmatic theorist and is quite interested in setting down his concepts of architecture: his approach to urban planning is the subject of the current issue of *Design Quarterly,* and his forthcoming book, *Anchoring,* a study of how buildings should interrelate with their surroundings, will be published by the Princeton Architectural Press.

Above all, Holl is concerned about keeping his basic priorities straight. "Teaching remains tremendously important to me, especially about essences—the zero ground of architecture and the ability to renew again," he says. "Of course, I think there's a lot that's wrong with American architecture now, but one doesn't want to burn oneself out with protests. I'm not interested in offering yet another reactionary position. I think it's better to try to find what unites all great architectures, even those as different as ancient Rome and Kyoto—the qualities of proportion, of space and light common to them all. If you start with that as your goal, then you may have made the big connections that really matter." ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

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Sheetings

HG NOTES/STYLE

Page 39 William Switzer chair, $950, to the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Roger Arlington, NYC; William Switzer, Vancouver, BC 872-7611. Boucle Franklin, 50" wide, approx $114 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Guild Hall pitcher, $30, bowl, $35, at Antique Guild, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Phoenix; Gear, NYC; Oxford Galleries, Birmingham; Regency Manor, St. Louis. **40** Brooks, 27" wide, $36 roll, by Hinson, at Marshall Field's, Chicago; Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, NYC; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles; to the trade at Hinson, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Brandt's (retail), Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Scrim at EON, NYC (212) 941-1170. Acanthus, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson, NYC, Toronto; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Anderson-Douglas, Portland; Collins-Draheim, Seattle. Lierre rug, $1,480, at Rouvine Maire Galerie, Boston (617) 330-1430. English Ivy, $51 yd, Chestnut Leaves, $36 yd, both 50" wide, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC (212) 758-0844. Limoges china, by Porcelaine Amerique, 5-pc setting, $335, soup tureen, $350, by Mottahedeh, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **41** Ferrieres, 54" wide, approx $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. David Davies chairs, $265 and $255, at Davies, London 240-2223. Beauty Feathers plates, $80, by Linn Howard, NYC (212) 988-3345. Feathers demitasse cup, saucer, $250, dinner plate, $280, dessert, $265, butter, $230, at all Tiffany locations, NYC (212) 755-8000. Baker Furniture chair, $1,760, (312) 329-9410 for dealer. Feather Border, $6.50 yd, to the trade at Designers Signature Showroom Greeff, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Port Chester, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. **42** Kordel, 51" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; McQuiston Riggs, Seattle; Scardino Collections at Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Wilkes sheet, $59, pillowcase, $50 pr, Thornbury blanket, $155, Clarendon blanket, $275, Cavendish throw, $340, Princess Mary pillow, $105, Thornbury, Edinsmoor pillows, $165 ea, Cavendish sham, $105 ea, Elizabeth Paisley sheet, $110, at Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto, and Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Hyland Collection: top row beakers, Black and White MacFarlane, $33; top row plates, Hamilton, Dress Barclay, MacLeod of Skye, Rob Roy MacGregor, $65 ea; top row bowls, MacGregor, $87 (left), $216 (right), MacFarlane, $87; center row plates, Erskine, MacFarlane, MacIntosh, MacKay, $65 ea; center row bowls, MacFarlane and MacGregor, $87 ea, $216 (large); bottom row plates, MacGregor, MacKay, MacFarlane, Erskine, $65 ea; bottom row large bowl, MacGregor, $756, through Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. **43** Daniel Hechter sugar bowl, $28, teapot, $65, cup and saucer, $18, to order through Mikasa (201) 867-9210. Jockey Club, 54" wide, $117 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Rosabelle, 54" wide, $144 yd, by Jay Yang, to the trade at Hines, NYC (212) 685-8590. Westbury chair, $1,200, by Karges Furniture (800) 252-7437 for dealer. Ecossais Eiffel, 55" wide, approx $72 yd, to the trade at Clarence House.

CHAIR OF THE MONTH

Page 46 Gothic chair, $2,500, by 2B Metal Furniture Concepts, NYC (212) 866-9556.

HG NOTES/ART

Page 54 Galleries for British sculptors. Michael Craig-Martin: Zack/Shuster Gallery, 7777 Glades Rd., Boca Raton, FL 33434, (407) 488-0104. Tony Cragg: Donald Young Gallery, 325 West Huron St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 664-2151; Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019, (212) 977-7160. Richard Deacon: Marian Goodman Gallery, New York. Antony Gormley: Salvatore Ala Gallery, 560 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, (212) 941-1990. Shirazeh Houshiary: Lisson Gallery London, 67 Lisson St., London NW1 5DA, 724-2739. Anish Kapoor: Barbara Gladstone Gallery, 99 Greene St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-3334; Donald Young Gallery, Chicago. David Mach: Barbara Toll Fine Arts, 146 Greene St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-1788. Bruce McLean: Hillman Holland Fine Arts, 2575 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, (404) 233-7494. Richard Wentworth: Wolff Gallery, 560 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, (212) 431-7833. Bill Woodrow: Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York; Donald Young Gallery, Chicago.

TALLEYSHEET

Page 132 Regency armchair, 3-piece clock garniture, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 997-7499. Sleigh bed from Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. C. Z. Guest's *Life in the Garden*, $20 (plus tax, $2.40 postage), to order from C. Z. Guest Garden Enterprises, Old Westbury (516) 997-7499. **136** Fan quilt, $900, Mennonite quilt, $2,500, at Kelter-Malce, NYC (212) 989-6760. Marc Jacobs jacket, $675, skirt, $180, at Charivari, NYC; all Bloomingdale's, all Nordstrom's; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Ultimo, Chicago. Album quilt, $3,600, at Susan Parrish, NYC (212) 645-5020. Aubusson suit, approx $8,050, at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jacobson's, Grosse Pointe, Indianapolis; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Valley House Antiques (see above).

HG VIEW

Page 139 Banquette Gothique, Fr5,000, from David Hicks France, Paris 326-0067. Stonework Arch Border, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.

AMERICAN GREATS

Page 144 Armchair, $11,000, at Gene Tyson Antiques, NYC (212) 744-5785. Console, $29,500, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. **145** Louis XIV settee, incl side chairs, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. **148–149** Vaison Brocaded Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 139). Ottoman Cream, 51" wide, $114 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers (see above for pg 42). **151** Artemis, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. Aubusson carpet, Fr150,000, at Dario Boccara, Paris 359-8463. **153** Chinese table from Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. 2-inch stripe on curtains, 48" wide, $45 yd, to the trade at Alan Campbell, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Duncan & Huggins, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Althea print, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Feltre on armchair, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers. **156–157** George III armchair (set of 6), center table, from Mallett & Son, London 499-7411. Bailey Rose, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Regatta Large Stripe, 20" wide, $23 roll, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Brabant Velvet on two chairs, 51" wide, $104 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. **158–159** Le Zebre, to the trade to order at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Adriatic on curtains, 50" wide, approx $65 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C

GOING GOTHIC

Pages 160–161 Dame du Lac, 32" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers (see above for pg 42). Dyanand chair, $3,105, by James H. Harris, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Rozmallin, Chicago; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Wildgoose tablecloth, $250 (plus postage), through Nigel Carr, NYC (212) 594-5284. **162–163** Chaise, £850, by Jon Mills, to order at One Off, London 379-7796. Cathedral armoire, by Bonetti/Garouste, approx $5,000, to order at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. **164–165** Pelmet decoration, 5-ft length, £276, to order from Patrick Bellville, London 747-4017. Florian 53" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC; William Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle. Prince Noir Tapestry, to the trade from Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 139). Damasco Borgia, 50" wide, approx $270 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Brown and buff tile, from H&R Johnson Tiles, Stoke-on-Trent, England 575-575. **167** Sammy carpet, £52–£59 to order, at David Hicks, London 627-4400. Hermès scarf, $175, at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, San Francisco. Paloma Picasso gloves, $260, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Bonwit Teller, Boston; Bloomingdale's, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Nordstrom's, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Quilted wool sable-lined coat,

$81,800, by Bill Blass, to order at Martha, NYC, Bal Harbour, Palm Beach.

MANHATTAN RESERVE

Pages 168–169 Directoire, 50" wide, approx $100 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pgs 158–159). Tapa, on pillows, 52" wide, $168 yd, at Fortuny, NYC (212) 753-7153. **170–171** Papiers Japonais, 50" wide, approx $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 39). Shalimar, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard B. Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Hugh Cochran, Miami; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Jaguar, 45" wide, $72 yd, to the trade to order at Karl Mann, NYC, Chicago; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. **172** Porcelain poppies, to order one-of-a-kind pieces write Clare Potter, P.O. Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560. **175** Jaguar on armchair (see above).

THE HOLL TRUTH

Pages 184–185 I table at right, $13,695, Interlocked chandelier, $925, to the trade from Pace Collection, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. Steel and plastic chair, approx $360, from Chairs, Tokyo 479-5071. Chaplin leather chair, $1,787, by Gerard van den Berg, at Axiom Designs, NYC, San Francisco; Domus, Atlanta; Adesso, Boston; City, Chicago; Urban Architecture, Detroit; Design Express, Los Angeles; Luminaire, Miami; Metropolis, Minneapolis; Inside, San Diego; In Form, St. Louis; Current, Seattle; Uzzolo, Washington, D.C. Rug #3, from V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. **186** Steel and velvet sofa, approx $3,700, from Chairs (see above). George Kovacs's Feather desk lamp, $240, at George Kovacs, NYC; all Bloomingdale's and West Coast Bullock's. **187** Interlocked chandelier (see above). Crock, $375, bowl, $75, baskets, approx $300 ea, at Claire West Antiques, Martha's Vineyard, Savannah. **190–191** *Gesture I (State 1)* by Motherwell, from Pace Editions, NYC (212) 421-3237. Cheeseweave basket, $360, and #3 Shaker rocker, $600, at Claire West Antiques (see above). Planar lamp on outside wall, $1,220, to the trade from Pace Collection (see above). Hunt table, $2,200, crock, $60, with wooden pieces, $45–$85, at Claire West Antiques. Janus table, $3,985, to the trade from Pace Collection.

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Duka's DIARY



Society's Architect

Peter Marino has a wealth of clients, projects, and styles, writes **John Duka**

"Do you know Meshulam Riklis?" asks Peter Marino. "No? Why, he's my mad billionaire, my crazed, wonderful, mad billionaire!"

Riklis is also the proud husband of Pia Zadora and the new owner of Pickfair, the Beverly Hills estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Marino is the architect he has just asked to renovate it.

No matter that Pickfair is "total, split-level ranchburger, terrible and appalling," says Marino, as he gazes from his all-glass office to the far cliffs of Central Park West. Given its celluloid history, it's the kind of commission one simply doesn't refuse. And given Marino's meteoric rise in New York's architecture circles—he can smell money and destiny across a crowded cocktail party—it makes perfect sense that he didn't refuse.

In ten short years Marino has assayed a role that few, outside of Stanford White and Philip Johnson, have attempted with success—that of society's architect. His staff has grown from six to sixty-six and will grow to eighty by year's end. His newest projects include Giorgio Armani's house in Milan; Calvin Klein's new store in Dallas; Lawrance Lovett's sixteenth-century palazzo in Venice; the five-story town house of Ron Perelman, chairman of Revlon, as well as his corporate office; 300,000 square feet of office space in downtown Knoxville; the new Barneys New York in the World Financial Center; and "the new apartment of Mr. Merger and Acquisition," says Marino. "I just love my Wall Streeters!"

Once in awe as clients such as Gianni Agnelli jumped into their helicopters, Marino now helicopters all over the Eastern seaboard to oversee his projects. He stole his cook, he says with pride, from the Colony Club. And he doesn't act, or talk, like any architect that ever worked for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. But then, society's architect wouldn't.

"My profession is very heavy in the bozo factor," says Marino, in an accent that skitters from Queens to England. "Architects are dry, dry, dry—and so glum and self-deprecating. They hate what they're doing—you know, all those hospital jobs. And they're terrible businessmen. Once I watched an architect lower his fees to his client without even being asked. I make sure my clients pay up. Slow payers give me shpilkes. And I only take jobs I like."

"But I don't have a style. My only trademarks are wood, wood, wood"

Indeed. Who else but society's architect would be so well connected to the owners of Valentino, Chanel, and Armani that he could convince them to open stores on Miracle Mile, the formerly tony two-mile stretch on Long Island's North Shore? And then parlay that into the position of design director with veto power over the design of any store that does not meet his standards? Who else would do the decorations for the recent benefit of the School of American Ballet, stipulating that the whole affair had to look as if it were done by Carlos de Beistegui and that the roses had to be just this full-blown side of over?

"I got into a lot of trouble over that one," says Marino. "But the evening's chairman, Princess Pahlavi, has been my friend for absolutely ever. And you have to choose your charity, don't you?"

As flighty as Marino likes to sound, the reason for the diversity in his work does not rest on his choice of charity. Unlike many architects working today, he does not believe in plumbing the depths of one style, nor does he believe in working on only one kind of commission. While Pickfair will be, he says, the "maximum 1930s Wallace Neff statement," an office building in Antwerp, all aluminum, glass, and stone, will be one part Wiener Werkstätte, one part Beaux Arts.

"I think it's time to bring bodies back to architecture, that's why I love Beaux Arts," he says. "But I don't have a style. My only trademarks are wood, wood, wood. That's how I got started—with the woodwork I did for the Saint Laurent apartment in the Pierre. It was American Renaissance Revival. Everyone freaked out. My problem with people like Michael Graves and the other Postmodernists is that I can't accept that one style fits all. In this business architects whip up their solution and then do it everywhere."

Then Marino takes me on an impromptu tour. "We have a fine arts studio, and painters and sculptors on staff. This is my library, and this is my collection of antique fabrics. Aren't they divine? I figure you have to buy it when you see it or it's gone. Some of my clients have been known on more than one occasion to walk out of here with this stuff stuck under one arm, but I see everything," says society's architect, his smile a twist of mischief. ▲

KEN MARYANSKI

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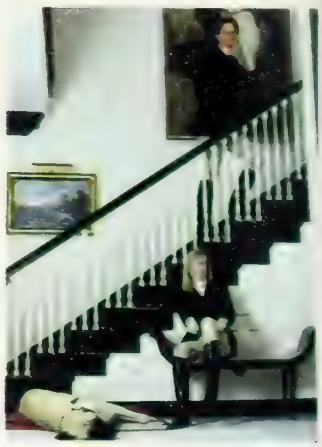
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OCTOBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 10

HG



COVER
Alexander and Liza Guest dressed for riding at Templeton, his mother C.Z.'s Long Island estate. Page 198. Style and photography: André Leon Talley with the Leica R4 camera.



Linda Balahoutis in her California house with Arts and Crafts vases. Page 134. Photograph by Sheila Metzner.

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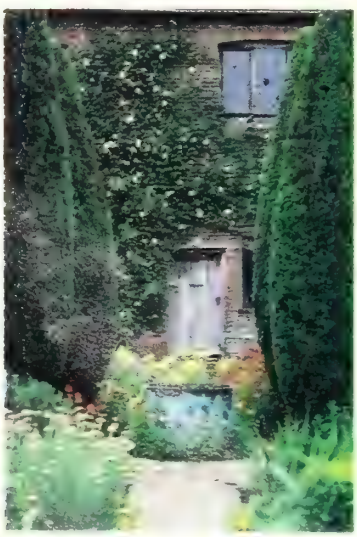
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Irish yews dominate the flagstone paths around Sissinghurst cottage. Page 194. Photograph by Christopher Simon Sykes.

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C.Z. Style: At Templeton, her grand Long Island estate, C. Z. Guest continues a championship tradition, says André Leon Talley **198**

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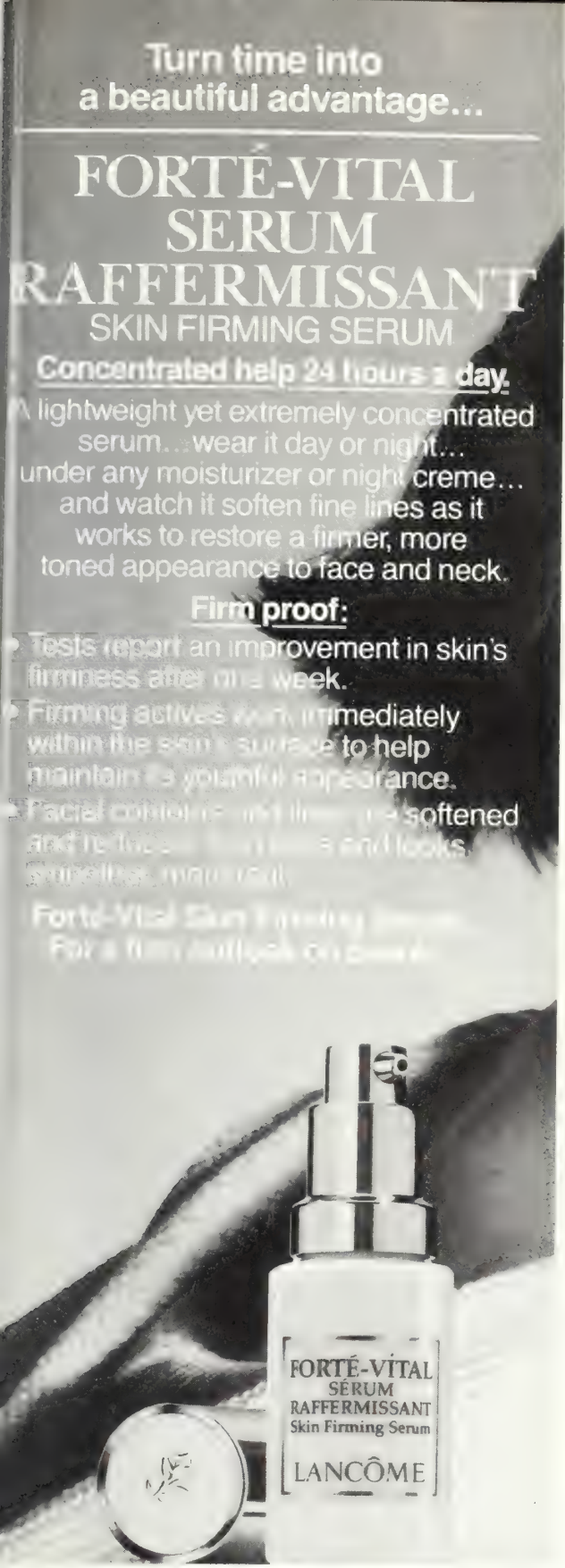
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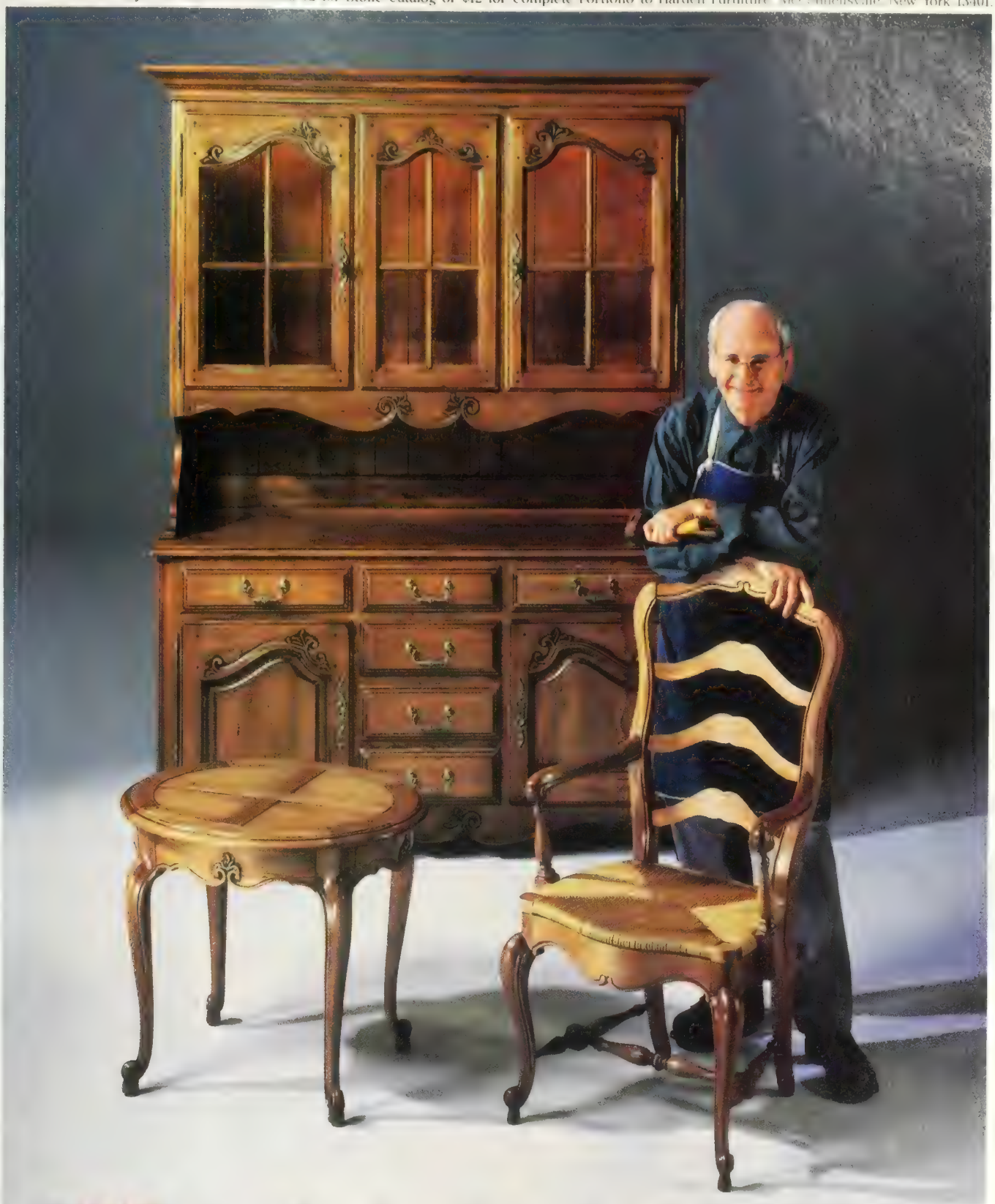
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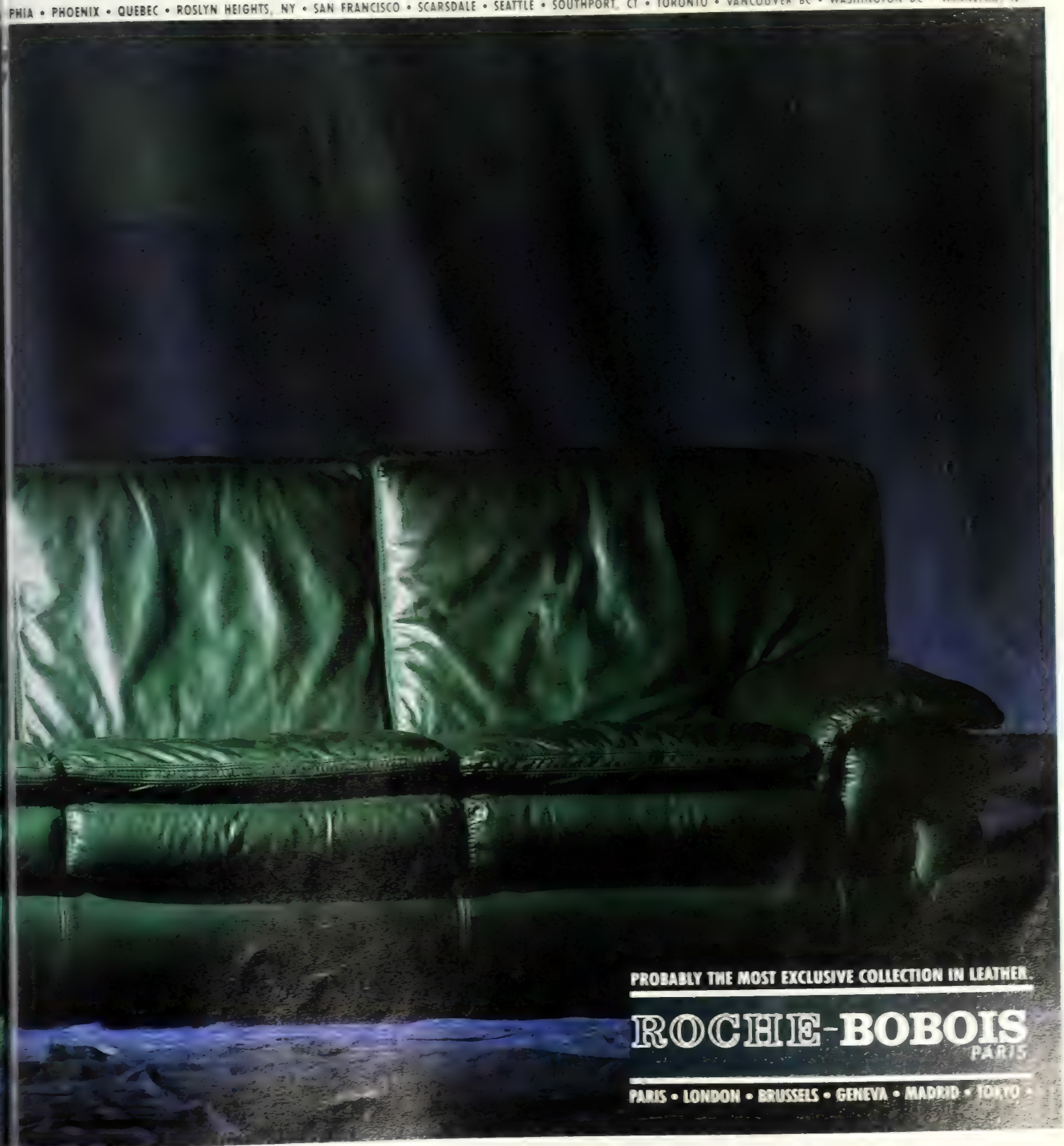


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FRANÇOIS HALARD

The Elsa Peretti story in Italy was a near-perfect assignment for François Halard, one of HG's premier photographers.

"It was a complete story in photographs. The landscape and house were beautiful, her designs are beautiful, even the food we ate was wonderful. And as for Elsa, she's a lively, charming person."

Halard, who has a studio in both Paris and New York, decided on photography after years of looking at magazines as a child. There have been no regrets. "It's wonderful to make a living out of taking pictures of things you like to look at—objects, houses and people."

DELIA EPHRON

"I got to write all the novelties I've been saving up toward Los Angeles in my Homelife piece," admits Delia Ephron, who is the author of the best-seller *Teenage Romance: Or, How to Die of Embarrassment* (1981). "It's interesting and sad to see the damaging effect of Hollywood—really done business—on children who have nothing to do with that world. The materialism of this city has a trickle-down effect on the kids." Ephron's most recent hilarious observations about family life are in *Funny Sauce*, published last May.





PAUL TAYLOR

Australian Paul Taylor is one art critic with an eye on the future though, as he notes, "we won't get something really new in art until we've digested the past twenty years." Taylor is helping with the digestion as curator of a current show on Malcolm McLaren at New York's New Museum of Contemporary Art which will travel to the Royal Academy in London. "The Academy rejected a Whistler painting but now accepts punk," Taylor explains. Household objects in art for this month's HG Notes.


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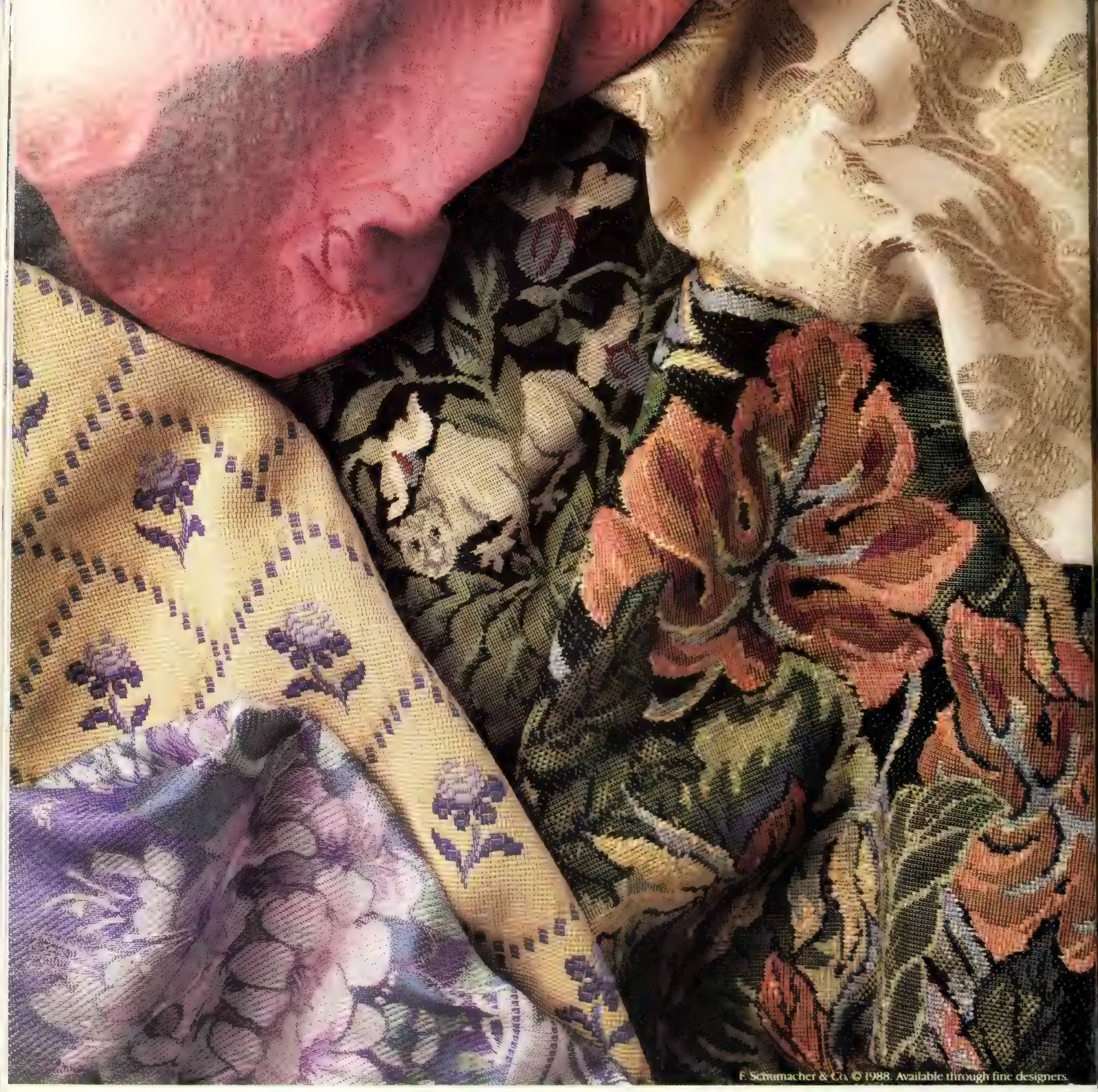
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Doris Leslie Blau Gallery	15 East 57th Street *appointment suggested*	759-3715	Antique and Exemplary Carpets of Oriental and European weaves and an eclectic array of period Tapestries
Blum Helman Gallery	20 West 57th Street 2nd Floor	245-2888	Michael Young: New Work October 5-29
Frank Caro Gallery	41 East 57th Street 2nd Floor	753-2166	Mary Beth McKenzie: Paintings November 15-January 7 Realist Painter, Then and Now March 14-April 15
Peter H. Davidson	11 East 57th Street	355-4020	American Painting, featuring the work of J. Alden Weir (1852-1919) September 5-October 20 America Revisited: Recent work by Tom Bartek October 25-November 25
Marisa del Re Gallery	41 East 57th Street	688-1843	Rodney Ripps: Paintings from the Berkshire Series, 1988 September 8-October 8 Black & White: Paintings and Sculpture October 12-November 12
Sid Deutsch Gallery	20 West 57th Street	765-4722	Large Paintings: Rolph Scarlett, Rudolf Bauer, Hilla Rebay October 1-26 Albert Bloch (1882-1961): Survey of Paintings from 1910 Onward October 29-November 23
Douglas Drake Gallery	50 West 57th Street	582-5930	David Hockney Prints: (by appt.) September Virginia Jaramillo: "Sidereal Inscriptions" Oct. 6-29 Caro, Christensen, Frankenthaler, Kelly, Motherwell, Thiebaud November
Helen Drutt Gallery	724 Fifth Avenue 9th Floor	974-7700	Francesco Pavan, Rudolf Staffel, Lenore Tawney September 15-October 22 Late 20th C. American and European Artists: Vessels, Sculpture, Jewelry, Textiles, Furniture, Drawings
David Findlay Jr. Fine Art	41 East 57th Street Third Floor	486-7660	American 19th and early 20th Century paintings and sculpture including Impressionists Cassatt, Chase, Lawson, Metcalf, Potthast, Redfield, Robinson, Twachtman and Weir
Nohra Haime Gallery	41 East 57th Street	888-3550	Jorge Tacla: Recent Work Alexander Calder: Gouaches September 14-October 15 Sophia Vari: Recent Bronzes Silvio Merlino: Drawings October 19-November 12
Arnold Herstand & Company	24 West 57th Street	664-1379	Sculpture & Sculptors' Drawings: until Sept. 24 George Noel, The Sacred Ladders of the Dogon: Sept. 29-Oct. 29 Important Tribal Art, Alexander Calder Nov. 4-Dec. 23
Kennedy Galleries Inc.	40 West 57th Street	541-9600	Will Barnet: Selected Work, 1940-1960 September 24-October 15 John Marin's Autumn October 8-29
Kent Fine Art	41 East 57th Street	980-9696	Peter Joseph: Paintings September 6-October 1 Troy Brauntuch: Paintings October 6-November 5
Carlo Lamagna Gallery	50 West 57th Street	245-6006	Joel D. Levinson: Mass Media/Magazine Series September 8-October 1 John Buck: Sculpture October 6-November 5
Marlborough	40 West 57th Street	541-4900	Steven Campbell: Recent Paintings September 8-October 1 Avigdor Arikha: Paintings, Pastels, and Drawings, 1986-88 Opening reception October 4, 6-8 pm October 5-30
Pierre Matisse Gallery	41 East 57th Street	355-6269	Important Paintings and Sculpture by Major Twentieth Century Artists
Midtown Galleries	11 East 57th Street	758-1900	Midtown Group Exhibition September 6-October 1 The Nude: Past and Contemporary Views October 5-October 29
Schmidt Bingham Gallery	41 West 57th Street	888-1122	"Seasons of Light": Frederick Brosen, Jane Freilicher, Alan Magee, Peter Poskas, Tom Uttech September 7-October 15
Ruth Siegel Gallery	24 West 57th Street	586-0605	Benjamin Lira September Robert Jessup October
Holly Solomon Gallery	724 Fifth Avenue	757-7777	Thomas Lanigan Schmidt, Weegee Opening September 15 Nabil Nahas October Judy Pfaff November
Tatistcheff Gallery	50 West 57th Street	664-0907	John Stuart Ingle: September 10-30 G. Daniel Massad: October 4-29 Inaugural Exhibition: 1547 10th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401, 213-395-8807

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



STEPHEN DANELIAN

JOYCE MacRAE

"Los Angeles is a city of houses as opposed to apartment buildings," says HG's West Coast editor (a former New Yorker). "There is a big interest in residential architecture, and people are much more aware of who designed what house." MacRae contributed to several stories in this issue, including the Frank Lloyd Wright and Rouilard houses and the Collecting and Homefront sections. As board member of the Los Angeles Conservancy, she also does her part to preserve the architecture of her adopted city.



MARINA SCHINZ

MARINA SCHINZ

"When I photograph a garden, I try to come to grips with what the designer was trying to achieve," says Marina Schinz. "I loved the Aston garden (in this issue) because it had something typically American about it. With its grand layout, it was like Edith Wharton or *The Great Gatsby*." For more Schinz photographs, see her book *Visions of Paradise* (1985).



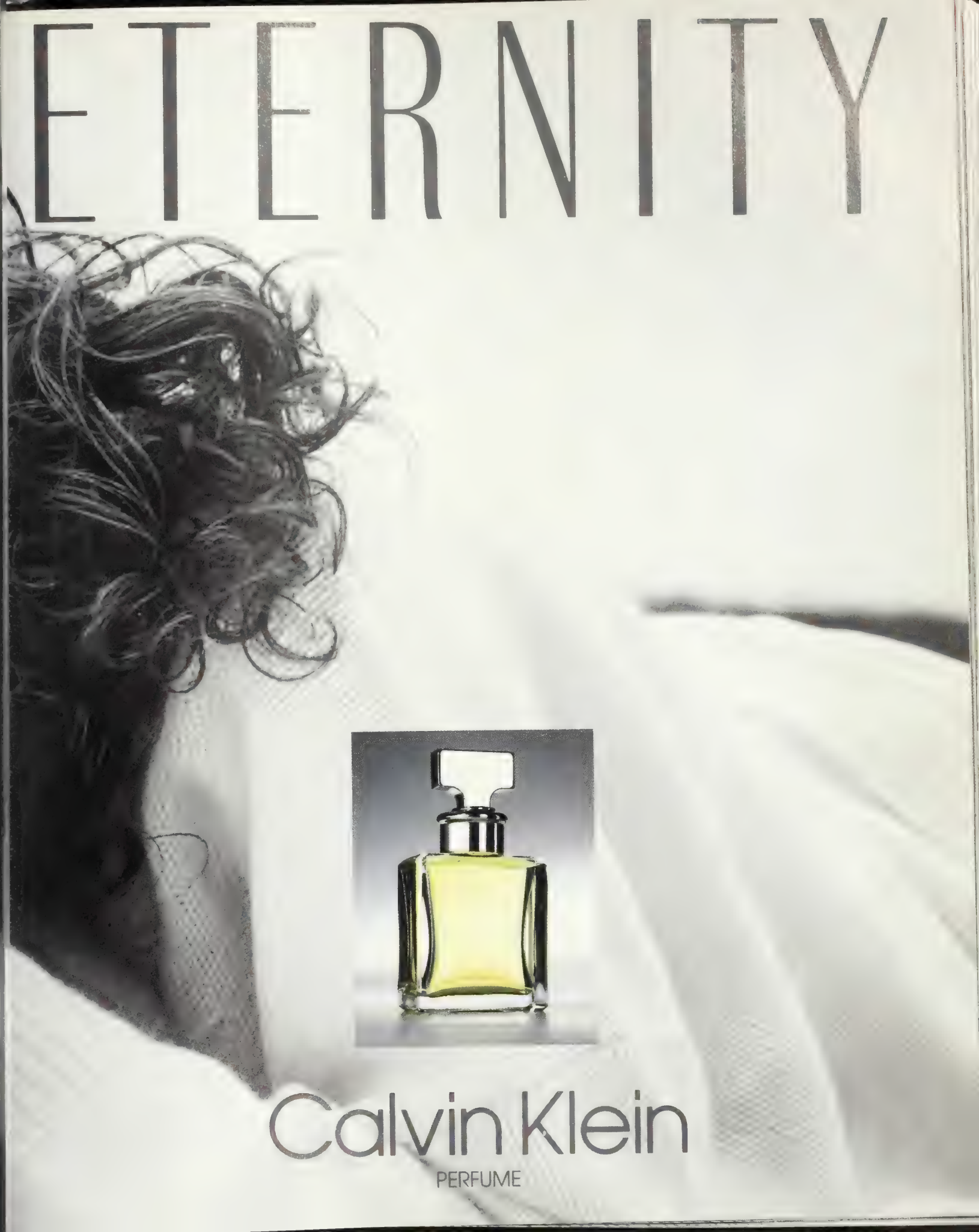
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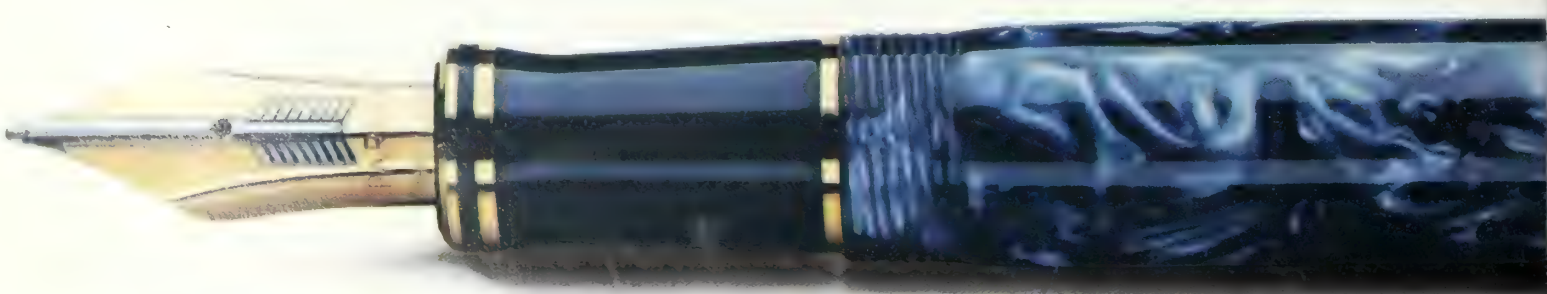
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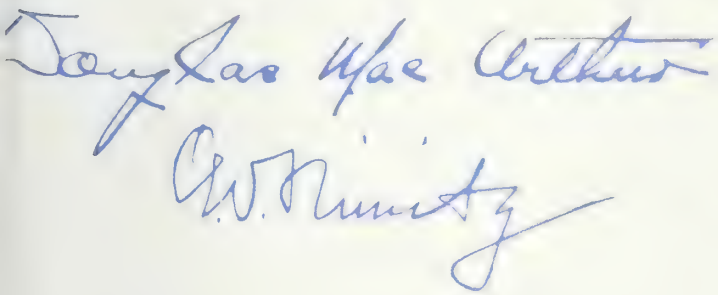
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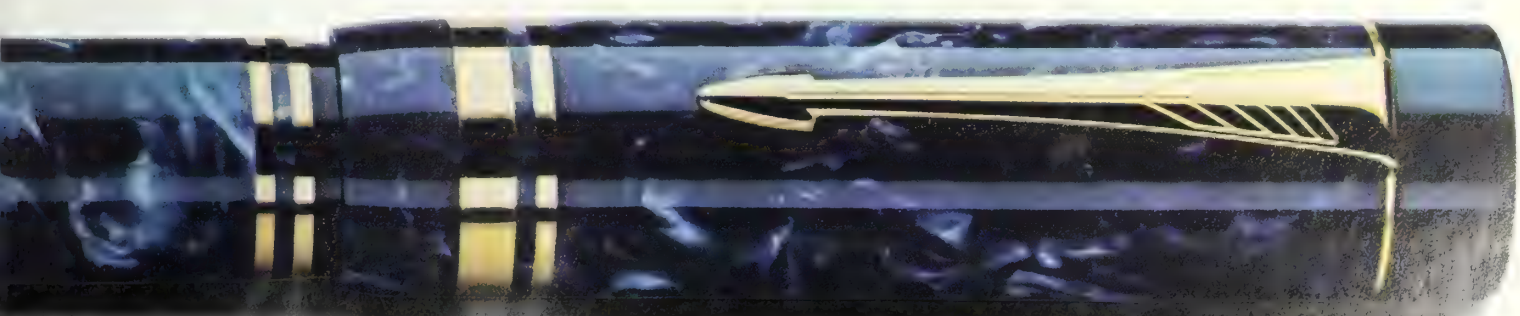


January 9, 1981. US Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher uses a Parker Roller Ball to sign the formal agreement freeing 52 American hostages from Iran.

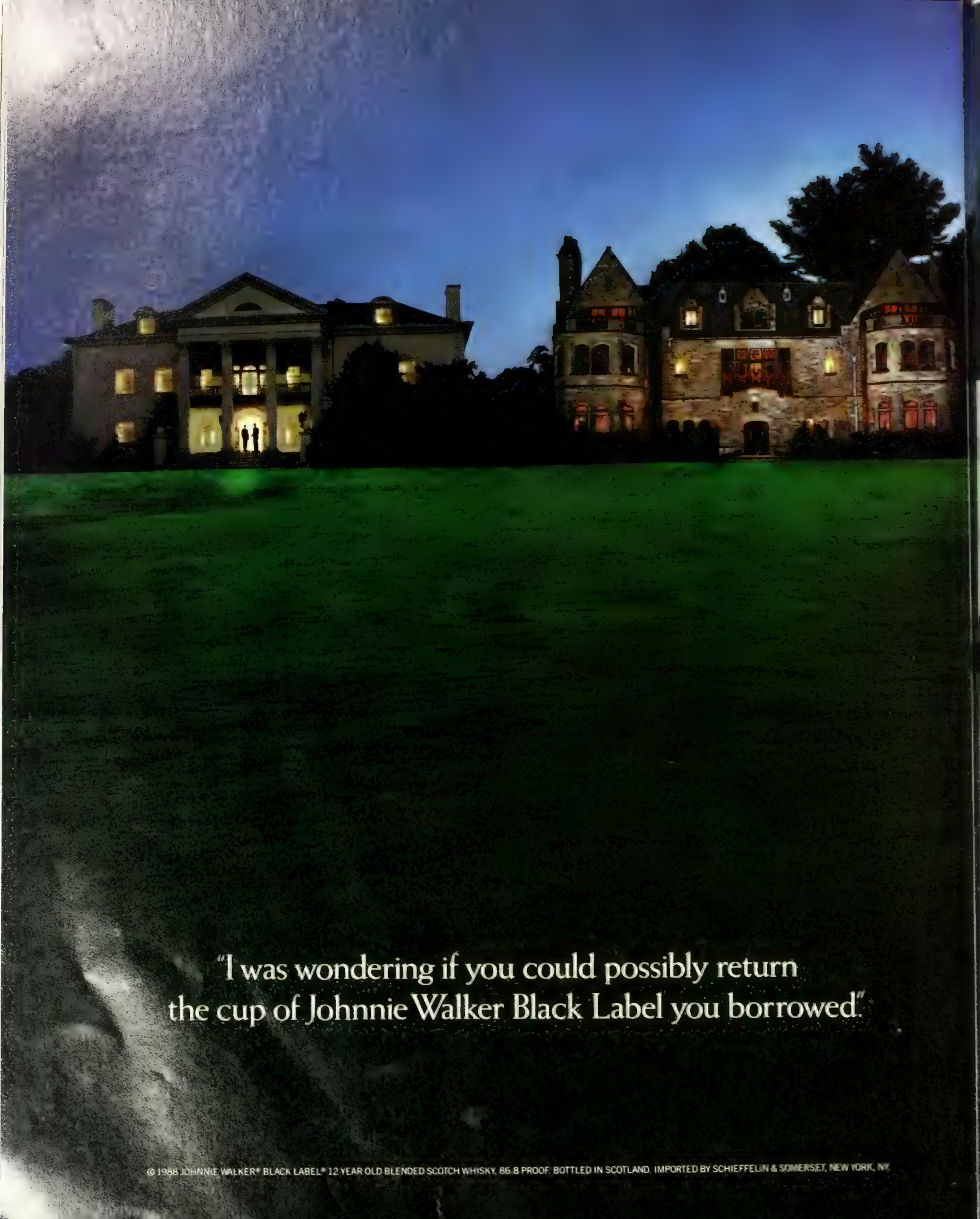
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HG style

The hunt for fresh decorating elements turns to traditional themes—but interpreted in novel shapes and materials

The wild and the natural are the focal points of new design interest—even if a bit of sleight of hand and trompe l'oeil are integral to achieving the look. The warm rich browns and decorative patterning of tortoiseshell—faux, of course, since the real thing has been outlawed—is taking on new prominence, while the English country look that has proven so durable is now moving out of the house and on to the grounds with a celebration of that most English of rituals, the formal hunt.

Ever since tortoiseshell was imported to Rome from Egypt in ancient times, designers have valued its malleability, subtle sheen, and variations of color and patterning. André Charles Boulle, the great Louis XIV *ébéniste*, is principally remembered for the use of tortoiseshell and brass in his sumptuous marquetry furniture. Tortoiseshell became the rage in Victorian and Edwardian England and was often used for small decorative and personal accessories. But its popularity led to widespread slaughter of turtles, and its use was eventually banned. Today real tortoiseshell items can be brought



1



2

1. Faux tortoise tableware made of glass, by Stupell, NYC. **2.** A chest by Jonathan Clifford and Vincent Hart.

1–2. MONICA STEVENSON

style

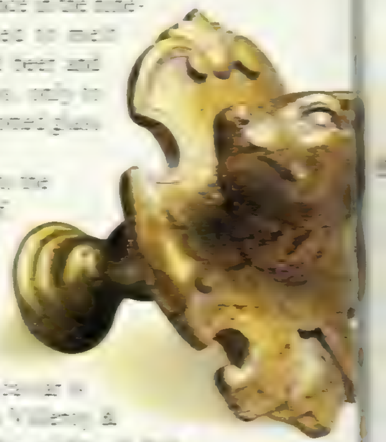
Tortoise no longer comes from a shell, and the hunt happens indoors





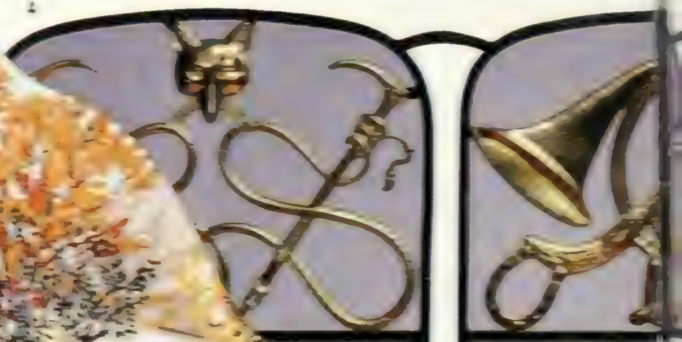
into the U.S. only if they are over a hundred years old.

But fortunately, ingenious designers and glassmakers are able to provide the look of tortoise through innovative techniques or the skillful application of hand-painted faux finishes. The glassmaker Stupell is providing a full line of classic tableware in Tortaruga glass which replicates the colors and patterning of tortoise. The technique was discovered accidentally in a glass factory near Florence in the nineteenth century when a worker tried to melt together broken fragments of colored beer and wine bottles with pieces of clear glass, only to find they did not mix. The resulting spotted glass has the effect of faux tortoise.



Yves Gonnet's Tortue fabric permits the look to be used across large expanses of wall and upholstered furniture in a way that the real thing never could be. A hand-painted box by Edward M. Schaefer becomes an instant heirloom, ideal for small personal objects. Perfect for precious beads of caviar is the acrylic "tortoise" caviar scoop by Villeroy & Boch—which doesn't interact with the acidity of that most luxurious of foods.

The energy of the hunt is enlivening interiors in all forms: from the traditional prints of hounds and pheasants to more colorful and active hunters in their bright riding coats. The associa-





1. Faux tortoise salad bowl by Stupell. 2. Huntsmen flask from Crossroads of Sport, NYC. 3. Lee Jofa's Tommy portrays the thrill of the hunt. 4. A wrought-iron bench from M. S. Giroud. 5. Curtain tieback by Rose Cumming, NYC.

tions with landed gentry and English aristocracy are an added bonus. A chest by Jonathan Clifford and Vincent Hart of the Chest Collection, NYC, uses the traditional art of découpage, with old lithographs of the hunt lacquered onto the wood. A pewter flask by Crossroads of Sport depicts sprightly sportsmen riding to hounds in simulated scrimshaw. The French fabric house Braquenié has revived an eighteenth-century pattern from Rouen, Halte de Chasse, depicting a hound with a felled pheasant. Tantivy by Lee Jofa features the full panoply of the hunt with riders, hounds, and even a country house in the background. Manhattan's well-known riding equipper M. J. Knoud features a wrought-iron bench with brass insets of hunting whips, foxes, and a circular horn which has been a classic for entry halls and gardens since it was first introduced in the 1940s. On a smaller scale, Rose Cumming's gilded doghead and horsehead curtain tiebacks add a touch of sport to any room.

Needlepoint pillows duplicate classic English sporting paintings on a small scale

For those who love classic English sporting paintings but can't afford the originals—the paintings are fetching record prices at auction—Katha Diddèl's Home Collection features masterpieces of the genre reproduced in needlepoint. Among the inspirations are the horse paintings of George Stubbs. Tapestry dog pillows are available at Mabel's, NYC. The hunt even comes to the table thanks to Hermès, which specializes in equestrian motifs. Their platter and carving set sports Labradors, wood ducks, and quail. **Laurie Schechter**

6

9

6. Halte de Chasse by Braquenié. **7.** Tortue fabric by Yves Gonnet. **8.** Wood box by Edward M. Schaefer. **9.** Villeroy & Boch faux tortoise caviar scoop. **10.** Horse pillows from Katha Diddèl's Home Collection; dog pillows from Mabel's. **11.** Hermès Chasse platter, carving set.

10

11

1-6 8-11 MONICA STEVENSON

style

Indian-inspired objects prove the West has won a place in modern interiors



The fascination with the Santa Fe look so much in evidence recently is taking on a more serious and ethnographic edge, with designers turning to the arts and artifacts of North American Indians as inspiration for contemporary fabrics and furniture. These not only add a range of warm rich colors to rooms, but the primal patterns also never fail to engage the eye and intrigue the mind.

Larry and Sherry Phillips of the Phillips Collection have adapted a three-panel screen of wrought iron which takes its linear forms from Indian petroglyphs found in cave and rock paintings. The stylized figures include a medicine man, a warrior's shield, and various animals. The Seminole upholstery fabric from Kirk-Brummel Associates was designed by Billy McCarty using an M-motif similar to ones used in textiles by virtually every Ameri-







1. Western Collage fabric by Guadalupe Hand Prints from Rituals, Los Angeles **2.** Calhoun chair in Red Mountain wool with Western-inspired throw pillows from Ralph Lauren's Home Collection. **3.** Trastero painted with Indian motifs from Sonrisa, Los Angeles. **4.** Seminole upholstery fabric from Kirk-Brummel's Noble Savage line. **5.** Oxidized wrought-iron screen from the Phillips Collection, NYC.







6. A ceramic pot from Umbrello, Los Angeles. **7.** A table of wood, antler, and fur by Chuck Rowan of Sonrisa. **8.** Carol Horn's Santa Fe–style bedroom alcove with New Mexican terra-cotta vases.

can Indian tribe. A painted trastero by Taos Country Furniture features prancing bison similar to those in ancient Indian paintings. Ralph Lauren, too, recognizes the timeless appeal of the Old West. He upholsters his classic Calhoun club chair in Red Mountain wool fabric derived from an antique Indian blanket. In his Home Collection he also includes throw pillows with Indian blanket patterns on a smaller scale.

Chuck Rowan's handmade table evokes the rough life of the plains by juxtaposing branches, antlers, and fur. Leslie Green revives the shapes and figurative motifs of Indian pottery in a modern ceramic urn. When redesigning her bedroom alcove, fashion designer Carol Horn turned to the New Mexican pottery she had seen in Santa Fe to provide an authentic base for her decor.

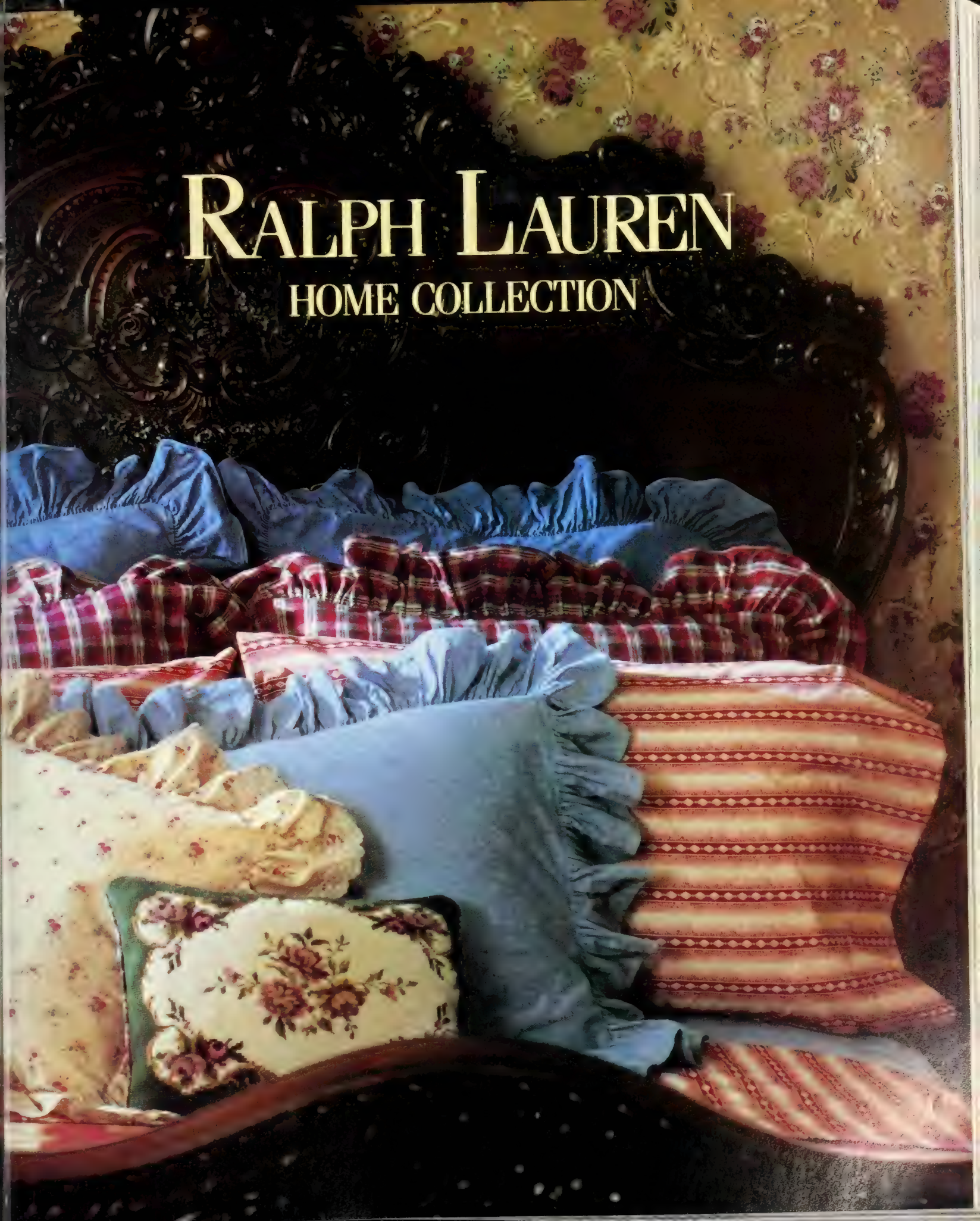
As if to prove that we'll never entirely overcome the lure of John Wayne's Westerns, Guadalupe Hand Prints has issued Western Collage fabric, which humorously mixes motifs from saddles to cactus to lassos. Movies, television, and comic books obviously maintain a strong hold on our collective vision of the West. **L.S.**

1, 3, 5, 7, CHARLES DANIELS; 2, 8, MICHAEL MUNDY


RALPH LAUREN
FURNITURE COLLECTION






RALPH LAUREN
HOME COLLECTION

design





COURTESY VITRA (3)

Rolf Fehlbaum, below, with his collection of 20th-century classics. From left: Ron Arad's Well-Tempered Chair, Teodora by Ettore Sottsass, and Gaetano Pesce's Greene Street chair.



PAUL WARCHOL

Seats of Power

Rolf Fehlbaum thinks the shape of your seat should be determined by more than the bottom line

In a recent series of ads for Swiss seating manufacturer Vitra International the chairs take a backseat, so to speak, to the celebrities sitting on them: fashion designer Issey Miyake, actress Jeanne Moreau, artist Keith Haring, director Jean-Luc Godard. But within the company itself designers are the stars, and the impresario who promotes their efforts is Vitra's 47-year-old president, Rolf Fehlbaum.

Fehlbaum isn't your average mogul. Instead of pinstripes, he wears Comme des Garçons. His idea of a corporate art collection, apart from a sculpture of three playfully gargantuan tools by Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, is furniture—twentieth-century chairs by every star in the modern design firmament, from Rietveld to Sottsass—which will soon be housed in a museum designed by architect Frank Gehry. And rather than sitting complacently back on the $64 million worth of top-drawer office chairs the company sold last year, Fehlbaum is making sure that design's cutting edge isn't dulled by the bottom line.

Vitra Edition, an ambitious new program to encourage innovative design, already includes works by a who's who of the international art and design world, including Ron Arad, Richard Artschwager, Scott Burton, Paolo Deganello, Gehry, Shiro Kuramata, Gaetano Pesce, Denis Santachiara, and Ettore Sottsass. The Edition designs, which have been touring galleries and museums in London, Geneva, and Tokyo, arrive at the International Design Center of New York in time for De-



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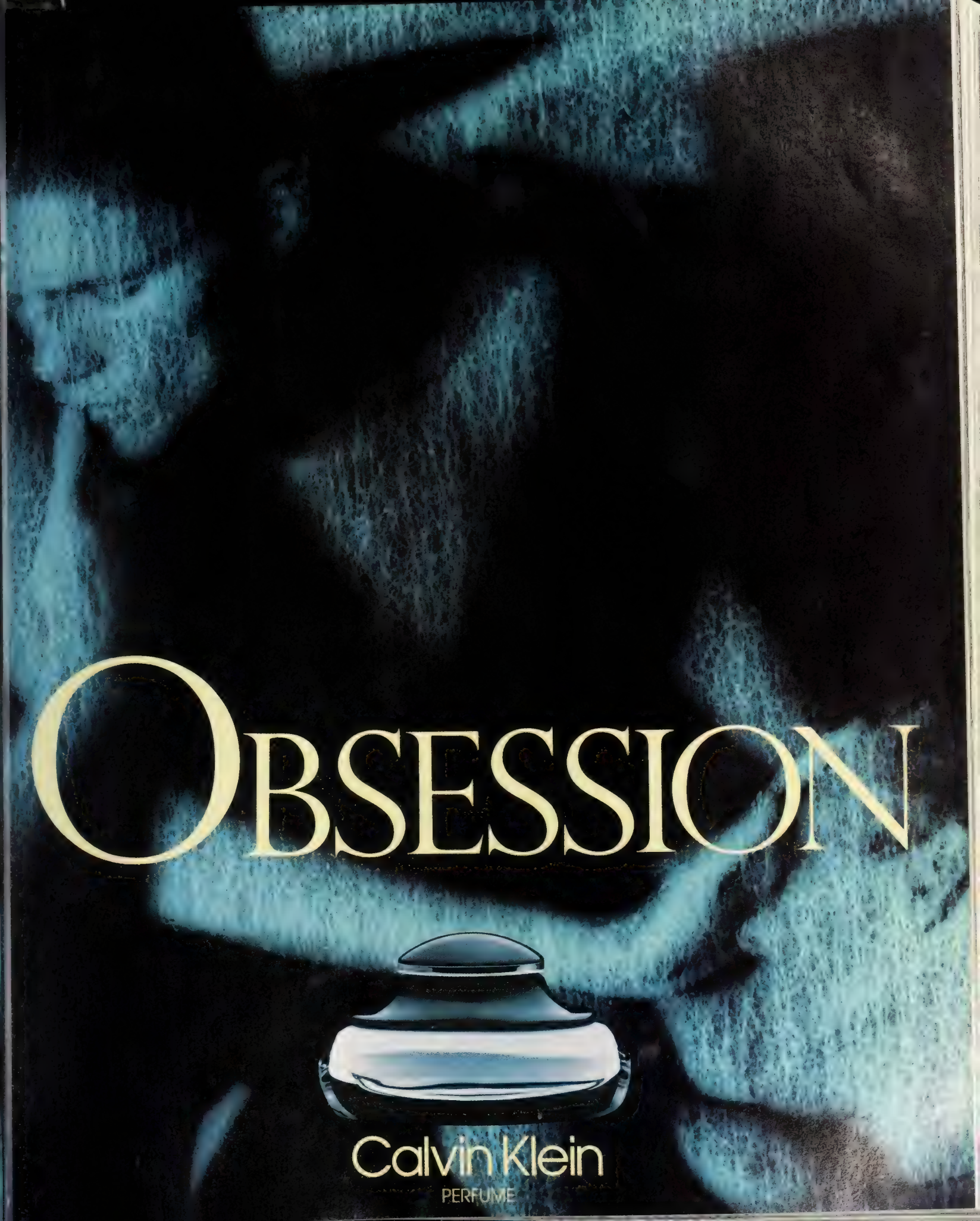
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OBSESSION
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design

signer's Saturday and the Fall Market, October 5–8.

The pieces in the Vitra Edition are as diverse as their designers' points of view. The hard-edged solids of Scott Burton's granite chairs are present in his Soft Geometric Chair but in a surprising material—upholstered foam. Ron Arad's Well-Tempered Chair is far more comfortable than it looks, although you can't exactly curl up in it with a good book. Shiro Kuramata's How High the Moon is an X ray of the old-fashioned armchair, this time in expanded metal—don't wear your silk stockings. Sottsass's Teodora chair of laminate and Plexiglas looks predictably Memphis-like, and Gaetano Pesce's lovable Greene Street chair not only has a mask cut out of its back, it balances on eight skinny legs with little rubber feet.

If some of this looks unlikely even for today's wild and woolly design scene, that's exactly the point. Vitra Edition is supposed to offer technical know-how to designers to develop their ideas without the "constraints of the marketplace"—corporate code for, "It doesn't matter whether we sell two or two thousand." This is, after all, the avant-garde, and no one knows better than passionate collector Rolf Fehlbaum that today's curiosity could be tomorrow's sought-after collectible.

Fehlbaum continues to enlist the A-list of international design: Coop Himmelblau, Alessandro Mendini, and Robert Wilson have chairs in the works. With that lineup Fehlbaum may prove that big business can make room for high art. If he can, he'll be sitting pretty. **Pilar Viladas**



These shapely seats were designed by, clockwise from top left, Shiro Kuramata, Paolo Deganello, and Scott Burton.

COURTESY VITRA

Chair of the Month

Irving Lazar makes a swift appraisal of a Sofa de Ville



DEWEY NICKS

This is not a design that would help Tom Wolfe, Susan Sontag, or Günter Grass communicate with the muse. Nor can I visualize Henry Kissinger conferring with the Ayatollah on it. And I'd never try to induce Toni Morrison to buy this. However, it could be the haven of a dedicated swinger. After all, this is the Art Deco of the eighties.

I would like to have the television rights to Warren Beatty or Jack Nicholson in action on this couch. That would test its durability—and theirs, too. The syndication rights would be worth millions. I could retire. As you see, this is a very useful piece of furniture.

I can imagine Ahmet Ertegün having a conference with Mick Jagger or Elton John, with Madonna sitting at their feet, while the stereo (hidden behind the license plate) blares a hit single by Mick or Elton (interspersed with Madonna's "Material Girl"). It's a natural place for me to make a deal—but only with a rock star. I once blew a deal on a book by Elvis Presley. If only I'd had this sofa.

Literary agent Irving Lazar comes to terms with a 1959 Caddy Couch by 50's AutoArt, $19,000. Available at DeVorzon Gallery, Los Angeles.

As I See It #1 in a series
Sheila Metzner
'The Arrangement'
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design

Made in L.A.

Four designers draw on their surroundings to create innovative objects and furniture



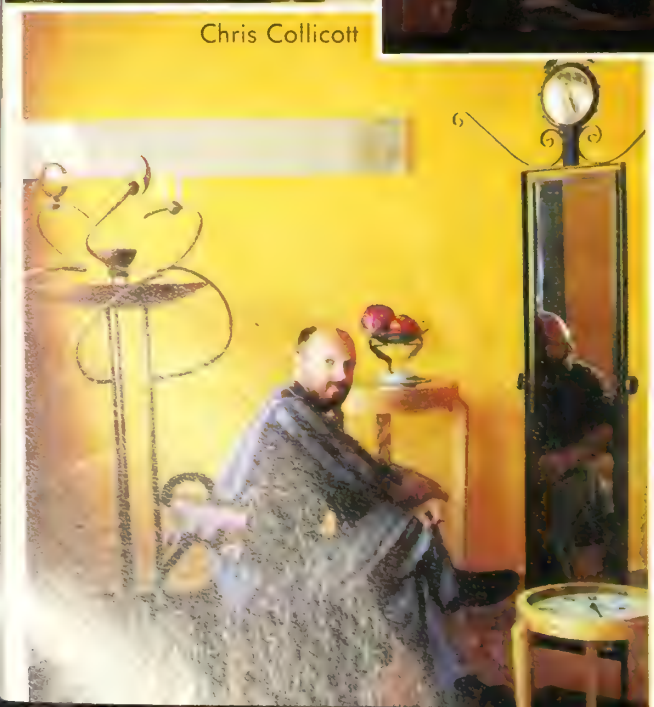
David Hertz



Eugenia Butler



Greg Tate



Chris Collicott

Some of the most beautiful structures in Los Angeles are the freeways,'' **David Hertz** says. Small wonder he is heavily involved in concrete; he has developed a new lightweight version of it called Syndecrete and set up a studio named Syndesis.

Ironically, the deeper Hertz's involvement with building materials, the further he strays from architecture itself, which he studied but which he finds ''isolated from the reality and spirit of building.'' Using a repertoire of cone, cube, sphere, and cylinder and forms inspired by modern construction, he produces one-of-a-kind furniture pieces and sculpture that reflect his growing interest in the ritual and ceremonial aspects of living. Syndesis also manufactures accessories, floor pavers, and countertops.

In the seventh grade **Greg Tate** completed a drafting course and built a go-cart in his garage. His early enthusiasm for ''making things, the mechanics of things'' led him off to architecture school and then home again to his garage where he has recently produced over twenty pieces of furniture and lighting.

For Tate the hardware store is the ultimate garage—''well organized, well stocked, and luckily for me, not so keen on service, so I can be left to assemble bits and pieces in the aisle to try out an idea.'' Tate works with off-the-shelf materials—rebar, composite foam, standard lumber, rubber pipe insulation, precast concrete, sheet metal, wire glass. ''I use the materials as tools for applying what I know about large-scale construction on a small scale, with furniture.''

The one-of-a-kind and limited edition furniture pieces by **Eugenia Butler** have, like their maker, a lot of spirit. Not only are they often exuberant in color, shape, and assemblage of materials but they also work as talismans or ''power objects,'' with secret compartments and hidden meanings, an extract of her having studied magic in South America.

The pieces she makes strictly for herself, such as a series of towers currently in production, often have unconscious allusions to contemporary art and conscious references to places she has been. Commissioned pieces—chairs, tables, chests, sofas—''take on the nature of the client. I try to take all of the restrictions away, to offer the golden dream. We are almost at the end of our century, and the only spiritual objects we have are art. Why not make something that is highly charged?''

Chris Collicott is his own best editor. ''I pare down to the basics, then add a decorative twist.'' He rewards those who look twice at his objects with something extra because he realizes the value of astute observation. In a car-crazy metropolis he takes to the streets on foot, the better to examine at close range details of buildings and mine hardware stores and junkyards.

Humor and mystery tiptoe through graphic compositions of maple, light-bleached woods, raw metals, aircraft and electronic parts, leather and fabric. Birds straight out of Edgar Allen Poe flank a clock atop a metal-framed standing mirror. Collicott brings a touch of the Gothic from his native England and blends it magically with what drew him to L.A. in the first place—the movies. ''Horror films, especially those with Vincent Price, have proved to be a great inspiration.'' **Heather Smith MacIsaac**

PHILLIP DIXON



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Edgemar, right, a collage of shops, offices, restaurant, and museum space by architect Frank Gehry, below.



Shopping for Art

Commerce mingles with culture in Frank Gehry's new mixed-use complex in Santa Monica

His "aw shucks" charm and baggy-pants personal style notwithstanding, Frank Gehry is now considered this country's preeminent super starchitect, as they say in L.A. Which is a surprising twist of fate considering that, for most of his long career, the 59-year-old Gehry was routinely dismissed as the California bad boy with the troubling talent.

But if Gehry's years as an outsider helped establish his underdog image, they also gave him a taste for less than glamorous projects with less than generous budgets. And though his current exalted status ensures a steady stream of decidedly upscale commissions—from a skyscraper in Manhattan and a laser lab in Iowa to an American cultural center in Paris—Gehry still holds a place in his professional heart for work that his colleagues in the pantheon of contemporary architects would prefer to pass on. Edgemar, a modestly scaled mixed-use complex on Main Street in Santa Monica, is just such a project.

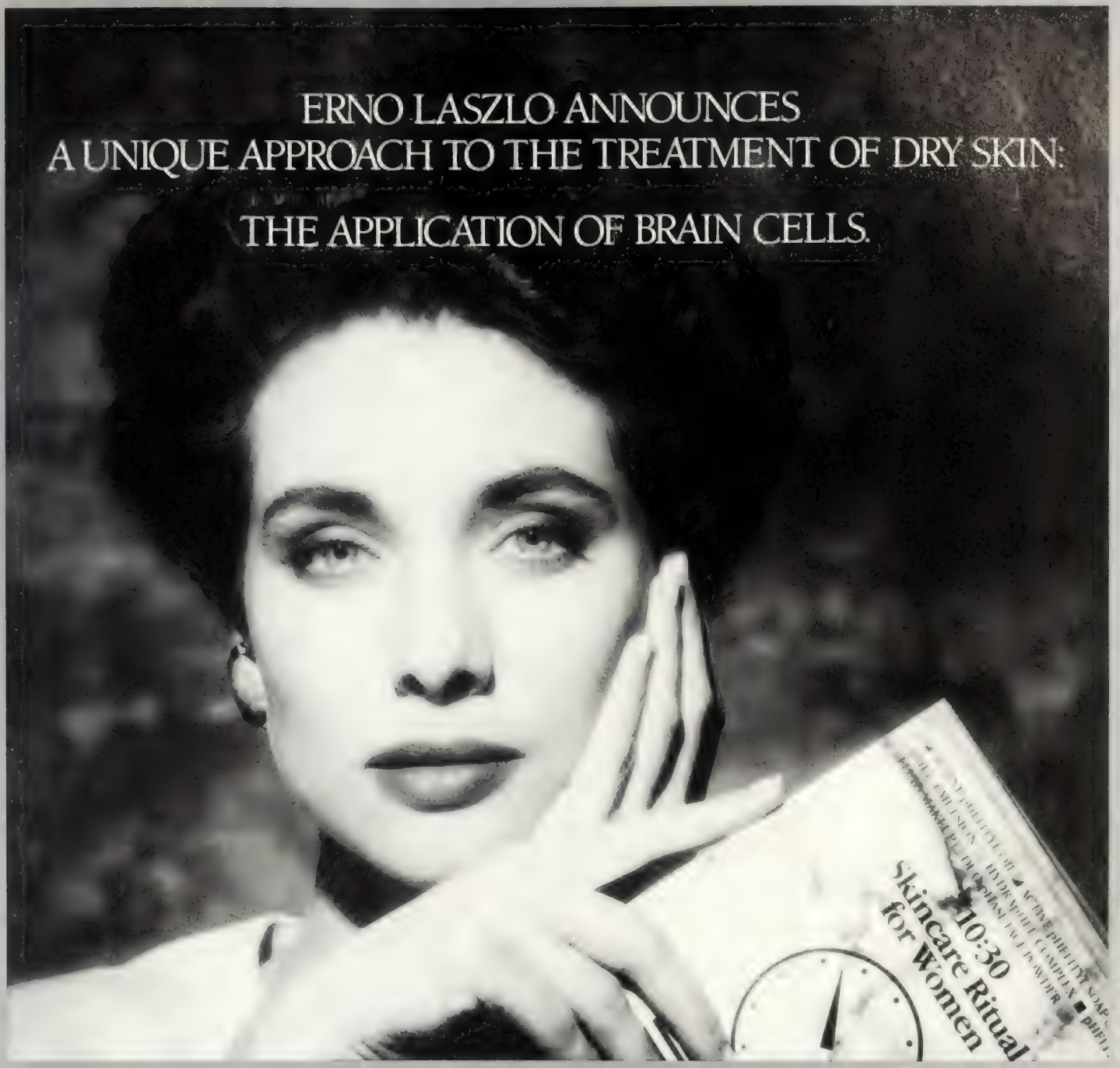
Ironically, client Abby Sher didn't really want Gehry to serve as aesthetic guide for her first foray into real-estate development: "He was the obvious choice, so naturally I resisted." But after interviewing other L.A. design talent, Sher finally gave in and called Gehry, who accepted the Santa Monica commission because his client's zeal is infectious and because her concept of a commercial complex that includes a cultural center is right up the architect's alley.

To her credit, Sher was looking for more from her $7.3 million investment than a handsome return. The new Santa Monica Museum of Art she founded—and Gehry accommodated in the warehouse of the former Edgemar Farms egg-processing plant—will be partially subsidized for the next five years by rents from the complex's restaurant, retail shops, and office spaces. Although from the street there's now not so much as a clue to the new museum's presence, Gehry's collage approach to design—his ostensibly haphazard mixture of materials, forms, and scales—signals to passersby this is not just another run-of-the-mill shopping center. And although there's always an edge to Gehry's work, there is also always a quirky charm. Which suits Sher just fine: "I told Frank that I wanted it to be tough, and he said, 'Friendly tough.' " **Charles Gandee**

LEFT: KEN MARYANSKI/ESTO; RIGHT: TIM STREET-PORTER

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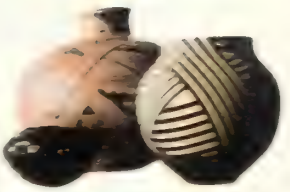
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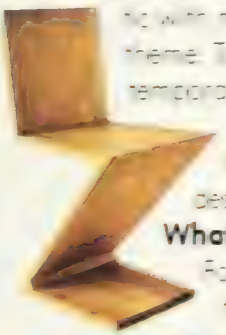
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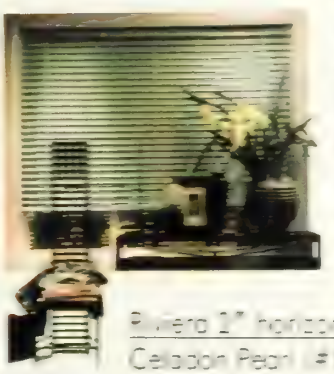
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Magnificent Monster

A bizarre museum by Bruce Goff rises like a dinosaur next to the La Brea Tar Pits





Bruce Goff was not only outside the mainstream of American architecture, but also off the wall. A self-styled disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, this Kansas-born, Oklahoma-raised maverick was an iconoclastic original rarely found in his profession and had more than a touch of Wright's cheerful unconcern with the pettiness of mere mortals. Goff far outstripped the flamboyant excesses of his idol's late career, dreaming up structures of wild eccentricity. His idiosyncratic forms were executed in an outrageous repertoire of materials: anthracite, five-and-dime ashtrays, goose feathers, cake tins, and orange indoor-outdoor carpeting used as roofing. Critic Charles Jencks has called Goff the Michelangelo of kitsch, but that is a misnomer for this offbeat master. Although his work is gaudy, garish, and far beyond the realms of good taste, there is nothing debased or sentimental—the prerequisites of kitsch—in Goff's powerful architecture.

Six years after his death at age 78, Goff's last major building (and one of his few public ones) will open on September 25. The Pavilion for Japanese Art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art is unlike any of the slew of galleries erected during the eighties, but it is unusually restrained within the crazy context of Goff's career. Completed by associate Bart Prince, the pavilion is anchored by two massive cylinders clad in green quartz. Tension cables suspended from gigantic hornlike beams support the undulating roof, and the entire volume is faced with angled panels of translucent fiberglass. Rising next to the La Brea Tar Pits, this bristling hulk resembles nothing so much as the carcass of some prehistoric creature pushed up out of that bubbling black bog. A series of sweeping ramps encircles the exterior, and the interior is developed around another skein of convoluted inclines. Though undeniably energetic, those spaces are rather overwrought for the reflective, subtle art of Japan.

A newly published life and works, *Bruce Goff: Toward Absolute Architecture* (Architectural History Foundation/MIT Press) by David G. De Long, provides the most detailed portrait yet of this resolute and thoroughly American visionary. It comes as no surprise to read that Goff laid aside his work each day to watch *Star Trek* on TV, for it often seems as though he must have gotten his inspiration from some other planet. But as this vigorous museum and fine book indicate, it is high time that Goff's reputation—long consigned to the twilight zone of camp—is beamed up to the level it fully deserves.

Martin Filler





GRANT MUDFORD

Hornlike beams atop L.A. Museum's Japanese art wing, above and top. The galleries, right and below.



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Reflections on Claire.

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Model Modern Home

With an émigré's ardor, an Austrian-born architect designed one of the greatest American houses

If a single structure could be claimed as the source of the contemporary California house at its most familiar—one story, flat-roofed, asymmetrical, informal, with movable glass walls combining indoor and outdoor living—it is certainly the home R. M. Schindler built for himself and his wife, Pauline, in 1921–22. This unprepossessing but influential cluster of concrete, redwood, canvas, and glass boxes on a quiet street in West Hollywood succeeds more than any other American landmark in encapsulating the ideas of the early Modernists. Born in Vienna in 1887, Schindler came to the U.S. and worked with Frank Lloyd Wright, who sent him to Los Angeles in 1919 to supervise a project there. Schindler fell in love with southern California, but like many lovers was less than realistic. The house he planned was meant to be in full communion with the glorious L.A. climate. Instead of conventional bedrooms he devised sleeping porches to take advantage of the supposedly salubrious night air. They turned out to be uncomfortable because of the chilly, often cold, evenings and were soon closed in.

Like Wright, Schindler was intrigued with concrete, and for this house used the economical "slab-tilt" construction method: large, thin rectangles of the material were poured in place on the site, allowed to dry, then hoisted upward to form the walls. Narrow slits in the concrete let in light, with large sliding panel doors framed in mahogany, above left, connecting the rooms with nature in every direction. This flexibly arranged double house, which the Schindlers initially shared with friends, was so well laid out that even after the architect and his wife divorced they were able to live in distant proximity for the next fifteen years. Sensitively restored in honor of Schindler's centennial and now open to the public, this Modern masterpiece is a touching reminder that L.A.'s experimental attitudes have a long tradition of their own and that the land of perpetual youth renews itself for every successive generation. **M.F.**

A Dog's Life

L.A.'s best-loved Frank is neither Gehry nor Sinatra

On the ever-changing southern California architectural scene, half a century verges on the eternal. Thus the fiftieth anniversary this year of a West Hollywood institution reconfirms its status as an American roadside classic, beloved by generations of architectural historians and average Angelenos alike. The Tail o' the Pup hot-dog stand, above, is—with the exception of the Long Island Duck poultry shop immortalized by Robert Venturi—the most famous vernacular example of *architecture parlante* (buildings which refer to their function through their form). Designed by Milton J. Black in 1938, this funky little fast-food joint was Pop art ahead of its time, a proto-Oldenburg with a contemporary liveliness that belies its age. Teasingly named in imitation of the nearby Tail o' the Cock restaurant, this endearing artifact has become a tale that fortunately has had no end. **M.F.**



TOP: GHANT MUDFORD. BOTTOM: JOHN MARGOLIES ESTO



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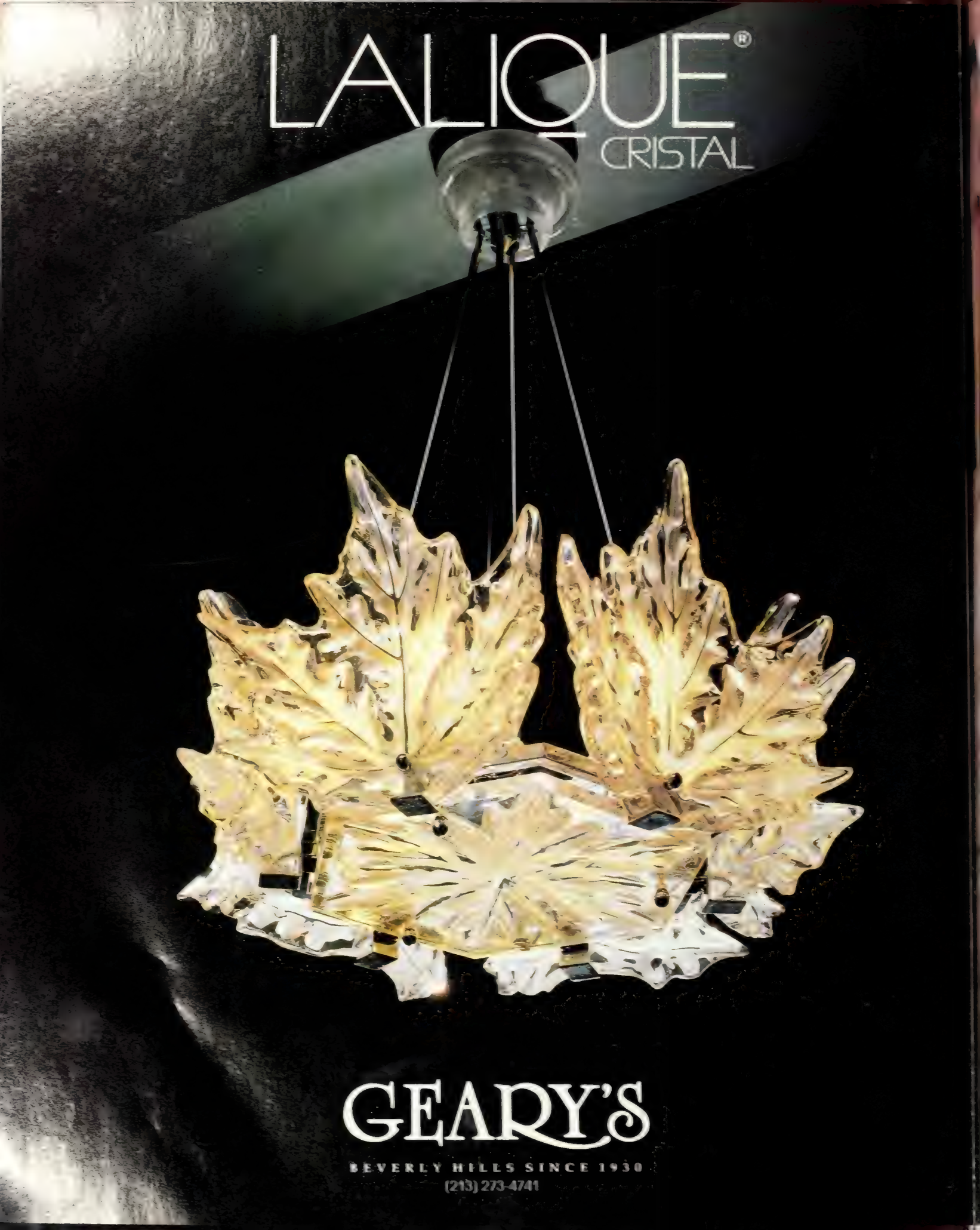
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Object Lessons

Home is where the art is as today's young sculptors endow domestic forms with new meanings

Artists became household names in the 1980s. Today their younger colleagues are returning the favor. The hottest new names in the art world are pilfering objects from hardware and department stores alike: detergent boxes, chairs and tables, pots, and so on, making household products the new art stars. As a result, art is wandering into the crazier regions of nonart. It is also being domesticated.

According to Justen Ladda, who makes illusionistic sculptures out of plates, toasters, and cardboard packaging, the so-called object sculptors are staging reality. "We are reflecting the way people see the world," he says. "Since the domination of people's vision by TV and commercial advertising displays, artists have seized on the ways people now take things in."

Many artists want to demonstrate that art has become a commodity like anything else to be found on a supermarket shelf. Given the large price tags attached to their art, however, their criticisms of the marketing and merchandising of art are often indistinguishable from what they criticize.

Throughout the 1970s and '80s, art galleries were quietly being transformed into metamarkets—showcases for objects that showcase other objects—by the work of David Salle, Louise Lawler, and other new arrivals. Now the murmur is becoming a din both here and in Europe, peaking with the "Cultural Geometry" exhibition in Athens last January. By now there's enough house-trained art to furnish a museum—a House of Modern Art.

Since the beginning of the decade, unknown to the art world, Jeff Koons has set plastic flowers on mirrors and basketballs in fish tanks full of water. "Everyday objects are a starting point," he says, "because to use them is to remove certain options." Koons is also attracted to the patent newness of consumer objects. They exaggerate the Modernist fantasy of continuous renewal and, as he says, encapsulate the "materialism of the present."

In many respects Koons's art picks up where Pop art left off. "I like the gestalt of Pop, its upbeat, positive side," says Koons, "and the ways it draws the viewer in." For years, however, his art rattled aimlessly around the art scene like a nail in a Hoover. Only recently, in the neo-Pop era, have works like his vacuum cleaners been allowed out of the closet.

"The presentation of everyday objects and the critique of consumer society," says Jon Kessler, an artist who has been using gift-shop collectibles and domestic lights in his sculptures for five years, "is definitely happening. I'm not interested in that critique. I'm more interested in the art in objects."

It's easy to spot the art historical precedents. Duchamp's readymades, like his *Bicycle Wheel*, are again being recycled, so to speak. There is also the Surrealist



Joel Otterson, top, on his *The States of Sleep*, 1988. Far left: Walter Martin's timely *Of bodies borne up by water*, 1987, is handmade and hand-destroyed. Left: Nancy Dwyer on her sculpture, *Me, Man, Men, Mean*, 1987.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GEORGE LANGE (2); COURTESY EILEEN & MICHAEL COHEN BRONX, NY



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Ronald Jones's *Untitled (Peace Conference Table Designs by the United States and South Vietnam, 1969)*, 1987, above, makes a statement. Jon Kessler, with *The New Achievers (Of Sea and Space)*, 1985, right, makes coffee.

idea of art as the meeting place of an umbrella and a sewing machine on a dissecting table. Warhol's Brillo boxes are a major influence, as are Richard Artschwager's hybrids of paintings, sculptures, and furniture. And who can forget, when contemplating Jeff Koons's encased vacuum cleaners, the work that gave Pop art its name? Richard Hamilton's 1956 collage, *Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?*, features, among images of domestic kitsch, a woman happily at work with a vacuum cleaner.

Today, the trend is twofold: there are the artists who incorporate actual commodities into their art. And there are the furniture makers—sculptors who, in the footsteps of Scott Burton, R. M. Fischer, Vito Acconci, and others, make functional objects intended for use.

In June, Jay Gorney Modern Art in SoHo presented new work from both sides. Downstairs Barbara Bloom's tableaux, composed of seven different styles of chairs, elucidated the seven deadly sins. And upstairs were Joel Otterson's *Love Seats*, as well as a bed in the shape of the United States, complete with a funky patchwork quilt made of banners. The whole show was a temptation to move into the gallery for the month. Otterson's work is currently appearing in a group show at Massimo Audiello gallery, where his black Africa-shaped bed lies beside a marble, bronze, and terra-cotta table crafted by the sculptor Saint Clair Cemin.

As Otterson says, "For a long time, I've wanted to make things that were alive. In the nineteenth century, sculpture was made for dead people—tombstones, monuments, sepulchers. My work is very much about being alive, like eating and sitting and listening to music. It's about how we live and our relationships to objects."

By contrast, Ronald Jones is drawn to more political, often gruesome themes. He has made tiles based on the floor plans for Hitler's bedroom and Stephen Biko's interrogation room. Inspired, he says, by the Bauhaus, Jones's works explore the interface of politics and design. Last year he exhibited his *Peace Tables*, an innocent-looking series of tables loaded with a strong political legend. "Preceding the peace talks in 1969," he explains, "the Americans, South Vietnamese, and North Vietnamese met in Paris. One of the first things they did was decide on the shape of the peace table, which was coded with the political struggle. The designs of the South Vietnamese and Americans were bifurcated somehow, which represented their objective of keeping the country separated, whereas the other side offered a single design, a round table, to convey its desire to unify the country." Jones wants his tables to be used every day: "That way they might stir the consciences of their users."

"My work is about being alive, eating, sitting, listening to music"

Nancy Dwyer's sculptures of letters and words often double as shelves and tables. "The original concept," she says, "was the three-dimensionalizing of words on television. My pieces are actual versions of images that otherwise exist only in animations." Dwyer thinks that the currently widespread appropriation of everyday objects is a consequence of the Conceptual art movement, but she is quick to point out that Surrealism plays its part, too. "It's about presenting something completely familiar visually, but then you see that something is askew. Your mind is more open about this kind of art because you are wondering what exactly it is. When you approach a painting, you know what you're in for."

The staggering selections of trash and vaudeville in Haim Steinbach's art makes him the most brazen of the current crop. Steinbach has used plastic figurines of baseball players, dinosaur skeletons,

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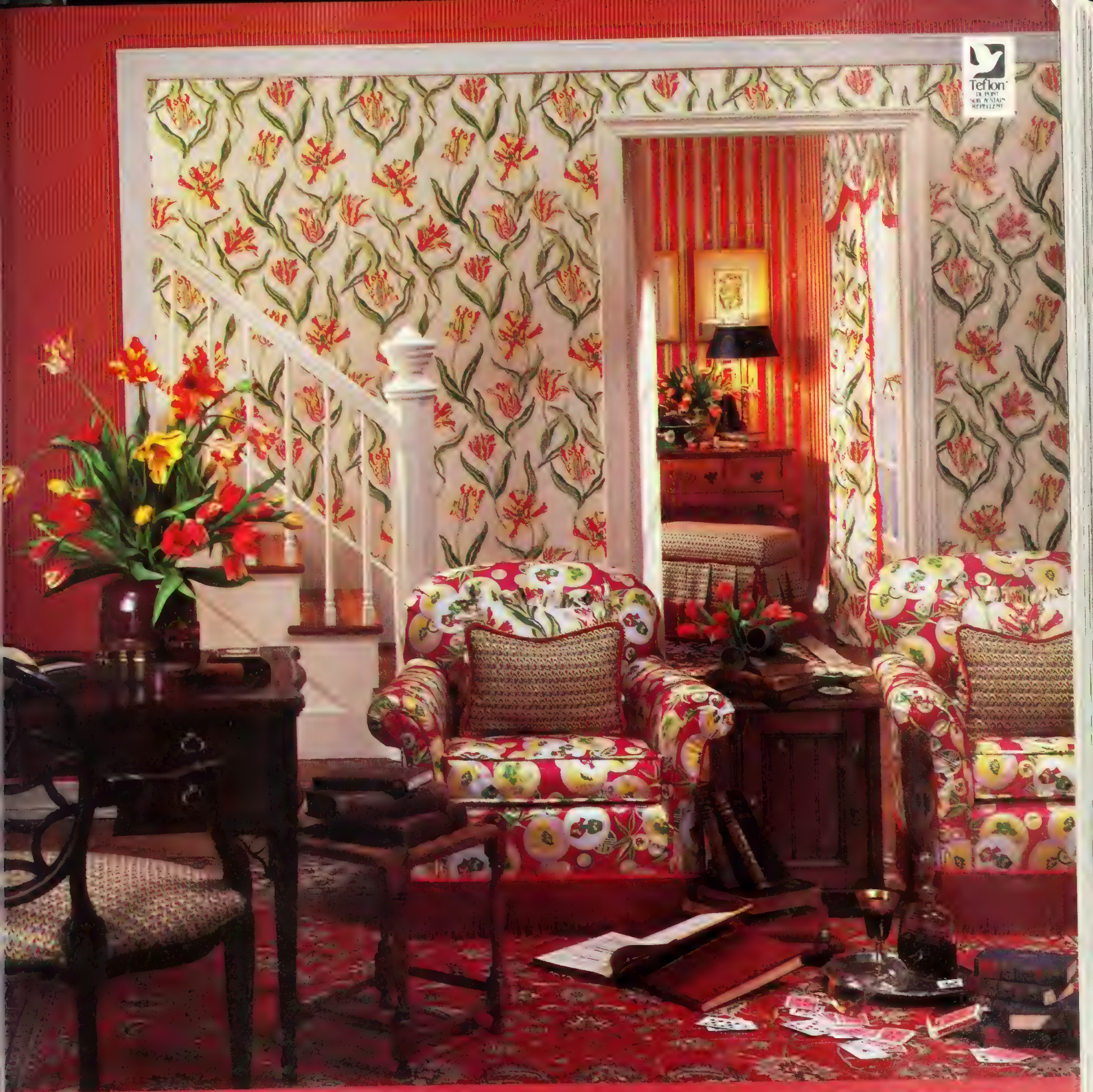
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miniature shoes and cars, Donald Duck figures, and wastepaper baskets for more than ten years. "You go to the five-and-ten," he says, "and there is a whole new language there—usually in the toy department. Most of the things you find are made out of the same material, plastic, but they all represent different cultures."

On shelves which he designs himself, Steinbach is now presenting brand-new baubles alongside old and secondhand ones. "I'm interested in the borderline between plain old things and antiques," he says. "At what point does our society decide to sanctify things? Similarly, the changes of connotations that objects undergo are fascinating. Take lava lamps, for example. In the 1960s they were things that people used to smoke dope in front of. In the 1970s they were out of use. Now they've come back again, probably because of the popularity of science fiction and outer-space imagery."

With them, it seems, has come the rest of the house and garden. Cady Noland's work shows a fondness for hardware and chrome car parts. Walter Martin laboriously carves grandfather clocks. Mike Kelley has covered a bedroom bureau in a collage of lips and eyes. And for years now Robert Gober has been hand-crafting plaster-and-wire approximations of plumbing fixtures—urinals, baths, even the kitchen sink. Gober in particular has tapped the surrealistic vein of everyday objects. In his plaster pieces, as well as woodworks like his cot and bed, familiar domestic objects assume a second life as trapdoors to the unconscious.

Yet Canadian artist Alan Belcher wins the prize for the sickest, archest pieces of all: shirts with washing machine soap scum actually printed onto them and sheets decorated with photographically transferred images of sex stains. Entirely functional and a hundred percent safe, Belcher's art is nevertheless the type that would be an embarrassment to the maid.

In one way or another, all these artists are counterpointing the supposedly eternal life of art with the short-lived and brutish nature of commodities. And, like Pop artists, the object sculptors are bridging the age-old chasm between high art and low. By proudly placing the everyday upon a pedestal, they are bringing art much closer to home. **Paul Taylor**

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Material Girls and Boys

Delia Ephron despairs of raising sensible children in a city of fads and fantasies

When I was a child growing up in Los Angeles, I played a car game called Out of State. As my friends and I rode along, we looked for cars with out-of-state license plates, yelling "out of state" whenever we saw one. Kids in L.A. today play an upscale version. Theirs is called That's Mine. As the kids ride along, they look for things they want to own: Mercedes-Benzes, Porsches, fancy houses, designer dresses. "That's mine," they shout when they spot one. Whoever yells first gets it—theoretically.

My stepchildren played this when they were young (they are now twelve and fifteen). It was quite unnerving to drive children to a movie while they sat in the backseat yelling, "That's mine, that's mine, that's mine." My husband and I called this refrain "the chant of the L.A. child." Listening to it made us want to relocate. But this was out of the question because our work is here and so is the children's mother.

When L.A. children say they are going skiing, they mean in Switzerland

When my stepdaughter turned nine, she wanted to celebrate her birthday like her friend Lindsay—by hiring a limousine to take her and six friends to McDonald's. After her fourteenth birthday party I drove three boys home and found myself listening to "boy talk." And what was it? The pros and cons of coloring their hair. One had had his hair streaked that day; in fact, he'd been late, he said, because it had taken so long at the beauty parlor. When Christmas rolls around and several of my stepchildren's friends announce they are going skiing, they mean in Switzerland. Recently Julie got a call from a kid in her class saying that he had several scalped tickets to a Pink Floyd concert. They only cost $150 each, he said.

I had to pick up Julie at a friend's the other day. I pulled up to a house north of Sunset Boulevard in Brentwood, a very chic area of West Los Angeles. There were tall locked gates. I spoke into an intercom. The gates opened electronically. In the living room of this house was a ten-foot-high, gold-leaf Buddha. The mother said that the kids were all out at the pool house. She phoned them up. She explained that they have everything they need there: refrigerator, video games, stereo, and a giant-screen television.

This house, though excessive, is not unusual. It is no secret that Los Angeles is an ostentatious place. There is a lot of wealth here and people show it off, often badly—in their homes, their furnishings, their cars. Angelenos also spend a lot protecting their purchases. One always knows when an earthquake has occurred, not just because the house shakes but because the car alarms and home security systems get triggered. There is no reverse chic here—no rich lady driving a Chevy station wagon; no, shall we say, Connecticut restraint.

By L.A. standards, my husband and I live modestly. We have a two-story, Spanish-style house (but no swimming pool, Jacuzzi, or Jaguar) in an area referred to in the real-estate section of the newspaper as "Beverly Hills Adjacent." The very L.A. idea behind this label is that any place is more desirable if it is near someplace desirable. Another neighborhood is officially known as Beverly Hills Post Office. B.H.P.O. means just that—the residents get to have a Beverly Hills address but do not actually live in Beverly Hills. They cannot send their children to the Beverly Hills schools or have the Beverly Hills cops police their houses. There is only one advantage to having the chic address minus the amenities: the ability to impress.

Everyone here wants to get close to fame, wants some of it to rub off. The delicatessen sports autographed movie-star photos on the walls; the take-out gourmet shop has autographed paper plates. "Luved your curried chicken salad—Justine Bateman." Even the hospital Cedars-Sinai has its coffee shop decorated with huge blow-ups of star publicity photos. No famous people work in the building where I have my office, but they used to, so the management lists them on the board in the lobby as if they were still in residence. Stores are always named Beverly Hills this or Bel-Air that, even when located miles outside the community.

The message is clear: who you are is not enough whether you are a delicatessen or a person. Children are frequently identified by who their famous relative is. When Julie came home from Y camp, she showed us the camp photo—fifty campers but she pointed out only one. "She's Barbra Streisand's niece," she said.

My stepdaughter got a job recently at our local frozen yogurt shop. I am proud to say she got this job with no—here's a big L.A. term—connections, just by asking the manager every week for six months to hire her. Furthermore, Julie walks to work (the shop is two blocks away). This makes us very fortunate: our L.A. child actually goes someplace that we don't drive her. When I told a friend about Julie's job, my friend marveled, "That's so normal." And I must say, for my husband and me, that is the most comforting thing about the job (well, that and the fact that it keeps her off the streets). "It's ten o'clock. Do you know where your children are?" Thanks to Julie's job, on Friday nights we actually do. If Julie gets a car when she is sixteen, she will pay for half of it out of her earnings, which is also unusual. Children rarely earn anything they have here. And notions of what children need are overblown. A person I know had a theater built for her four-year-old daughter. It consisted of a raised and

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carpeted stage with curtain, lights, and a dressing room with a wall-length mirror.

Surrounded by rampant materialism and status seekers (to overstate it slightly), one finds it hard to instill certain values in children. For instance, in this environment, how can kids learn to appreciate rewards other than money or celebrity or to judge people for their kindness and decency rather than for their wealth or fame? And how can children develop a social conscience if they never see poverty? For though there are considerable numbers of poor and homeless in L.A., we have to drive for half an hour to see them. (This distance grows shorter every week. The owners of a short-lived Beverly Hills sandwich shop with the peculiar name Bag Lady Gourmet were surprised one morning to find the genuine article sitting out front.) And how will L.A. children ever learn to appreciate nature that is not created by a gardener? Most people here deal with this concern by vacationing in Hawaii.

The notions of what children need are overblown here. Someone I know had a working stage built for her four-year-old

And then there's this problem: how to combat anti-intellectualism? Los Angeles is not a serious place. One has only to look at a row of palm trees poking up along the skyline like long-necked birds from a Dr. Seuss book, or at the silly row of gumdrop trees that lines Rodeo Drive to realize that L.A. is basically kitsch. It is no accident that this city is the center of the movie business, whereas New York City is the center of art, theater, and publishing. Having said this, I am sure some mad-dog Angeleno is going to start screaming about how there's tons of theater here—you just have to take advantage of it—and what about MOCA, the new contemporary art museum? It's true these cultural enclaves exist but they are essentially decorative, as if someone had tried to give plastic class by gluing on a wood trim.

Now it happens that I am essentially unserious. I hope that I am thoughtful, but I am certainly not intellectual or especially cultural (I was raised in L.A. after all). But when I am in New York, the seriousness of the town rubs off on me. I go to the theater, to art shows; I follow politics. New York raises me up a little; Los Angeles is something I sink to. So I have to admit the reason I have so much trouble giving my stepkids culture and a political consciousness is that I don't have much myself and they have noticed. The other day my stepson wanted to see a movie called *Bagdad Café* because he thought Whoopi Goldberg was in it. So, by accident, instead of seeing a canned comedy from Disney, he saw a charming and original low-budget movie. I got this warm feeling all over—the same feeling I get when he eats a vegetable. On reflection, this seemed quite pathetic: a low-budget movie is hardly edifying. From my reaction, you'd think he'd been to the ballet.

Leisure time is mostly home-centered. There are two reasons for this. First, the traffic is so terrible that it takes forever to get somewhere, which makes me, at least, rarely inclined to go. Major gridlock is a recent development, and a sad one, because Los Angeles always had one thing going for it—it was a relaxing and easy place to live.

The second reason to stay home is that, if you do go somewhere, you can't find a parking space when you get there. I am absolutely sure that the Los Angeles of the future will be a city in perpetual motion—people always in the process of going but never arriving because they can never find a place to park. The battle between two drivers for a space behind my office building got so intense one day that the man bent the woman's car antenna. She pulled out a gun. They ultimately agreed to settle their differences on *People's Court*.

Parking restrictions exist even in residential neighborhoods. Because I live close to Pico Boulevard, people used to park on my block to walk to restaurants. Residents were outraged. They petitioned for restrictive parking. This seemed unfriendly to me, even anti-American. I think free parking should be protected by the Bill of Rights. As a result of the petition, no stranger may park on our block after 6 P.M. We have to buy two $15 permits each year to park here ourselves, and we are allowed two guest permits at $20 each. If I have a dinner party involving more than two cars, I have to get special extra permits by phoning the city transportation department, specifying the night of the party, and paying $1 per guest car. Otherwise each dinner guest will get nailed with a $28 ticket.

Lately my husband and I have started talking about where we will move when the kids grow up. My husband says Vermont is too cold. I think San Francisco is too cute. We finally decided that, in order to decide, we will drive across country. When we spot a city we like, we'll shout, "That's mine!" ♠



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Drawn from Life

Where artists gather there's bound to be a scene. **Roberta Smith** looks at histories of three very different art worlds



A timeworn concept has it that where there's smoke, there's fire. But the inverse, although more obvious, is equally true, especially where art is concerned. Wherever the fires of art burn hot and bright and artists work in concentrated numbers, there is generated that special atmospheric condition known as an art scene.

What does it take for an art scene to flare up? Some new talent, some old buildings, and a few great museums—all located in a sophisticated urban setting that has traditionally attracted creative individuals in all fields. Also essential are a number of intensely interested bystanders—nonartists ready to be converted into dealers, critics, curators, collectors, publishers, and, who knows, restaurateurs by sheer force of circumstance. Before long, the fuel of artistic achievement has set in motion an overlapping amalgam of private spaces and public places—the studio and art gallery, the bar and café, the museum and boulevard. These in turn foment an elaborate interface of personal style, social ritual, professional activity, modes of exhibition, and patterns of consumption. Next to art itself, nothing is more revealing than the environments that artists and like-minded people assemble for working and living.

New York has its uptown museums, downtown lofts, collective vacation zone —the dreaded Hamptons

The current New York art scene has its uptown museums and spare but lavish downtown lofts, its Saturday afternoon promenades on West Broadway and Greene Street, its lunches at Jerry's and late nights at Barocco, its collective vacation zone—the dreaded Hamptons—and its preferred interior style—1950s with a soupçon of thirties. These conditions can meet with understandable disapproval, but they are merely variations on ones that have long existed—in Masaccio's Florence, Manet's Paris, or Whistler's London. In short, art scenes may come and go, coalescing and evaporating like smoke, but their components—and our fascination with them—are fairly constant.

For art lovers who can't get enough of the mise-en-scène, this month marks the publication of three books that place unusual emphasis on the same, attempting to situate their subjects within a particular time and place. These range from Paris after 1920 to the Hudson River Valley in the nineteenth century to present-day New York. Although the levels of success vary, each book aims for the big picture rather than the tightly framed close-up.

By far the best of the three is Jed Perl's **Paris Without End** (North Point, $19.95), a collection of essays on French art since World War I which is a quiet, cogent tour de force—inherently conservative and intensely Francophile but impressive nonetheless. Perl, a frequent contributor to *The New Criterion* and *Vogue*, is an accomplished writer, free with his feelings yet economical with his elegant conversational prose. Frequently hostile or dismissive on the subject of contemporary art, especially the highly successful kind, he is in his element here, weaving together art and life and the larger cultural setting with unusual clarity and a superb eye for detail.

Perl's subjects are the "old guys of modern art"—Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Léger, Derain, and Dufy—as they moved beyond their early, often abstract innovations, and usually outside critical approval, and returned to more traditional, representational art. Also reevaluated is the work of three younger artists who started out in Paris in the 1920s: Balthus, Jean Hélion, and Giacometti. (*Paris sans fin*, Giacometti's book of lithographs of sketchy Parisian street scenes and studio subjects, gave Perl his title.)

In many cases these artists were left behind by Modernism, at least in its narrowest definition, and Perl intends to set the record straight and to broaden our sights. In the process he does much else. He argues for an unbroken representational tradition that has its modern roots in France, in the art of Poussin and Louis Le Nain, Cézanne and Van Gogh. He also makes the French capital so vivid and so inextricably a part of the art under examination that this book will double as an art lover's guide to Paris (and parts of southern France, which figures in essays on late Matisse and Picasso). Finally Perl's book is both an examination of and an ode to the long life in art and several artists who pursued their vision despite shifts in fashion and sometimes in fortune, despite the consensus that the major battles of modern art were being fought elsewhere. In this regard, it is a particularly valuable book for Americans to read.

Perl brings *Paris Without End* to an early finish, ignoring French artists who emerged after World War II. And at times his tone is overly solicitous and precious, if not downright sentimental. Braque's perfectly average comments on art are characterized as

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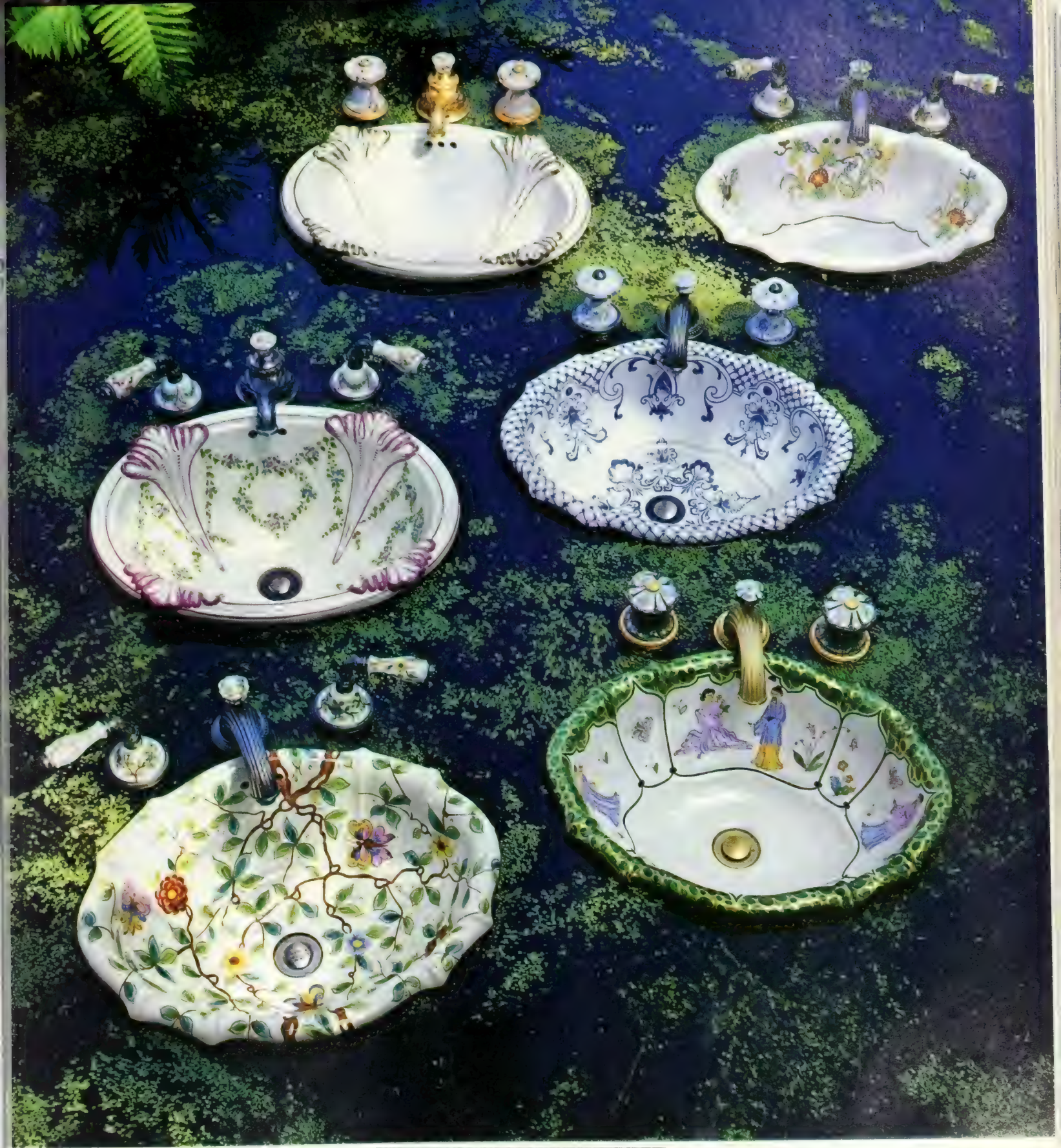


To the trade

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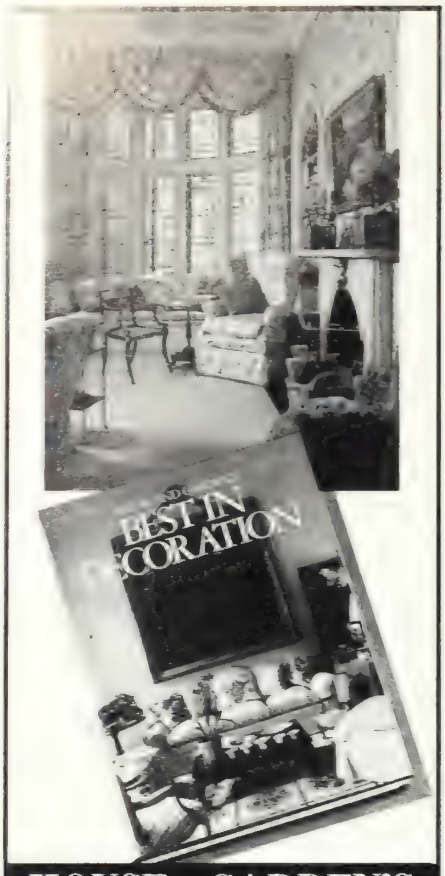


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BOOKS

"subtle, oracular"; the assessments of Derain, Hélion, and recent Balthus seem especially inflated; and, by the end of the book, "great" is a virtually meaningless accolade. Still, as one critic's demonstration of what he considers the best in art and the best way to write about it, this book sets a high standard.

As with Jed Perl's book, **Charmed Places: Hudson River Artists and Their Houses, Studios, and Vistas** (Abrams, $29.95) may have its usefulness as a travel guide for the art obsessed. This book is also part economic history, part architectural criticism, and part lifestyles of the nineteenth-century rich and famous. Featuring recent color photographs by Len Jenshel with reproductions of paintings, architectural renderings, and vintage photographs, it sets out to record as fully as possible the dwellings and studios of the nineteenth-century artists who called the Hudson River valley home—or "second home"—and who devoted themselves to painting its lush and varied terrain.

The book's many images are accompanied by essays by Albert Fein, James Marston Fitch, Donelson Hoopes, Sandra S. Phillips, and William B. Rhoads. These give the Hudson River School a backdrop that includes the opening of the Erie Canal, the birth of the conservation movement, the drive to build Central Park, and, most notably, the growing interest in the picturesque in architecture and landscape planning. Rhoads's essay is particularly useful: it documents which artists built what, where, when, and in which architectural style.

Like most artists, the Hudson River painters often put their money where their sensibilities were—buying or building houses, gardens, and studios that reflected the same harmony with nature we find in their images. Some of them—Frederic Church, Albert Bierstadt, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Jasper Cropsey—opted for the "show studio." Bierstadt's Malkasten, built at Tarrytown in 1866 and no longer extant, is cited as the "first American studio-house to receive extensive publicity." And no contemporary artist's "studio-house" can match Olana, the Persian-style villa that Church built high above the Hudson in the early 1870s and that is now open to the public.

Charmed Places may be a must-have for those who think the Victorians were right about the way your living room should look. For the rest of us this book gives the Romantic landscapes of Thomas Cole and his followers a tangible art scene—a sense of physical locale, intellectual background, and personal logic—they have lacked.

Of the three books, Calvin Tomkins's newest collection of essays, **Post- to Neo-: The Art World of the 1980s** (Henry Holt, $19.95), comes closest to the present but seems most out of touch with its subject. Tomkins, who has written for *The New Yorker* for nearly three decades, is a master of the artist profile. His detailed portraits of such American classics as Robert Rauschenberg, Merce Cunningham, and John Cage are classics in their own right and essential reading for anyone who wants to understand postwar American art.

But, as this volume makes clear, Tomkins has never gotten over the halcyon days of the 1950s and '60s in New York. Thus, although this book purports to be about the 1980s art world, it is riddled with references to the good old days when Jasper Johns's overnight success changed art and the art world, Duchamp was still alive, and Leo Castelli and Ivan Karp were busy discovering Pop art.

The profiles included here are vintage Tomkins, but unfortunately there are only two and they depict familiar sixties faces: Leo Castelli and Frank Stella. No artists of the eighties receive such in-depth treatment, neither Julian Schnabel nor David Salle—whose art and behavior radically affected the current scene—nor anyone else. As a result, Tomkins captures little of the real drama of the period. Instead he offers overviews, articles that group together several artists.

In "Matisse's Arm Chair," Tomkins looks into pattern and decoration. In "Boom," he delves into the rising success of Jonathan Borofsky, Bryan Hunt, Judy Pfaff, and Schnabel. The phenomenon of appropriation receives cursory attention in "Between Neo- and Post-," the last essay—which inexplicably gives this book its title. Tomkins's pieces on site-specific public art, the eighties phenomenon for which he has shown the greatest enthusiasm, are not included.

There are glimmers of unused strengths in Tomkins's arsenal, especially where institutions are concerned. His review of an exhibition devoted to Ingres's portrait of Louise, Comtesse d'Haussonville, is for the most part a wonderful portrait of the Frick. And in "Elitism vs. Mobocracy," he ventures some opinions about museum expansions that should be stated more aggressively. But too often it seems that unless he has a powerful personality as his guide, Tomkins is unwilling to give in to the experience of art. At various points he quotes Harold Rosenberg, Duchamp, and Picasso on the comedic aspect of art and the art world. The idea that it's all a big joke seems to give him comfort. ♠



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BOOKNOTES

The Graphic Language of Neville Brody
by Jon Wozencroft
Rizzoli, 160 pp., $40

In Britain graphic designers used to be called commercial artists and enjoyed the same kind of popular acclaim as traveling salesmen and dentists. Nobody knew who they were or what they did. Neville Brody, a 31-year-old north Londoner, is the personification of how much things have changed.

In the nine years since he left art school Brody has turned the ancient, self-effacing trade of shifting blocks of type around a page and worrying about letter spacing into a high-profile art. Graphic designers used to be quiet inarticulate types. Brody on the other hand manages to talk about what he does in a way that makes it sound important. He isn't just designing shopping bags for fashion stores and stationery for hairstylists. He is, he says, "trying to break down the language of communication into its various codified forms."

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy

Brody designed a bag for one of London's more terminally chic clothes shops that told the world how fashionable it was by using a pattern popular with grocery stores in the 1940s and a logo that looked like a piece of anonymous printer's vernacular but which was actually carefully hand-drawn. And he did a series of book covers for Penguin the uninitiated might take for genuine 1950s pulp shockers—but that Brody had actually rendered himself in lurid color washes.

But what really got Brody talked about was his work for *The Face*, a magazine that grew out of fashionable young London's growing boredom with pop music and became an arbiter of taste on all things visual. The format he created has been imitated all over the world, from Barcelona to Sydney. And it attracted enough attention to persuade the Victoria and Albert Museum to put on an exhibition of his work earlier this year, the first time it has deigned to notice graphic design on this scale. Now his work is fully documented in this book with 474 illustrations, an introduction, and notes on his record covers, book designs, magazine layouts, posters, and hand-drawn alphabets.

On the surface Brody's work is all about the curious hand-drawn alphabets he creates and the distinctive mannerisms he uses. Odd, almost illegible typographic logos punctuate his magazine spreads; retrograde type spacing techniques are a trademark.

Brody has now become a sort of visual fire brigade, called in from Milan to Tokyo to sort out the image problems of all kinds of organizations, even political parties. Britain's Labour party went through a youth spasm and decided they wanted its magazine, *New Socialist*, to broaden its appeal and called in Brody. "The brief was to convey the idea that politics is an area that affects everyday life." Brody's method, outlined without the trace of a smile, was to "contrast geometrically based hand-drawn type with wide-spaced Bodoni." So far Mrs. Thatcher hasn't flinched.

Deyan Sudjik



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California Suites

Luxury hotels in Los Angeles and San Francisco aim high, and sometimes deliver. HG editors discover

The on-screen hotel image created by the film and television industries has established certain glamorous expectations in the imagination of visitors to the West Coast. The idea of luxurious rooms in a laid-back setting has been removed from the back lots and resurrected on the streets of Los Angeles and San Francisco. For this, our second report on hotels, the editors of HG have checked into several new and renovated hotels in California to see if they live up to expectations and to rate the quality of their service and design.

Four Seasons Hotel 300 South Doheny Drive, Los Angeles (213) 273-2222, (800) 332-3442
Gin Wong & Associates, architects; Jamadesign, interior design
Latest branch of the burgeoning national chain that has set a new standard of upscale excellence, the Four Seasons has already become a serious competitor to the flagging Beverly Hills Hotel (in bad need of an overhaul) and the somnolent Beverly Wilshire (soon to emerge from a major renovation). Conveniently located and adjacent to Beverly Hills, close to the Pacific Design Center and the Melrose decorating ghetto, the Four Seasons has much to recommend it, not least of all its aggressive determination to become the top full-service hotel in town. So far it seems to have worked; after only a year and a half it is the favorite of visiting interior designers and moneymen with business on nearby Wilshire Boulevard. But it has still not captured the international glamour contingent—the Industry Heavies—who prefer the more impersonal beauty and seclusion of the ultimate Bel-Air Hotel.

The sixteen-story Four Seasons is an example of that windowless architectural style that might be called Wilshire Venetian Contemporary: "old-world" elegance on the ground floor with Modernesque balconies above. The hotel offers an impressive array of conveniences—24-hour room service, round-the-clock valet, overnight shoeshine, plus a state-of-the-art communications system (fax, natch). The Dynasty-style public rooms, however, typify the local tendency to pile posh on top of glitter: pretentious, overscaled, overgilded palace furniture, huge orchid plants on every flat surface, and a plethora of the "life-like" anecdotal sculptures of J. Seward Johnson. Bedrooms are considerably easier to take because of their necessarily simpler atmosphere, though the heaviness of materials seems a bit out of place in laid-back L.A.

The restaurant is a confusing progression of interconnecting rooms that makes one feel like leaving a trail of croissant crumbs to retrace one's steps. Pompeian Empire-style dining chairs are too low and too deep for use at table, making all except Schwarzenegger types look like children allowed to sit with the grown-ups. Service is slow and bumbling, and it is no wonder the L.A. Power Breakfast remains firmly ensconced at the peerless Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Image: Rodeo Drive Renaissance
Ambience: Nouveau riche palatial, clamored public spaces, attractive but charmless private rooms
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Martin Filler



The Art Deco tower of the St. James's Club rises above Sunset Boulevard in L.A.

Picture a high-priced bordello designed by a camp Andrée Putman

St. James's Club 8358 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles (213) 654-7100, (800) 235-8505
Leland A. Bryant, original architect; David Gray, architect, renovation; David Becker, interior design
There's a thin line between luxury and vulgarity, glamour and kitsch, opulence and wretched excess. And the St. James's Club in Los Angeles treads it. They poured $40 million into transforming this long-suffering Art Deco dinosaur on Sunset Boulevard into the ne plus ultra in L.A. hotels, and they made absolutely certain that every nickel shows.

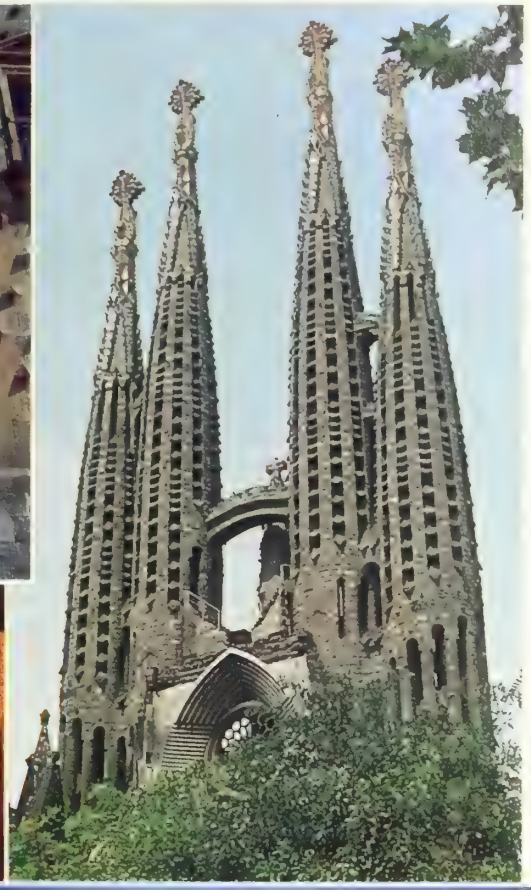
The 14-story building was erected in the 1930s as Sunset Towers, a 46-unit apartment house that was allegedly home to such Tinseltown legends as Errol Flynn, Jean Harlow, Howard Hughes and John Wayne (who kept his cow on the penthouse balcony). By 1965, however, the tower's glory days were long past, and

COURTESY OF JAMES'S CLUB

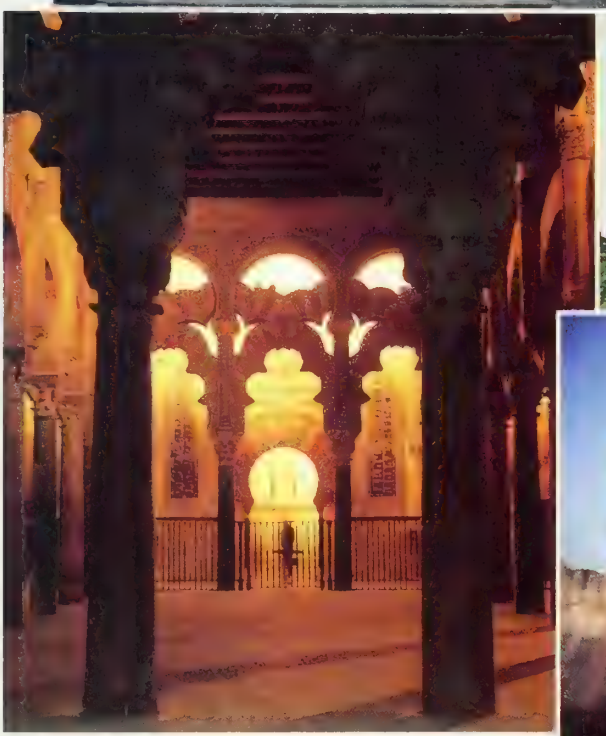
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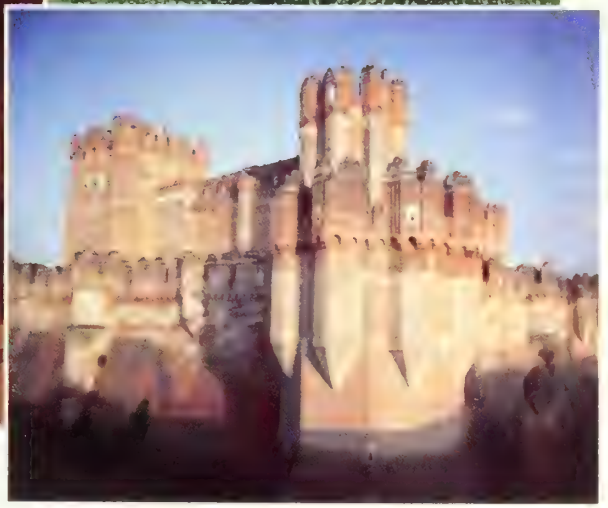
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[illegible] Schuyler-designed [illegible] typical look-like children allowed to act out [illegible] with the grown-ups

[illegible] I'll stay there again. If they let me in.

Image: Deco-licious

Ambience: Hollywood glitz by European [illegible] for rock stars and their agents.

Pamper quotient: A guy could get used to two places—24-hour room service, two-line speaker telephones, well-equipped gym, rooms with CD players, minibar, [illegible] lighting, no-problem service.

Rates: Singles, doubles $180; suites $290–$450; penthouses $695; town houses $850–$1,100. —Charles Gandee

The Biltmore 506 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles (213) 624-1011, (800) 421-8000

Schultze & Weaver, original architects; Bernard Schultze, architect, renovations; Marcia Johnson, interior design

Times have changed since 1923 when the Biltmore opened as the "talk of the coast." And not necessarily for the better. At least not for the grand hotel designed in the Spanish Italian Renaissance style by Schultze & Weaver, the architects responsible for Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. The problem isn't the hotel's accommodations but its location on the extremely unnerving Pershing Square park in downtown L.A. The Biltmore is like some grand old dowager who awakens one morning to her mansion and discovers to her horror that the old neighborhood is suddenly no place for a lady.

Nonetheless, a group called Biltmore Partners purchased the hotel in 1986 and spent the next three years and $40 million refurbishing the landmark. To the new owner's credit, the hotel's monumental public spaces have been meticulously restored to their original splendor. Domenici Sinatoddi's striking and well-lighted murals are as glorious now as they must have been when the artist painted them 60 years ago, and the hotel's suite of the great lobby, corridors, and ballrooms has not been tampered with, save for an Axminster here and there.

Upstairs in the 740 guest rooms and suites, however, the situation is dramatically different. Good-bye, old-world grandeur; hello, suburbia. Although the Biltmore offers its rooms in configurations in a wide range of prices, the look and feel remains constant. The rooms are bigger but are all that much better. There is the kind of a department store atmosphere. Determined to [illegible] with their pastel palettes, flowered bedspreads, [illegible] windows, and reproduction furniture ("traditional and French," according to the hotel's fact sheet). They [illegible] a style of decorating that might best be termed mixed but inoffensive. Only the Jim Dine engravings add a bit of spark to the walls. The current owners, however, cannot take credit for commissioning work from the well-known artist; the engravings are a nostalgic reminder of a 1976 renovation by architect (and Seagram heiress) Phyllis Lambert and her then-partner, architect Denis Stummers.

A more serious annoyance than the back-water piano rooms and out-of-the-mill bathrooms is the considerable problem upkeep. I spent a great deal of time wandering endless and aimless corridors searching for my room or for the elevator. It's a common problem in 700-room hotels, and it's a problem the new owners of the Biltmore did not solve.

The Biltmore is a hotel divided. In certain respects and in certain areas it's a grand, awe-inspiring, no spectacular. In other respects, of course, it's not. I was reminded of this dichotomy when I asked for my bill after lunch at the hotel's Court Cafe and the waiter very graciously brought me my check with a cellophane-wrapped toothpick (said neatly across the top).

Image: Dimensions, the giant that was upstairs, nothing to write home about.

Ambience: Larger than life, which is both good and bad, lots of tourists and tired businessmen. If there's a convention in town, keep your distance.

Pamper quotient: 24-hour steward, room service, small but beautiful Roman-style pool with sauna and steam rooms, well-equipped gymnasium, extensive facilities for parties, from the Democratic to the prom. Rates: Singles $130–$160; doubles $150–$230 (weekends $75 singles, paper hotel $225–$295); suites $340–$1,500. (CM)

The Portman 500 Pine Street, San Francisco (415) 771-8000, (800) 323-5462

John Portman & Associates, architects; [illegible] Jerden

John Portman, the architect who with the 1967 opening of the Hyatt Regency in Atlanta introduced the atrium to high-rise accommodations, is an old hand at hotel design, and unfortunately it shows. Although the Portman in San Francisco opened in September 1982 it looked as if it were given material as the first "signature hotel." It carried the rather tired if materially upgraded stamp of a dozen other Portman-designed hotels. Chain-

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"Good-night, Hiroko."

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capsule elevators rise through a graceless skylit atrium lined with rows of open-railing corridors, not yet draped in trailing greenery, accented by yards of gleaming brass.

In spite of ubiquitous twinkly lights and, on the main lobby level, an installation of potted trees and a bronze sculpture by Elbert Weinberg of four dancers frolicking around a fountain, it is hard to shake the feeling of having just checked into an upscale correctional facility. That is, until you check into your room, which is spacious, serene, comfortable, and supplied with every amenity.

Club chairs, resembling escapees from a department store ladies lounge, are the exception to an otherwise handsome collection of furniture in dark woods and granite, of Eastern and Western descent, set in a neutral palette of grays and mauves. To overindulge any traveler's vanity are glamorous bathrooms of highly polished marble, chrome, mirror, and porcelain. Each is equipped with a separate shower and large tub, fluorescent and incandescent lighting.

It's hard to shake the feeling of having checked into an upscale correctional facility.

If the 300-room Portman is to succeed in calling itself an intimate hotel, the burden of proof will fall primarily on the shoulders of the personal valets the Portman furnishes. One valet for every seven guest rooms shows up at the touch of a button to meet your every need, whether to unpack your suitcase, replenish your minibar, or sew on a button.
Image: East meet West, but the combination lacks harmony.
Ambience: Glitz applied with a heavy hand in public spaces, restful guest rooms, glamorous bathrooms, club on 21st floor with fireplaces and outdoor seating.
Pamper quotient: Well-stocked minibar, terry-cloth robes, nonallergenic pillows, telephone with call waiting, personal valet, flexible check-out policy. No exercise room or pool, complete business facilities, two nonsmoking floors, eleven guest rooms for the physically disabled.
Rates: Singles $185–$285; doubles $220–$320 (weekends $180–$240/night); suites $375–$550; Portman Suite $900–$1,110.

Heather Smith MacIsaac

Mandarin Oriental 222 Sansome Street, San Francisco (415) 885-0999; (800) 622-0404
Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, architects; Don Ashton, interior design

If you suffer from vertigo, direct the taxi driver to pass right by the Mandarin Oriental in favor of the nearest motor inn. But if you find light and air in high places invigorating and consider yourself a connoisseur of panoramas, there are none finer—even in a city renowned for its splendid views—than those offered by the Mandarin, the first U.S. jewel in the sparkling crown that comprises the Mandarin Oriental Hotel Group. Its 160 guest rooms *begin* on the 38th floor and climb ten more to top off San Francisco's third tallest building, the First Interstate Center, in the heart of the financial district.

This hotel group has spent more than 25 years developing a reputation for service that is—in the opinion of most international travelers—beyond compare. The tradition of service in the Far East, with its emphasis on discretion and anticipation of a guest's needs, has not suffered in traversing the Pacific.

Hot jasmine tea is served in your room upon arrival. By the nightstand is a control panel for the room's lights, a blond-wood armoire harbors a nicely stocked refrigerator and television, and an attractive Henredon desk can, in some rooms, accommodate your personal computer. The furnishings, though high quality, are pedestrian in style, but that hardly matters since the view steals the show every time. And in 22 Mandarin rooms, a large operable window next to the tub amplifies the sensation of floating on a cloud.

With a physical situation literally heads above the competition, it does seem a shame, though, that the Mandarin chose to squirrel away all of its public spaces on the ground and second floors. Just off the entrance lobby, done up with Hong Kong polish in black and beige marble and honey-colored wood, are a lobby bar and lounge and the staircase leading to the acclaimed Silks restaurant, decked out in creams and pastels, accented in gold. But who wants to meet for a drink or afternoon tea in a low-ceilinged and dim lobby lounge when the drop-dead view from your room is beckoning? Yet, not everyone wishes to entertain in his room. The Mandarin reached new heights with its service and guest-room comfort, but with its public spaces it stalled when it could have soared.
Image: Top-of-the-world, top-of-the-line business-oriented hotel.
Ambience: Surprisingly intimate for a high-rise hotel. Public spaces, though richly appointed, are architecturally uninspired.
Pamper quotient: Same as the Portman, plus kimono-style robes, Thai silk slippers. Complete business facilities; no on-site pool or fitness center.
Rates: Singles $185–$210; doubles $205–$280 (weekends $150–$190 night); Taipan Suite $750; Oriental Suite $900. **H.S.M.**

The Sherman House 2160 Green Street San Francisco (415) 563-3600
Original architect unknown; William Gaylord, interior design
Days after checking out of the Sherman House—a 112-year-old mansion in Pacific Heights—I was still waking to the delicious feeling of having lived the tale of the Princess and the Pea—with only one thing missing, the hard little bean. Never had a bed been puffed so high with down, draped so elegantly with tapestry and needlepoint fabrics, or outfitted so expertly with a firmly padded headboard, a selection of soft pillows, discreet reading lights, and curtains all the way around. Champagne before the fire, fresh fruit, an orchid on the mantelpiece, and the murmur of classical music may be clichés elsewhere but are so thoughtfully executed by the Sherman House that they can be truly appreciated as the finer things in life.

The Sherman is a good fairy tale with Mr. and Mrs. Manou Mobedshahi as fairy-godparent host and hostess. You are made to feel like a prince or princess for a day or a week or however long you can afford luxury that is pricey and at the same time priceless.

One of only three Relais & Châteaux recommendations for California, the Sherman House, a historic landmark, has fifteen guest rooms and suites, a three-story recital hall, dining room, solarium, and gallery, and gardens at the back of the main house and at the sides of the carriage house. For a hotel of even this small size the quality and arrangement of furnishings (chosen by decorator William Gaylord), most of which are antiques, and the attention given to the lighting, color, and artwork is remarkable. As for service, it could not be faulted.
Image: If this is heaven, can I go early?
Ambience: An intimate and refined house furnished with taste. Bedrooms, most but not all, with deep tubs, fireplaces, bay views, canopy beds.
Pamper quotient: Off the charts. What is not already provided in your room will appear upon request.
Rates: Singles, doubles $190–$325; suites $500–$650. **H.S.M.**

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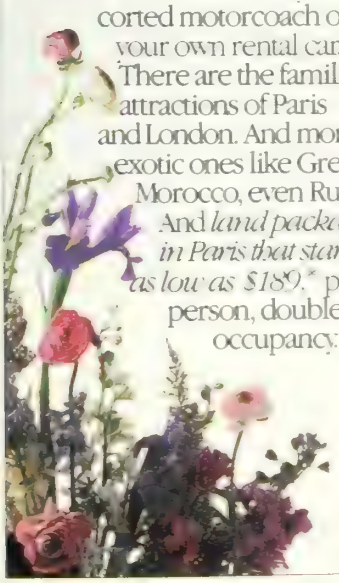
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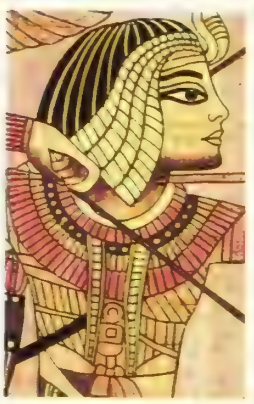


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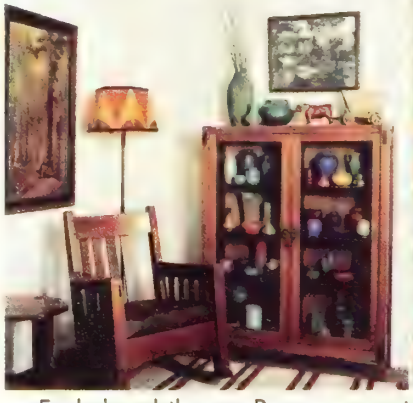
The Tutankhamun Papyrus from The Franklin Mint

Man with a Mission

The pottery Buddy Wilson collects represents romance in the California crafts tradition, says **Deborah Michel**

Buddy Wilson loves rocks. Carefully piled, they line his staircase, making a thick zigzag against the clean white wall up to the second floor where his real collection awaits; glass cases, stacks, and tabletops of Bauer pottery. In the kitchen colorful hand-thrown Bauer vases decorate the top of the refrigerator: yellow, blue, orange, red, turquoise. "I see all this pottery as rocks too," says Wilson. "It's clay; it's the earth." Like the rocks, the pottery has a peaceful, monumental presence within the spare, simple lines of Wilson's Hollywood Hills house.







Early hand-thrown Bauer vases, top. Above left: L. & J. G. Stickley table, in Wilson's living room, next to Mission chair and bookcase filled with American art pottery. Right: Matte green pottery.

The house inside seems to be more showcase than design concept. Wilson has filled it with solid, almost primitive Mission furniture, Navajo rugs, and hand-tinted photographs of old California. "They are not all from the same period," says Wilson, "but there's a connection." What Wilson, a California native, really collects are pieces of southern Californian history.

The Bauer Pottery Company, originally founded in Kentucky, opened in Los Angeles in 1909. It started by making planters and vases and at one point was the biggest vase supplier to flower shops in Los Angeles. During Prohibition it made crocks for home brew. But in 1930 when it came out with California Colored pottery, a new movement in dinnerware was born.

To Wilson Bauer dinnerware represented the whole allure of the West Coast: "Suddenly you had huge slabs of color for your plates, Mexican colors taken from the sky, the plants, the colors of Navajo rugs. You have to think about what L.A. was in the twenties and thirties—one big movie set. Focus was shifting from the physical beauty of the place to a contrived romanticism." The style became so popular that in 1936 a much larger Midwest company called Homer Laughlin China came out with Fiesta dinnerware. "Fiesta became the most famous," Wilson scoffs, "but it didn't have the heaviness of Bauer; it was an imitation. It had no soul." Across from the largest case of Bauer dishes Wilson has hung a black-and-white photograph of the company's owners. "The Bauer boys," he says. "1938."

In 1972 Wilson's fate was decided by a Christmas present: a brightly colored mixing bowl. Shortly after, in a thrift shop, Wilson came across two pink candlesticks that were clearly the same stuff. He bought them to show to the friend who had given him the bowl. The candlesticks were Bauer and cost $1. His friend loved them, but her husband said they were the ugliest things he had ever seen. "They got two strong reactions; I knew I had something. I looked at them and thought—this is it." Within months Wilson opened Buddy's, his store now on Melrose, before either Melrose or Bauer was fashionable.

Wilson voices the battle cry of collectors through the ages: "The one thing about pottery is that you can never get enough. Can you imagine the dinner party where I could use it all?" Like many Bauer collectors, he does use his dinnerware. "I like collecting something completely utilitarian. You have to have dishes—why not Bauer? These were made by craftsmen. At the time, pottery was really important to people. Now it is again. Of course," Wilson adds, "one of the hardest things is what if you break something. It's an incredible responsibility." Wilson's dog, Skipper, shares the sentiment. He nuzzles and jumps at people but treads gently around pottery.

During his first decade of collecting, Wilson was only interested in California Colored pottery. The art-pottery bug bit him when he wasn't looking, in the form of a Fulper matte green vase purchased to complement a Mission table. "Virtually all the pottery companies then were doing matte green," Wilson explains, "Bauer included." Soon he

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COLLECTING

bought another Fulper, then another. He branched out to other makers, other glazes.

He remembers buying a Bauer matte green twelve years ago in Bakersfield. "I was there for an antiques sale and someone mentioned a swap meet, so I thought I'd go buy. But it was terrible, like the end of the world, right out of *Blade Runner*. Car parts, odds and ends all over the place." But Wilson found the vase there for $5. "I've never forgotten that day," he says. "I saw myself for the first time as an archaeologist, saving something from destruction. I guess I actually have about twenty different collections. One collection sort of segues into another." The first thing he remembers collecting were Hardy Boys mysteries. "In the sixth grade—the sixth grade!—I realized the paper jackets were on their way out. I became obsessed. It took me until I was eighteen to complete the set." Today they line a Gustav Stickley bookshelf in his bedroom.

Wilson's pride and joy is the corner of his living room where a small Mission bookcase stands. Near it is an old photograph painted over in oils of a California redwood with a Model T driving through it. Inside the case is a hodgepodge of small vases, pitchers by Bauer, Teco, Rookwood, Fulper, Wheatley, and Catalina Island. And among them are some objects that even an expert couldn't readily identify. "Here's Sadie," says Wilson, tenderly picking up a small lopsided piece that has the name clumsily etched in the bottom. "And Red, 1934," he guesses, turning over another. "See, I know them by name." They are ceramic class projects made by twelve- and thirteen-year-olds decades ago. Next to the authentic, first-rate pieces, the similarity is obvious.

Recently, Wilson visited a collector who had only the best of everything: the finest Navajo rugs, each piece of furniture the most sophisticated of its kind, matte greens that rival Wilson's own. "But something was missing," says Wilson. "There was nothing of him in the house, no personal history. A real collector has emotion tied up in his stuff." On top of Wilson's case is a beautiful museum-quality matte green vase. Is there a story behind that one? Wilson shrugs: "It doesn't mean as much to me as Sadie or Red. It's too easy to become a pottery snob."

What of that first purchase in Wilson's vast collection of California pottery—the pink candlesticks? Wilson sold them the next year in his store. Three years later he came across them in another shop. "I was tempted to buy them again," says Wilson, "but I thought, no, it's someone else's turn." ♠



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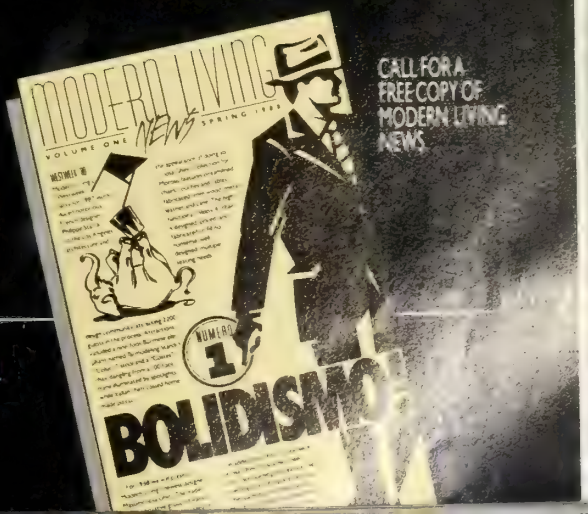


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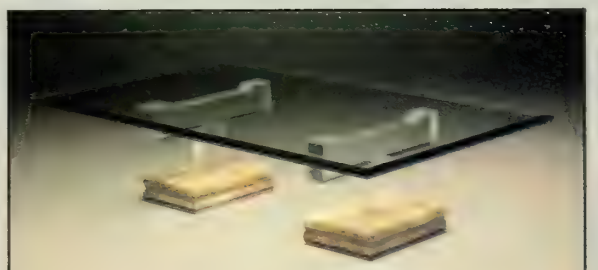
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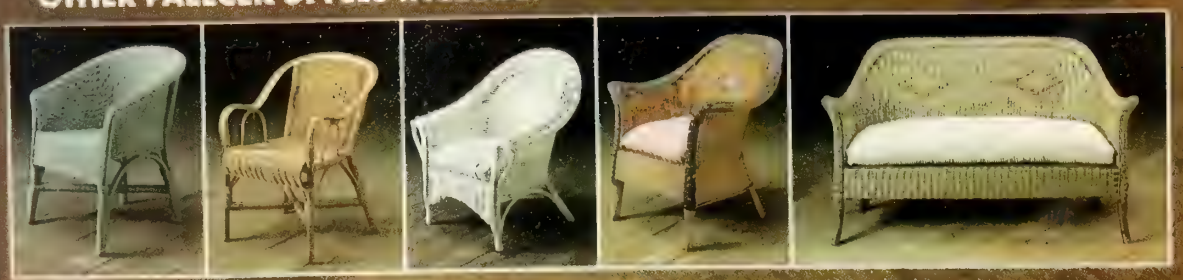
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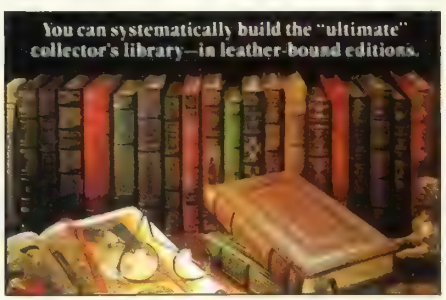
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Native Sun

In the best California gardens **William Bryant Logan** finds drought-proof plants—not overactive sprinklers

On a spring afternoon in 1925, Harold Lloyd stood in a dry wash at the edge of his raw eleven-acre plot in Beverly Hills. With him was his ambitious young landscape designer, A. E. Hanson. "Do you suppose I could have a golf course here?" asked the silent-film star, waving his hand over the wide trough full of wild grass, poison oak, and nettles. But of course! And so he did: a par-32 professional-quality golf course, not to mention an "old" mill, a canoe run, a lake complete with rustic bridge, a "Villa d'Este" lily pool, formal and cutting gardens, and a glasshouse.

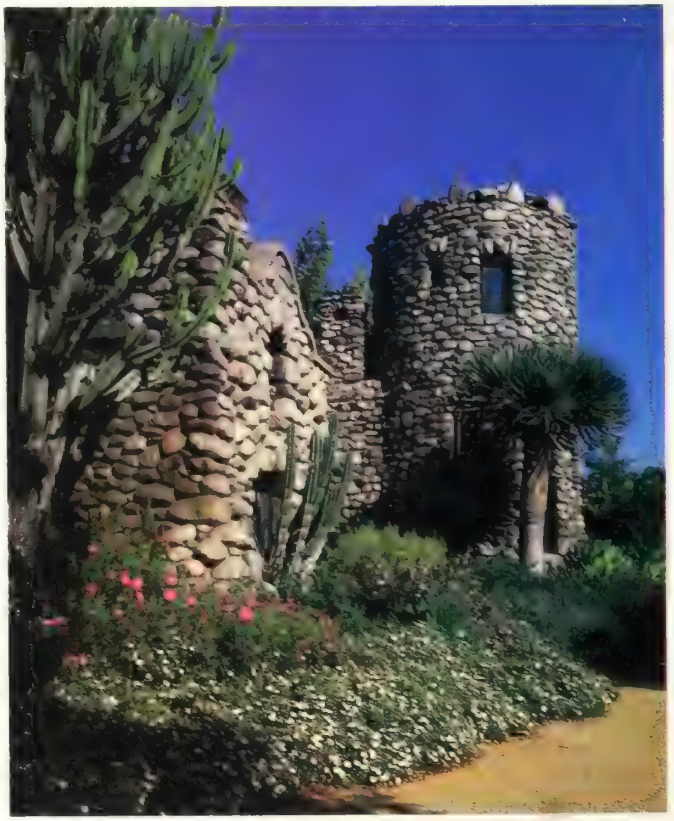
Today only an aquatic extravaganza like the Vintage Club in Indian Wells, on whose exclusive grounds floods of water spill from falls and lie glassy in pools for the delight of the elect, can come close to the hubris of Lloyd's follies. "Water is money," the cascades seem to chuckle. But their smaller relatives still sprout all over southern California. Early in the morning, before anyone is awake, the little rubber turrets poke up, take the measure of expanses of greensward, and begin their methodical, "Thck, thck, thck, swic-swic-swic-swic, thck." So thoroughly have the residents watered their landscape that they have succeeded in changing the climate, boosting average humidity measurably.

In a drought year, when only about eight inches of rain falls in the Los Angeles area rather than the usual fifteen, it is particularly galling to find the sprinklers squirting away promiscuously. No human hand, but a computer, is guiding them. Sometimes landscape designers end up creating not for the space but for the timer box! When garden maker Robert M. Fletcher meets one of these nasty systems in Brentwood —where the soil is heavy clay—he knows his choices are limited to plants that can stand marinated roots: agapanthus, abutilon, some perennials, California sycamores, and, of course, a nice kelly green lawn.

It seems that there is no killing the California "everything goes" mythology. One gardener expects his birches and azaleas and lawn, but another will not rest until his patio is dripping with tropicals whose leaves are as big and thick as seat covers.

But there *is* another way. It is rich and various and appropriate, and it comes from what California isn't supposed to have: a tradition. Its sources are the gardens of designers like Edward Huntsman-Trout, Florence Yoch, and Lockwood de Forest, who started their careers in the 1910s and '20s and weathered the Depression and the vogue of Modernism.

Each of the three worked on major estates and public commissions, each in a distinctive idiom. Yoch—a gardener who would even be called on to design movie sets for *Gone with the Wind* and *How Green Was My Valley*—took seriously the stock comparisons between California and the Mediterranean, looking for a plant palette that was both capacious and appropriate. Huntsman-Trout was inspired by Hispanic models. His Scripps College campus design of 1917, using tamped earth instead of lawn, is widely praised, but the newest generation of southern California designers is wildest about his own house in Mandeville Canyon near Santa Monica. Huntsman-Trout bought his acreage cheap during the Depression, and unable to afford to build there, spent many years picnicking on the property with his family. According to landscape historian David Streatfield, he would climb up into one of the trees in his grove of California sycamores and spend hours just watching the beautiful shade they cast. When he finally did build his house, he sited it perfectly so that the grove shaded the deep western porch in the hot afternoons.



A drought-resistant drama unfolds in the Lummis garden in Los Angeles. Plants include cactus, feathery cassia, rockroses, agave, and Island bush poppies.

TOM ENGLER

The best textbook for the new southern California idiom is the small Santa Barbara garden that belonged to Lockwood and Elizabeth de Forest. The de Forests understood both what was appropriate and what was possible. Long before the current rage for drought-tolerant plants, the de Forests were speaking of them in their magazine, *The Santa Barbara Gardener*. In



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A portrait of love in fine porcelain.

the thirties they experimented with "gray water" from washing for use during droughts, noting that it would play hell with azaleas, since soapy water was alkaline.

The de Forest garden does best what so many California gardens must do: it captures the view, in this case of La Cumbre Peak, complementing the peak's form in native stone and in the shape of plantings. More remarkable still are the horticultural choices: gray-foliaged plants at every level, including dusty-miller, teucrium, santolina, olive, cedar, pearl acacia, and Bailey acacia, pick up the prevailing color of the far-off chaparral. Landscape architect Sydney Baumgartner, who honed her craft while caring for the de Forest garden, especially appreciates the way the grays look filmy and indistinct, making distances seem large and mysterious. In the foreground the lawn of Kikuyu grass, similar to Bermuda grass, is kept unwatered, so it turns brown in summer like the surroundings.

The de Forest garden shows an understanding of the reality behind the dream of the California Mediterranean popular with promoters of the state, like Charles F. Lummis, whose own garden at El Alisal is an early and surviving example. The climate really *is* like the Mediterranean—and like parts of Australia, South Africa, Chile, and the Canaries. Plants that do well in those wet winter/dry summer places do well here, and the gardener who works with this palette will have riches even a Gertrude Jekyll might envy.

In fact, you can have most of what Jekyll herself had, save for broad expanses of lawn and the thirstier perennials like phlox and peony. (You can even have guzzler perennials, by installing little slivers of water-loving gel called Broadleaf 40 or hydrogel near the roots.) A mixed perennial border in California blooms twelve months a year. It's taxing for the delphiniums, which flower so hard all summer that you must treat them as annuals, but at the same time there are many fresh choices being developed specifically for California's climate. Chris Rosmini, who has more than a decade's experience making perennial gardens in the Los Angeles area, likes the salvias from the Huntington Botanical Gardens and a perennial marigold that blooms all winter long. Other good winter bloomers are *Euphorbia wulfenii* and *Helleborus corsicus*, and true geraniums like *Geranium macrorrhizum* do well. New California-adapted strains are on the way among the daylilies and hybrid alstroemeria.

Native plants like ceanothus and manzanita have long been versatile companions on garden edges, but more spectacular indigenous flora are now entering the trade. Among the most dramatic is the matilija poppy, a tall shrub with yellow-centered papery white flowers the size of dinner plates. The strain 'White Cloud' stays around five feet tall—not ten feet like its wild cousins—and the flowers are extra large. The spring-blooming native sages, especially the deep blue *Salvia clevelandii* and the lavender *S. leucophylla*, are excellent and fragrant for the wild garden; summer bloomers include Island bush-snapdragon, California fuchsia (*Zauschneria californica*), and flowering buckwheat. Native iris, western columbine, and coralbells are all being bred for the garden.

One thing about the new southland garden is that it's made for gardening, not just outdoor living. You have to pay attention. Hortense Miller has paid attention for the past thirty-five years. Her canyon garden in Laguna Beach is an anthology of the region's opportunities. She came west from St. Louis after World War II looking for a place where she could grow bougainvillea under a blue sky. Now she has ten or twelve of those all right, in the two and a half acre plot that contains hundreds of other plants. She likes the Mediterranean cistus, Mexican evening primrose (*Oenothera berlandieri*), tall spiky stalks of the Chilean puya, and, of course, the matilija poppy that runs all over the hillside: "And the datura. I have them in pink and yellow and white and double white, and I can walk into them over my head in flowers so big it's like someone's hung out the wash." She does not miss having a lawn. ▲

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Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980

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A Craving for Carving

Collectors are seeking seventeenth-century furniture for its robust sculptural qualities, says **Stuart Greenspan**

If you wait long enough, they say, everything old becomes new again. One of the current candidates for rejuvenation is the dark, heavy, sometimes monolithic furniture of seventeenth-century England, which has been out of fashion so long we have very nearly forgotten it. Yet to modern eyes, bored by the unrelenting blandness of the spare contemporary interior or suffocated by the overstuffed country-house look, the robust sculptural qualities of English oak and walnut suddenly appear fresh.

In the hundred years spanned by the reigns of James I (for whom the Jacobean period is named) and William and Mary, furniture in England emerged from its Gothic precedents to the sophisticated level of craftsmanship and elegance which is the glory of English furniture making. The changes, adopted quickly by the upper classes, trickled down slowly—sometimes at a lapse of several decades, which makes precise dating often impossible. Oak, for instance, which was plentiful and durable, was the dominant timber employed until the Restoration (1660), after which it was no longer considered fashionable. Yet despite the later popularity of walnut and other woods, oak continued to be used well into the nineteenth century, particularly in the provinces where its qualities, especially its cheapness, were much prized.

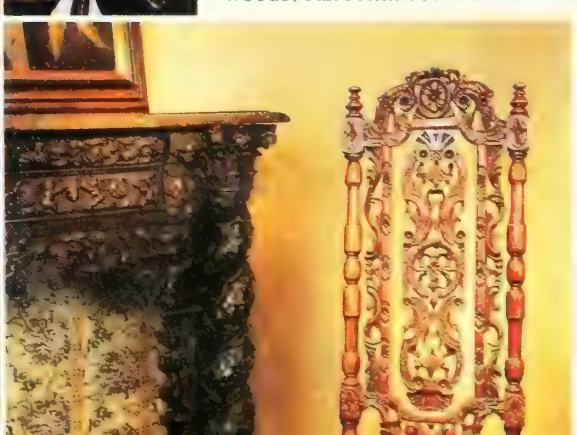
By the time James I mounted the throne (1603), England had already shaken off the isolation of the Gothic period and embraced the opulence of the European Renaissance. Furniture as we know it was rare and, except for the rudest forms, was the prerogative of the rich or royal. Chests, stools, and cupboards served a variety of functions, and the chair, a thronelike object, was reserved for persons of rank. Formerly undecorated furniture was now covered with a riot of carving and inlay interpreted—but often misunderstood—from European models.

Throughout the Jacobean period the basic furniture forms—the important state bed, a large table for dining, chairs (which became more plentiful), joined stools, coffers for storing and sitting upon, assorted cupboards for storage and display—remained massive. But under constant pressure from the Puritans, the previous ostentatiousness and extravagance of decoration was gradually reduced. The typically bulbous supports for beds, tables, and cupboards of the late Tudor period were eventually replaced by simpler turned or straight members; smaller, lighter, more practical tables, such as the gate-leg with folding top and turned legs, came into use; and the ubiquitous joined stool sprouted a back and became a movable chair. After the execution of James's son, Charles I, in 1649 and the establishment of the Commonwealth, the triumphant Puritans revenged themselves upon whatever was not strictly functional. After more than a century of runaway adornment English furniture was reduced to severe moldings and an occasional so-



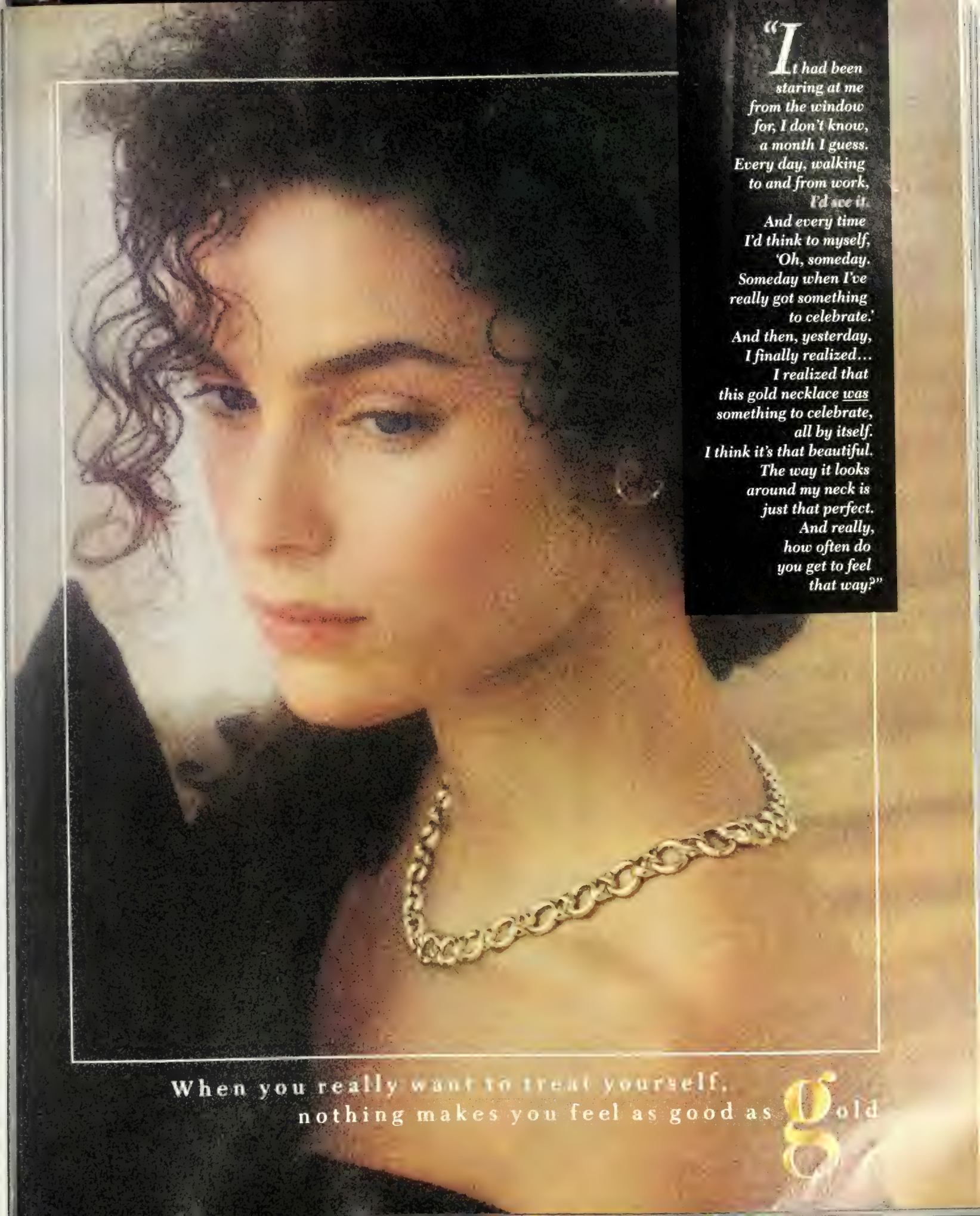






From top: William and Mary hall chair, c. 1695, from Stair & Co.; detail, Charles II chair, c. 1675, Newel Art Galleries; armchair, c. 1650, Black Swan Antiques; Charles II chair, Black Swan; mantel and chair, Manheim.

FROM TOP: MICHAEL MUNDY (4); DAVID RICHMOND


"It had been staring at me from the window for, I don't know, a month I guess. Every day, walking to and from work, I'd see it. And every time I'd think to myself, 'Oh, someday. Someday when I've really got something to celebrate.' And then, yesterday, I finally realized… I realized that this gold necklace was something to celebrate, all by itself. I think it's that beautiful. The way it looks around my neck is just that perfect. And really, how often do you get to feel that way?"
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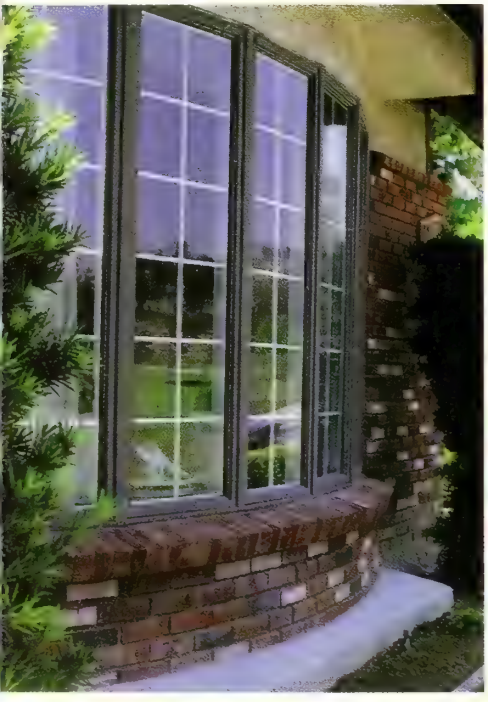


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ber inlay of ivory, bone, or mother-of-pearl to relieve its dark blockiness.

The Restoration is considered the most important period in the history of English furniture. When Charles I's son was recalled after having spent many years in France and Holland, he was eager to create a brilliant court; his deprived subjects were more than ready for change from the dour Commonwealth years. Along with foreign ideas, Charles II brought skilled craftsmen from abroad whose main task was to improve the crude level of workmanship among native furniture makers. Walnut, with its warm color and dark markings and suitability to more sensitive carving, was favored over oak, but due to its expense, it was commonly used as veneer over a cheaper wooden carcass. The backs of chairs, either open or caned, grew taller and more slender (and would later grow taller still); the carvings became richer and more complicated, with leaf, floral, and abstract devices and crowns and putti all combined with an almost Tudor abandon; Flemish and Spanish curves as design elements were introduced and transformed the look of chair legs and arm supports; and elaborate and fine floral marquetry of stained and colored exotic woods appeared for the first time.

Following Charles II's death in 1685, his brother, James II, ascended the throne, but the reign was brief because of the extreme unpopularity of his Catholic faith. In 1689, James's daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange, were invited to accept the English crown and protect the Protestant faith. During their reign the Dutch influence was strengthened and solidified. In furniture this was reflected in the taste for exotic woods such as ebony and in bizarre effects of inlay and marquetry.

About 1830 there was a revival of oak furniture, and to meet the demand, damaged but authentic old pieces were renewed and recarved, sometimes resulting in forms that had never existed before, such as state beds made from old tables. Later the Victorian era saw pieces being skillfully manufactured in the Jacobean style. And in the 1920s and '30s baronial types such as William Randolph Hearst sought out vast quantities of Jacobean furniture—some of it authentic—as suitable to their lives in fake castles.

As the authenticity of a piece may determine its cost and will affect its long-term value, it is well worth learning what to look for. One would have to be suspicious, for example, if a three-hundred-year-old piece showed no signs of age; on the other hand, furniture that is beaten all over makes no sense either, unless documentation proves it served duty on a battlefield. Furniture becomes worn where it has been handled or sat upon continuously, and that wear must appear in a logical way. The armrests, front stretchers, and seat of a chair will show this; the rear portions should show less wear. The feet almost invariably will be worn down; frequently they are removed or replaced completely. Crisp carving on an old piece is more likely a sign of recarving than of good preservation. The style of decoration must conform to the aesthetics of its period. Beautifully carved Italianate putti are inappropriate to seventeenth-century England and often were inventions of the nineteenth century. The period's clumsiness and naiveté, which appear primitive to us, are actually more correct.

The relatively low prices that seventeenth-century furniture commands in the U.S. today—at auction rarely more than $10,000 for anything (under $1,000 for a Charles II chair); more at dealers whose expertise and fixing-up usually justify the premium—reflect the current lack of demand, the legacy of successive revivals and tamperings, as well as, perhaps, the sometimes forbidding appearance of much of it. We have forgotten that in seventeenth-century England, not only did men and women wear multilayers of clothing and petticoats, but they also used soft brightly colored and patterned cushions on their hard furniture to ease contact.

Is this the time to buy? According to at least one auction expert, it is. Compared with other furniture of similar age, it is undervalued. Compared with anything American of the period, English furniture is dirt cheap. But investment potential should never be the only criterion. Its character and strength of design could revitalize the American interior—that is, if our homes can stand up to the power of seventeenth-century design. ▲

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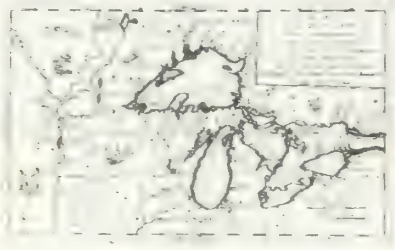
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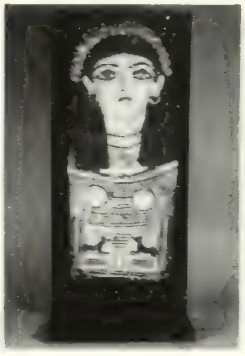
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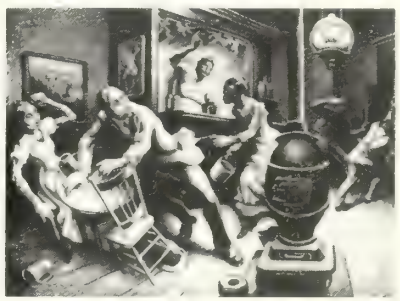
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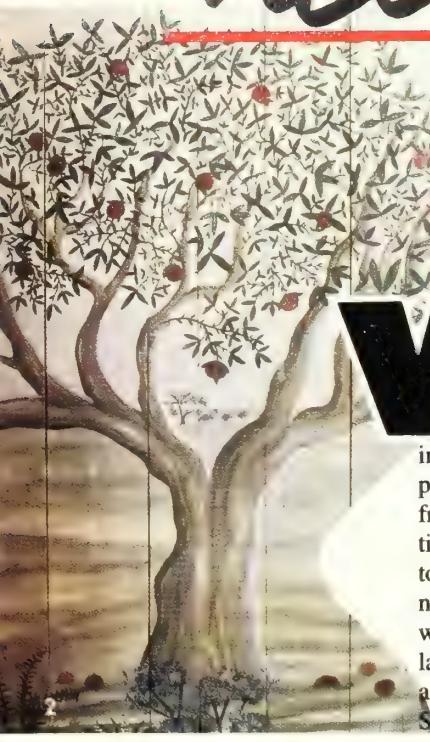
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Talleysheet

Country chic . . .
Barnyard beasts become surreal furniture . . . Hunt classics

What's new for fall is the abundance of fauna and flora that is turning up indoors. Animal motifs surface in varied styles and forms. At Janis Aldridge, a Georgetown shop in Washington, D.C., decorative screens are hand-papered with prints of cows and other animals. An antique hobbyhorse, from the Pine Mine in Los Angeles, makes a handsome addition to a child's room. Paul Bott, owner of Twigs, a downtown flower shop in New York, has relocated and filled his new shop with a mural of an apple orchard laden with blossoms. François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne, the Paris couple best known for designing amusing sheep benches for such people as Yves Saint Laurent, now offer animal desks in bronze and copper. Their life-size bestiary sculptures, available from Marisa del Re Gallery in New York, are not only functional furniture but also embody the ideal of art imitating life.

André Leon Talley



1. Gilt carved 19th-century wheat ornaments from G. K. S. Bush Antiques, Washington, D.C. **2.** The new mural at Twigs, NYC.



6. A papered screen from Janis Aldridge, Washington, D.C. **7.** Pine aplenty at the Pine Mine, Los Angeles.









3. In Warwickshire, England, Robin Smith-Ryland of the Warwick hunt, with guest Jerry Hall. **4.** François-Xavier Lalanne's bull desk and **5.** donkey desk, both from Marisa del Re Gallery, NYC.

1, 2, 4–6, MICHAEL MUNDY 3, ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY 7, TOM BONNER



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Talleysheet

Updated country style . . .
The elegance of pine . . .
Armoires and extras





A sense of simplicity infuses both fabrics and furniture this fall. One of the newest evening looks, prevalent throughout Saint Laurent's latest Rive Gauche collection, in many hues and variations: the return of the floor-length cashmere cape matched with a camel-colored dinner skirt of the same soft material. A perfect backdrop for this understated look is rooms filled with English or American pine furniture. In Manhattan, Vito Giallo has sold English pine from his Madison Avenue shop for twelve years. He has now added Canadian and American pine pieces that he sells from his own town house by appointment. English pine remains his favorite, however. "It gives a warmer glow to a room," Giallo says. The Antique Loft in New York also has a special view of pine. They take Swedish and Danish armoires and paint them with distinctive floral patterns. **A.L.T.**



1. Saint Laurent's cashmere skirt and cape for fall. **2.** At the Antique Loft, a painted pine armoire filled with Pratesi cashmere blankets. **3.** From Chris Allen's Tranquil Corners Antiques in Durham, N.C., a tiger-maple chest.



4. Vito Giallo's New York City town house has everything from 18th-century Venetian pine columns to a French 19th-century bronze-and-crystal chandelier. Giallo also features pine tables, chests, and armoires. **5.** An Alexis de La Falaise–designed obelisk bookcase of sycamore in the Paris library of Eric and Beatrice de Rothschild.



6. From Janis Aldridge in Georgetown, Washington, D.C., an elegant 19th-century painted pine chest.

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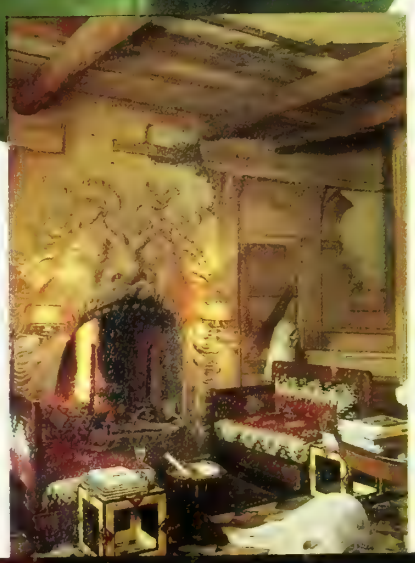
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L.A. style

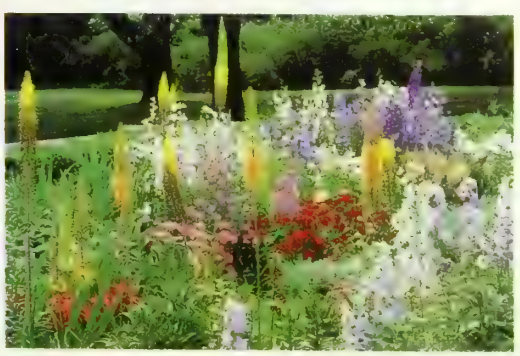
What exactly is it? In this issue we present six southern California houses, ranging from an early residence by *Frank Lloyd Wright* to the latest work of respected young architect *Fred Fisher*, from the Beverly Hills mansion of talent agent *Sandy Gallin* to the Pacific Palisades bungalow of movie producer *Steve Tisch* and his wife, Patsy. The houses all reflect a rigorous pursuit of quality in design and a willingness to experiment with new ideas which can be defined as L.A. style. Food writer *Jeffrey Steingarten* approaches L.A. by another route—through its markets. We also visit the studios of such modern masters as Picasso and Monet in photographs by *Alexander Liberman*, travel to the home of Italian jewelry designer *Elsa Peretti*, and take in two splendid gardens at Sissinghurst and on the Long Island Sound. Finally, *André Leon Talley* defines the style of champion hostess and gardener *C. Z. Guest*. —*Nancy Novogrod*





Elsa Peretti's drawing room at Porto Ercole, right, with kilim-covered sofas designed by Renzo Mongiardino. Above: Magnolias in a Grueby vase are from the Tisches' garden.

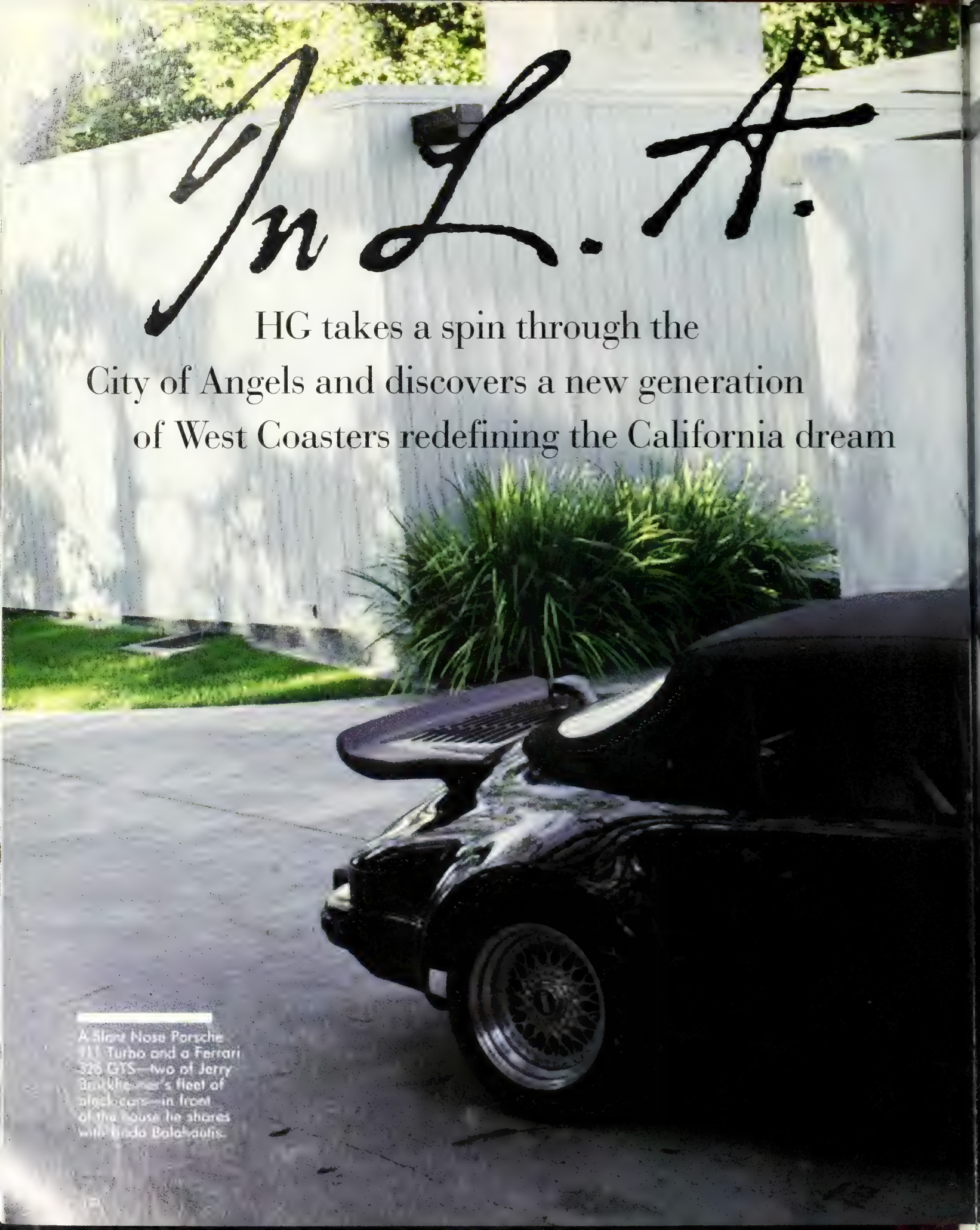
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT OBERTO GILI, MARINA SCHINZ, FRANÇOIS HALARD, SHEILA METZNER



The living room, above, of Frank Lloyd Wright's California masterpiece, La Miniatura. Left: In the Aston garden yellow eremurus punctuate a border of pink, white, and blue campanula.

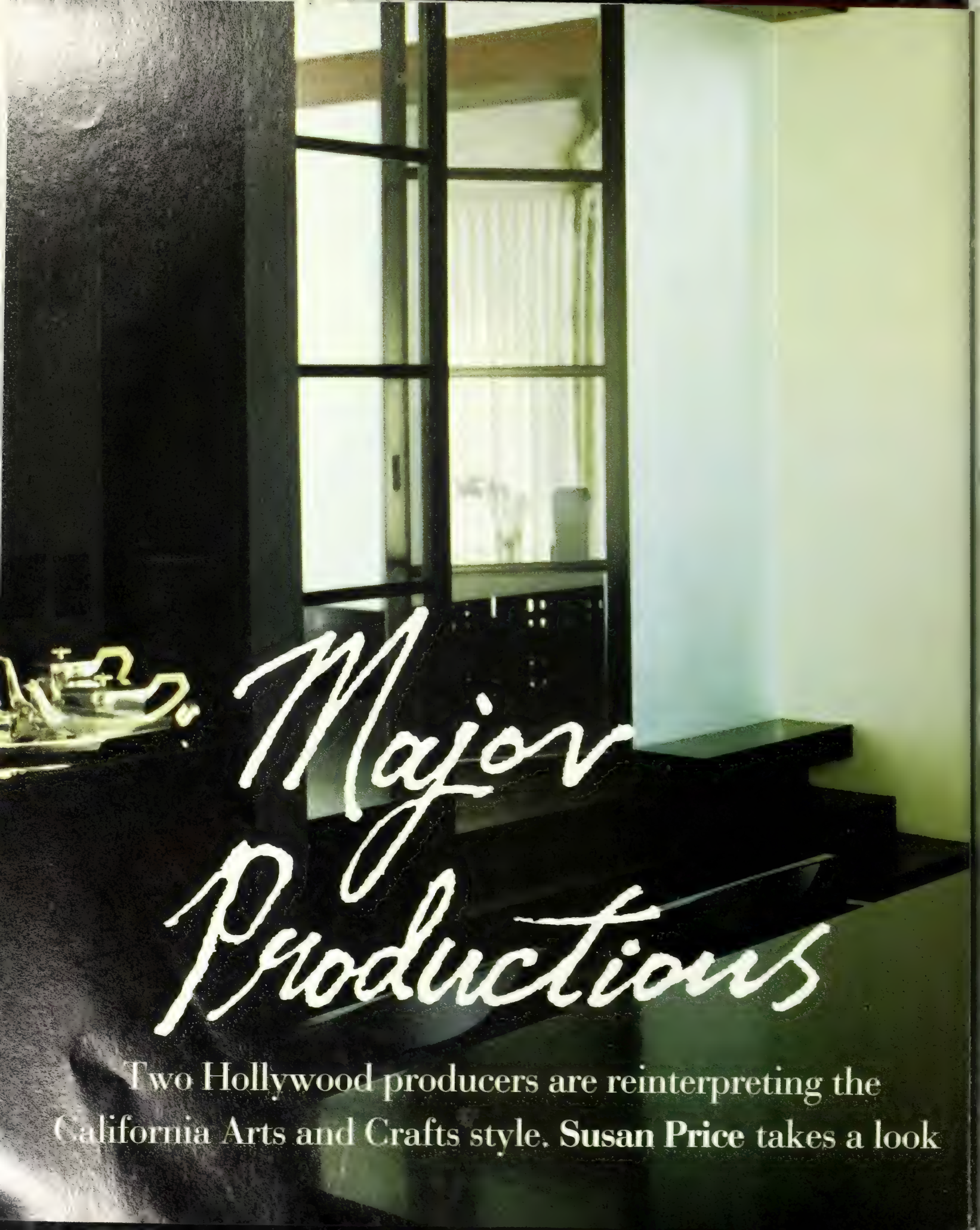
In L.A.

HG takes a spin through the City of Angels and discovers a new generation of West Coasters redefining the California dream



A Slant Nose Porsche 911 Turbo and a Ferrari 328 GTS—two of Jerry Braukhauser's fleet of classic cars—in front of the house he shares with Linda Balahoutis.





Major Productions

Two Hollywood producers are reinterpreting the California Arts and Crafts style. **Susan Price** takes a look



Paradoxically, in the American city that is so today-conscious the design influence of the moment is one that began in England in the nineteenth century. Originally a protest against machine-age artificiality, the Arts and Crafts ethic is on the leading edge of Hollywood style. The typical Craftsman house was the bungalow: a small house designed to serve the needs of those who dwelled within, in contrast to the all-for-show Victorian houses of the time.

Architect Don Umemoto has renovated the houses of two of Hollywood's most successful producers by taking the Craftsman ideal and giving it a decidedly lavish, decidedly 1980s spin. One is a 1950s International Style house that Jerry Bruckheimer shares with Linda Balahoutis; the other is Steve and Patsy Tisch's California bungalow. One feels like 2010, the other like 1910.

In the Bruckheimer house the Arts and Crafts influence is tempered with a touch of James Bondian fantasy. Bruckheimer, with partner Don Simpson, has produced a string of ultraglossy megahits—*Flashdance, Beverly Hills Cop* (1 and 2), and *Top Gun*. Not surprisingly, the house, like his movies, is high powered and sleek.

Set on a street of traditional houses in the West Los Angeles suburb of Brentwood, the building lies low behind a sculpted monolithic sweep of gray wall. The gate slides open to reveal a landscape of geometric shapes and flawless stillness. Surveillance cameras scan the grounds from the branches of century-old pines. Jerry and Linda's black cars adorn the driveway.

Linda, a former art dealer and the producer of a PBS children's series on divorce, and her fourteen-year-old daughter, Alex, have lived with Jerry for eleven years. They were searching for a large modern house when they found the Thornton Abell design, built in 1959. "It's basically a conservative International Style house," she says. "But I visualized the way we wanted it the minute I saw it." Umemoto, the architect, characterizes the

Carefully chosen and well-placed objects in the Bruckheimer dining room: a small Bryan Hunt sculpture on a plinth, on the table a Rookwood vase. The painting is *The Butler's in Love* by Mark Stock. In foreground is a Lalique vase and at far left, a classic Art Deco tea set.

SHEILA METZNER



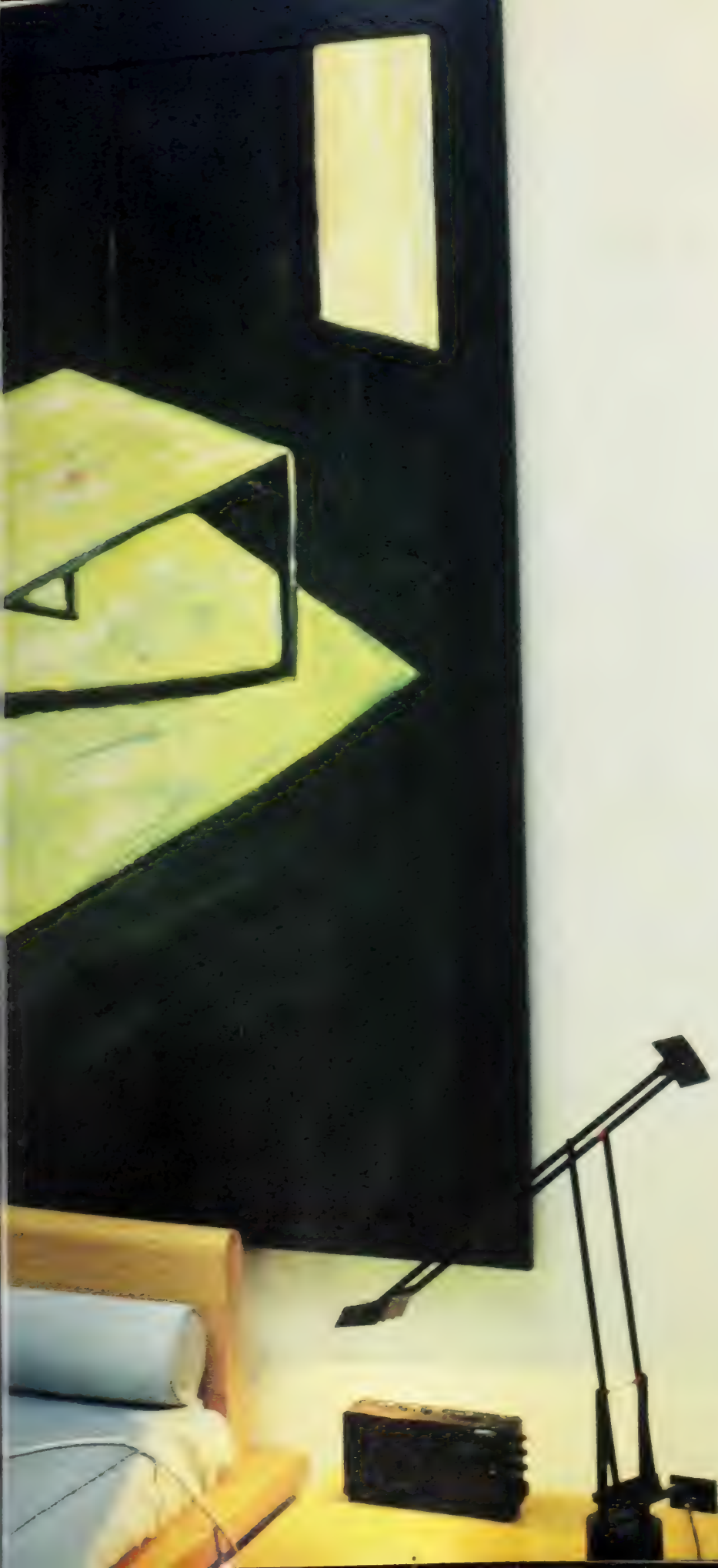
SHEILA METZNER

Bruckheimer's house, like his movies, is high powered and sleek



A Charles Rennie Mackintosh chair and Teco vases create a still life in the hallway. Opposite: On the shelves in the living room, an array of Arts and Crafts pottery, including Teco and Grueby vases. Inset: Linda Balahoutis and her daughter, Alex.


"It started out as a
California bungalow,
but we took it
ten steps further"



finished house as "basically Italian design with an Asian twist. Yet the house retains a closeness to the Craftsman style."

The entry hall is like a still life, "intentionally small," Jerry explains, "so you feel the enormity of the living room." The hall is a subtle interplay of color, light, and shape. The repetition of green in an urn, at the door, in a single square in the black rug, and on a cushion leads the eye about the space. A wall is washed a pale yellow like the morning light. In the living room, black metal mullions have been added over the wall of sliding glass doors to create a bamboo and shoji screen effect. The massive stone fireplace and the extensive use of wood reveal the Craftsman influence. The ceiling is paneled in ash, the floors are dark finished oak, and mahogany bookshelves display Arts and Crafts vases.

High technology and painstaking attention to detail are evident throughout the house. The many television screens, including two over the breakfast table, can be keyed into the security monitor. In the master bedroom suite the couple's bathrooms are joined by a shower-steam-Jacuzzi room where even the bottles of soap and shampoo are uniform in size with neatly typed labels. The bedside security panel has controls for lights, curtains, shades, and an entertainment unit.

Steve and Patsy Tisch's more historical house is simpler in comparison, with a premium on comfort. Umemoto credits Patsy Tisch with sparking what has now become a Craftsman revival: "The Tisch house started as a California bungalow, but we took it ten steps further."

Although both are from the East, Patsy and Steve Tisch met while working in movie production and now have two children, Hilary, nearly five, and William, nine months. He made his mark as a producer with *Risky Business* in 1983 and formed his own production company three years later. His most recent hit is *Big Business*.

When they found the house seven years ago, it was a plain shingle cottage built in 1929—"nothing special," says Patsy. Although she had been looking for a California bungalow, what convinced her to make

Patsy Tisch in the master bedroom. On the wall is *The Slow Part* by Suzanne Caporael. The bed was designed by Don Umemoto and built by George Lengsfeld.

the choice was the property with its New England–like setting.

The Tisch house, off Sunset Boulevard in Pacific Palisades, is approached by a tree-lined country lane. It has been stained a soft teal in homage to Greene & Greene's Gamble House in Pasadena. Inside, the house has been opened up into large airy spaces, its expanses of stark white walls warmed with wood paneling and dark exposed beams. Windows are left bare, and glass doors open to porches that run along the south side of the house.

There is a subtle mix of pieces by Gustav Stickley, Frank Lloyd Wright, and new furnishings and light fixtures, including 1950s-inspired chandeliers, designed by Patsy and Don Umemoto collaboratively. Of the decorative elements, such as Teco, Grueby, and Heinz vases and land lamps by Dirk Van Erp and Fulper, Patsy says simply: "I like classic forms and objects." The Tisch art collection is almost entirely American, including works by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, Jim Dine, George Segal, and Mark Innerst. Other collections—Steve's classic rock and roll cassettes, Patsy's stash of Hawaiian and cowboy shirts—are discreetly tucked behind closed doors.

Steve says, "This house was Patsy's project—I didn't want to interfere with the clarity of her vision. Now I'm really thrilled with what it offers as a place for living." Yet he concedes that on occasion, when he is driving along Sunset Boulevard, he falls prey to more traditional Hollywood images of glamour. He's especially tempted by two sights along the way, an old California Spanish and a mysterious forties castle.

Jerry Bruckheimer said about making movies, "It's our way of trying to rearrange reality. Our movies are representative of the way we'd like to see life go." The same might be said of these two modern Hollywood houses. ▲ *Editor: Paul Sinclaire*



Clockwise from top left: In the dining room of the Tisch house *New Mexico Landscape* by Marsden Hartley hangs above a Frank Lloyd Wright barrel chair; the fresh magnolias in a Grueby vase are from the garden. Potted palms frame the main entrance. Hilary in a Stickley chair with her tiny Mexican silver tea set. The back porch with table and chairs by Don Umemoto.

SHELA METZNER







Hot Property

Sandy Gallin's new Beverly Hills house is just made for a big-time agent.

James Truman takes a meeting

Property





Managing the careers of Dolly Parton, Neil Diamond, Whoopi Goldberg, the Pointer Sisters, Mac Davis, and Patti La Belle has not impeded Sandy Gallin's reputation as a Hollywood entertainer. His parties, lavishly catered and A-list attended, boast higher production values than some of his guests' movies. They also enjoy better word of mouth: even those who weren't there remember them.

"Is that really what I'm known for? Giving parties?" Gallin asks, aggrieved. Taking into account his new house, the consternation may be just a momentary lapse. Entering the twin-level marble-floored rotunda and walking past the mirror-backed wet bar into a palatial living room, one has the sensation of being in a secluded southern California hotel.

Having lived in the area for years—his previous house, now Frank Sinatra's, is down the road—Gallin was determined to maintain the convenience of Beverly Hills while escaping its congestion: "I wanted to enter the house through an entryway, look to the right and see greenery, and look to the left and see the view." The design, he says, was achieved in a Hamburger Hamlet, where he drew it on a napkin.

"Of course, Sandy didn't design the house on a napkin," says architect Lise Matthews. "No house is designed that way. However, he was involved in the design and did most of the finished detail himself." For her plan, Matthews drew on her memories of grand houses of New Orleans and a foggier recollection of *The Sound of Music*. The main entrance hall, with its tiered gallery and split staircase, suggests both. "This was designed to be a party house, so it was appropriate to have vantage points and lots of private places."

The finished house is divided into public and private wings. The latter houses a sitting room and a study, with an enclosed garden on the first floor and the master bedroom suite upstairs framed by two bathrooms and a gymnasium spacious enough

Gallin's spacious living room has high ceilings, low overstuffed sofa and chairs. Mantel is focal point with drawings by Monkiewitsch. Scroll-leg table from Rose Tarlow/Melrose House, L.A.; Louis XVI table from Baldacchino, L.A. Details see Sources. Preceding pages: Gallin's pool, designed by W. Garett Carlson, has waterfall edge, chaises by Weatherend.

to accommodate several heavyweight champions. "When I think about it, the only thing the bedroom doesn't have is a stove and garbage disposal," he observes.

To soften the hard edges of the contemporary look, traditional moldings were added to most rooms; the furniture is an eclectic mixture of Biedermeier, Art Deco, and California contemporary—functional as well as decorative. It *is* a party house. "I've had four hundred for dinner and it wasn't crowded at all," Gallin says.

He insists that entertaining is not an integral part of his business: "Working hard, being dedicated to what you're doing is more important than socializing." Born in Brooklyn, Gallin headed for Hollywood in the late sixties. After a hardworking apprenticeship in the mail room of a talent agency, he graduated to agent and later became an independent manager. He felt his first client, Mac Davis, was capable of becoming a television star. The accuracy of his prediction is symbolized by the three-color Gallé vase in his bathroom. "Mac gave it to Sandy to celebrate their fifteenth anniversary," explains the housekeeper. "He asked if he wanted a Rolls-Royce or a vase. Sandy chose the vase."

Gallin saw similar potential in a struggling comedian, Joan Rivers, and a washed-up singer, Cher. "It's just an instinct I have," he shrugs.

Gallin presents an image that contradicts his reputation as a hardnosed negotiator. Rather, he seems the picture of the laid-back Californian. Which personality does the house express? "Well, I have to admit to delusions of grandeur since I was a little kid," he laughs. "When I was seven or eight, my family used to make fun of me because I was already talking in the millions. In my head I was always living in a palace. Now that it's a reality I realize I don't need it at all—I could do without it very easily." ▲ *Editor: Kelly Klein*

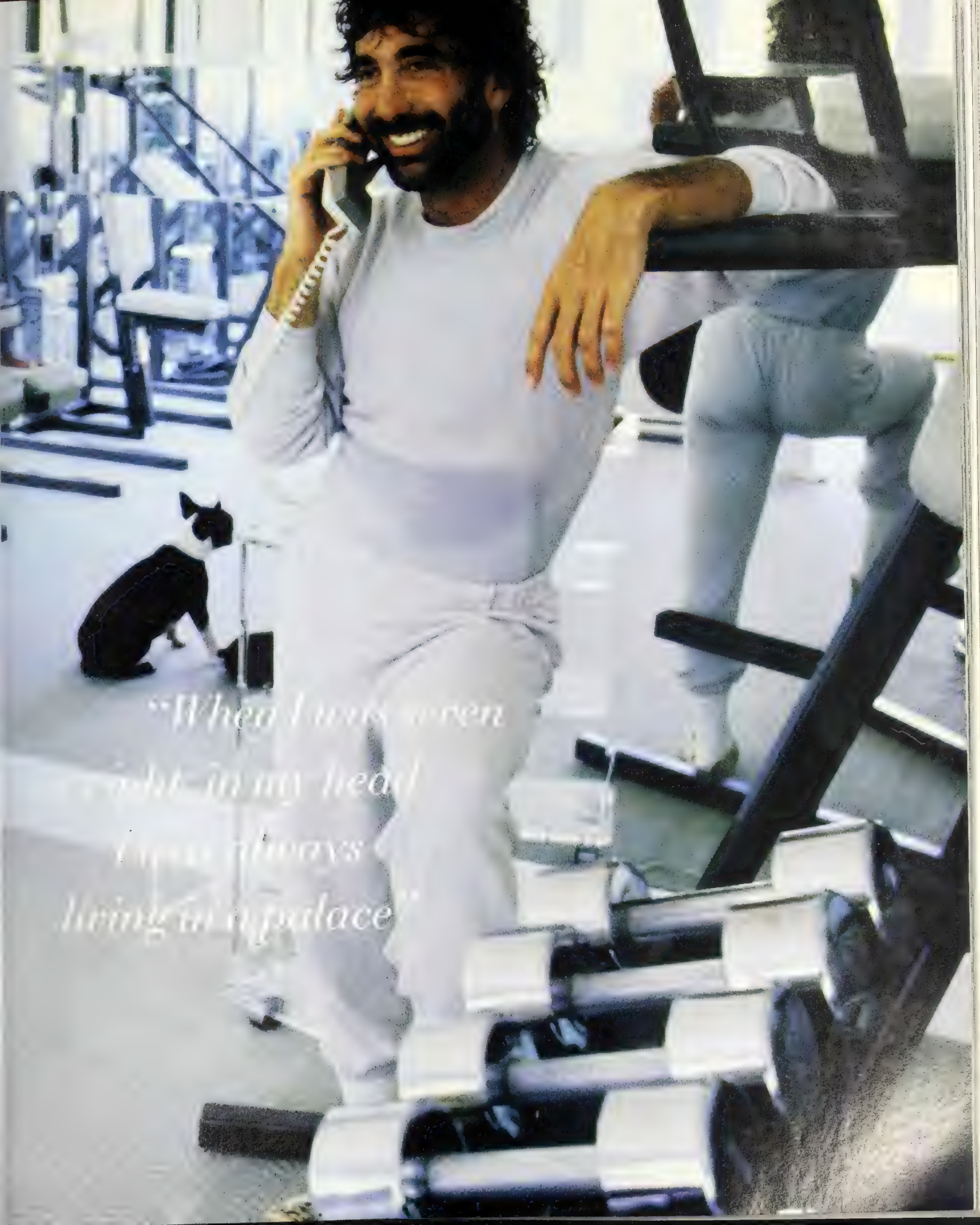


The entrance hall, above, with Italian Biedermeier table, c. 1860, in center, bleached oak floors, and Chinese square-backed chair from Ferrante, L.A. Right: Sitting area in Sandy Gallin's office, with two Chinese elmwood armchairs, c. 1800, black-lacquer samurai table; drawings by Brice Marden on wall. Opposite: Outdoor terrace and fireplace with iron coffee table by Brustlin Workshop, fire screen and grate by Wilshire Fireplace.







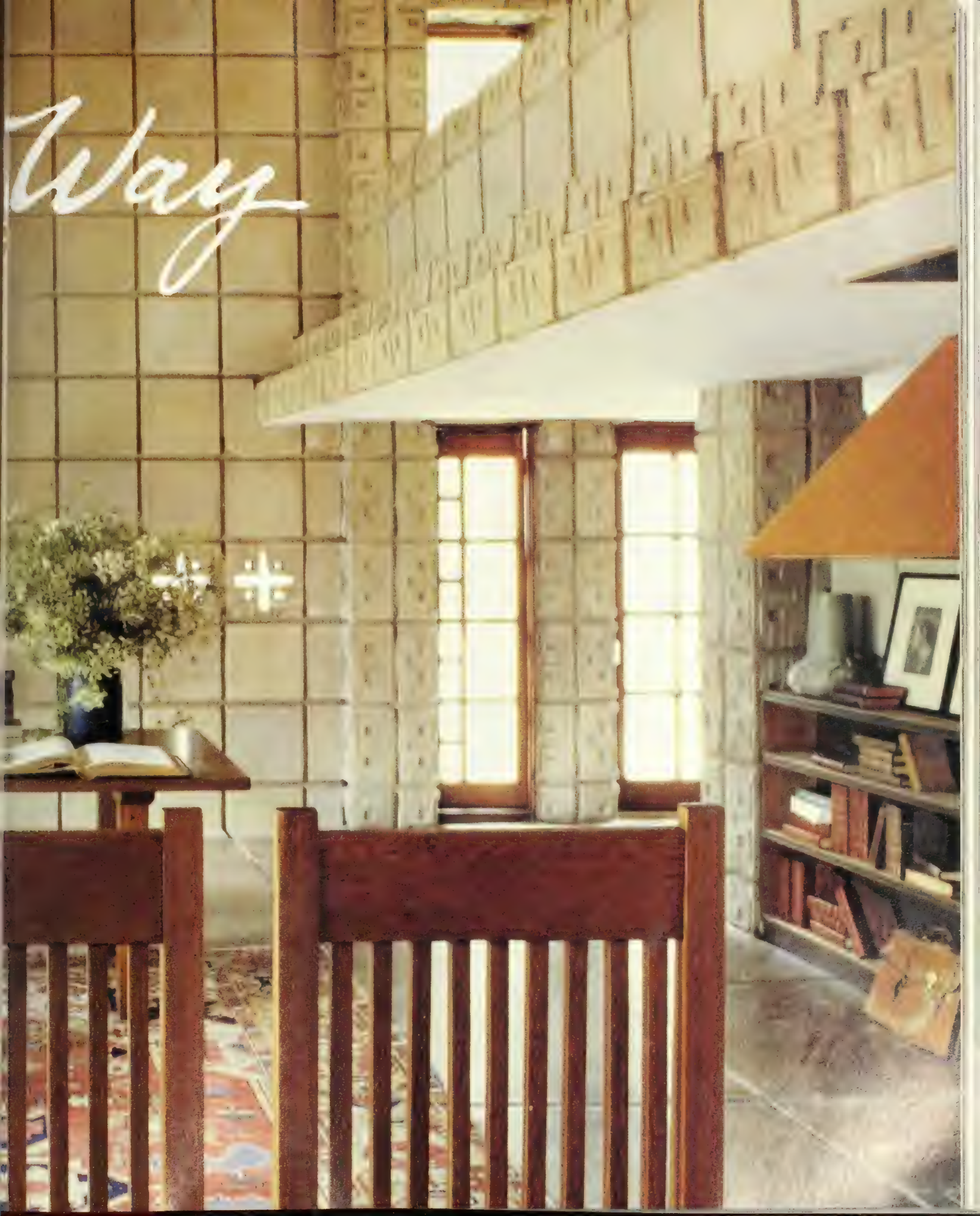

"When I was seven
I sat in my head
I was always
living in a palace"

The Wright

Frank Lloyd Wright's La Miniatura is his masterpiece of sunlight and shadow. Martin Filler writes

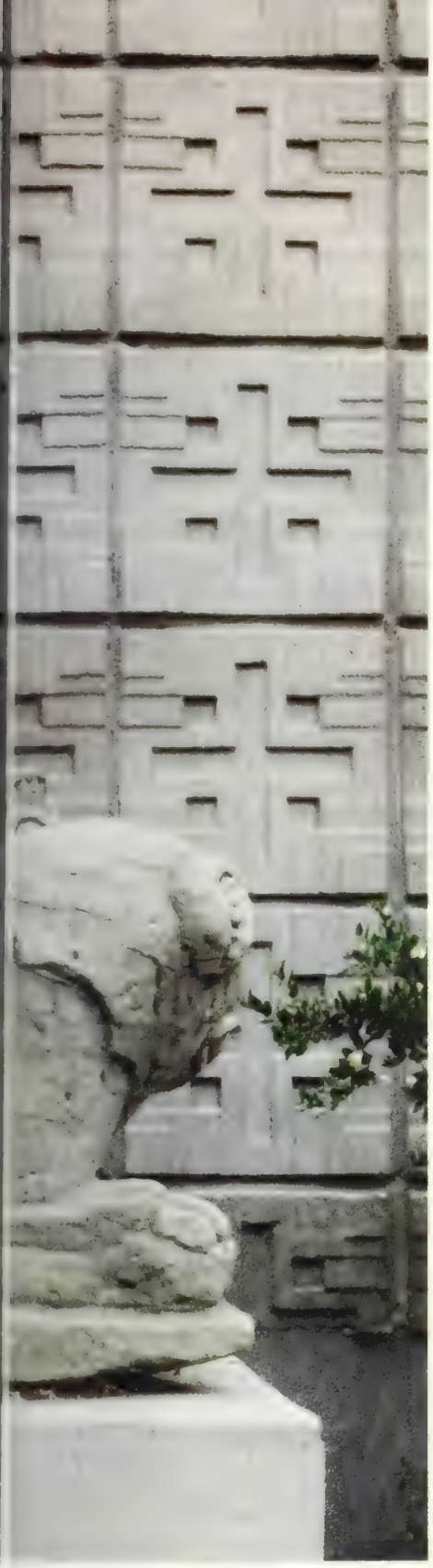


In the two-story-high living room of Wright's Millard house, built in Pasadena in 1923, oak dining table by Gustav Stickley, Dirk Van Erp lamp, and, in foreground, chairs attributed to Wright, all collection of James and Janeen Marrin, Pasadena. Stickley armchair, courtesy Couturier Gallery, Los Angeles. Heriz carpet, Gamble House, USC. Style: Jacques Dehornois.


Way



"The house is so distinctive that it's hard to think of living anywhere else"



The Wright Way

"I would rather have built this little house than St. Peter's in Rome." Thus with characteristic modesty wrote Frank Lloyd Wright about one of his most important designs, the Millard house—called La Miniatura—in Pasadena, California. His justifiable pride in that small masterpiece of 1923 contained more than a touch of vindication. This ingenious structure marked the full resurgence of Wright's creative energies after a fallow spell at mid-life and began a brief comeback, one of several that punctuated his long, uneven career. La Miniatura proved with superb conciseness that Frank Lloyd Wright was still America's greatest architect and an inexhaustible source of impressive new ideas.

If Wright had been less than a true believer in his own genius, he could well have thought himself washed up at the beginning of the twenties. The brilliant promise of the first years of the century had vanished, and as a new kind of modern architecture—the International Style—began to emerge in Europe, this fin de siècle dandy looked more and more like an anachronistic has-been. After he scandalously abandoned his first wife and six children in Oak Park, Illinois, and ran off with the wife of a local client, Wright saw his commissions there dwindle away to almost nothing. Like innumerable Americans seeking a fresh start, he eventually turned his sights to southern California, which even then had a reputation for being open to progressive concepts in domestic living. It was there that Wright found a receptive new clientele, though the patron of his most significant house in the Los Angeles area formed a link to his earlier life in suburban Chicago.

In 1906, Wright had built one of his epoch-making prairie houses in Highland



Nicole Daniels, left, is only the third owner of La Miniatura in 65 years. Above: In the living room, Alfred Stieglitz photo *The Mauretania*, courtesy G. Ray Hawkins Gallery, Los Angeles; Grueby vase, courtesy Couturier Gallery; Charles Rohlfs candlesticks, Marrin collection. Below: Secluded feeling of house is emphasized by front door hidden at left of central portal behind planter. Concrete blocks with dark cross motif are pierced and glazed to admit light.



OBERTO GILI

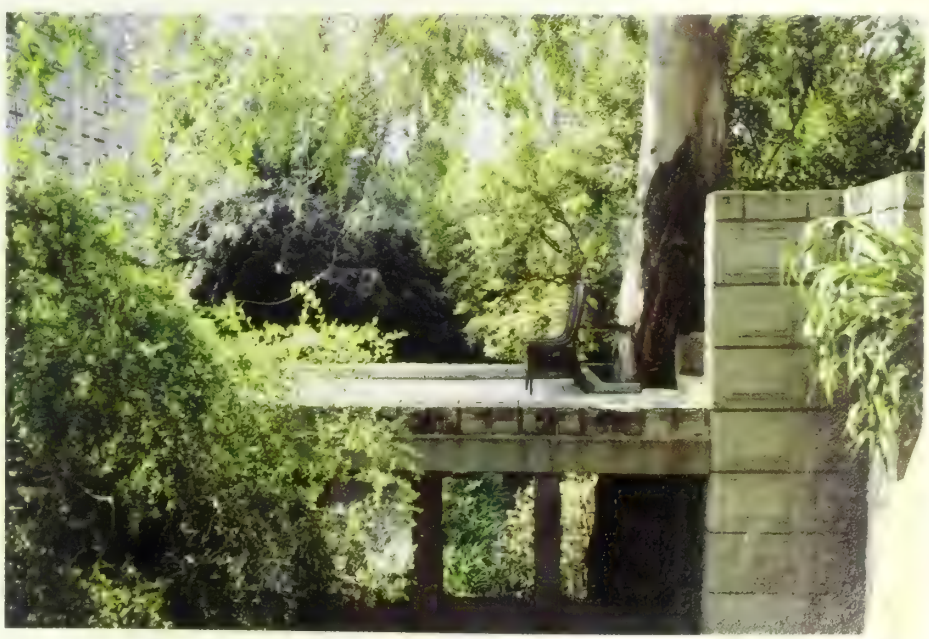

In La Miniatura, Wright created a
new architecture for a new life



Park, Illinois, for Alice and George Madison Millard. They moved to the Pasadena area in 1913, then a popular winter resort among wealthy Midwesterners. It was also the locus of some of the most superb new residential architecture in the U.S., including the gorgeously crafted bungalows of the brothers Charles Sumner and Henry Mather Greene, epitomized by their famous Gamble House.

After her husband's death, Alice Millard was determined to raise her way of life on the West Coast to the highest level of intellectual excellence and sensual gratification. A woman of great culture and sensitivity, she decided to capitalize on her educated eye by carrying on her husband's rare-book business and expanding it to include the decorative arts. Mrs. Millard wanted to create the ideal architectural setting to display her estimable collection of precious volumes and manuscripts, as well as the treasures she acquired during her annual travels through Europe. She contacted Wright, who was still working on the Hollyhock House, a rambling Los Angeles mansion for the oil heiress Aline Barnsdall, his only big job since finishing the Imperial Hotel *(Text continued on page 231)*

In the living room, opposite, a chair attributed to Wright, Marrin collection, and photo of Isabella Stewart Gardner by Baron de Meyer, courtesy G. Ray Hawkins Gallery. Above: Brass bed, Stickley desk, and chairs in master bedroom, Gamble House, USC, Randell Makinson, curator. Below: Grounds of La Miniatura are shaded by towering eucalyptus trees.



OBERTO GILI



...washed
...ooring. Armchairs
...in the covering in
...Alexandre at
...the 18th-century
...carpet. Sofa
...Braunschweig, with
...by Houles. The
...Self-Portrait,
...by John
...the wall
...Electric Chair, is
...by Andy Warhol. Style:
...Jacques Dehornois.
Opposite: A touch of
Venetian fantasy.



Hollywood Herald

Columnist Richard Rouilard's house. **Dodie Kazanjian** finds, echoes with the talk of the town

This house is Hollywood. This house was lived in by Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Leonard Bernstein, Somerset Maugham, Dame Judith Anderson, Ethel Barrymore—and Greta Garbo stayed here,'' says Richard Rouilard.

It's all right for Richard Rouilard to gossip about his house this way. We'd feel cheated if the society editor of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* who sits in Louella Parsons's chair, didn't.

''This house smelled of Hollywood. It *reeked* of Hollywood. It was so overdone and so gaudy. The balconies were so silly. So I had to have it. I *had* to have it.''

The four-story stucco house, christened Villa Vallombrosa, is in Whitley Heights, a 1920s ''development'' in Los Angeles designed to look like an Italian hillside town.

OBERTO GILI



The bedroom is covered in a wall paper from Florence House. The bed cushions are covered in Fortuny fabric and an 18th-century needlework. Table to the left holds 17th- and 18th-century reliquaries. In front of the bed is a contemporary table by Jim Gander with small sculptures by Robert Graham.

"This room is sort of Mae West, side chapel, transitional Minimalism"









chard Rouillard, above right. Above
t right, in the drawing room, Lisa
dams's plaster Bobby Apollo and the
elvederes. Right: American Gothic
creton in the bedroom contains
entral American and American folk-
t crosses and one encrusted with
ottle caps and glitter.

"It's the original Beverly Hills," says Rouillard, "and these were the neighbors. Gloria Swanson had a home across the street. Right behind my house was Bette Davis. William Powell and Carole Lombard, when they were married, had a house here. Rudolph Valentino had an enormous house here, torn down for one of the Hollywood Freeway exits. One of Charlie Chaplin's houses is here, and as I look out my window now, I see Marie Dressler's house. All Hollywood lived here at one time. And each one of those houses is just as ridiculous as the next."

Rouillard has done up the interior of his house with the tradition of the ridiculous in mind. Take the dining room. "The dining room is a study in the great periods of New Jersey," says the society scribe who grew up in the "slime-land south of Newark, the second smell on the Jersey turnpike." The chairs are painted slime green and are all of different periods. "They are dedicated to the many moods of New Jersey antiques. Growing up, my mother every so often would change the house from one bastard style to another, and I remembered them all. There was Queen Anne Strange and French Bizarre. This is now I learned about the world. This chair was France. That chair was Italy. Here's England."

Richard Rouillard had never written a word for publication until 1983, when he began writing a column under the name of Miss Bunny Mars for a fashion insert that was a supplement to the Sunday *Los Angeles Times*. *(Text continued on page 228)*

The Fisher

Architect Fred Fisher uses poor materials to create rich spaces for a born-again bachelor in Marina del Rey. **Charles Gandee** reports



Technique

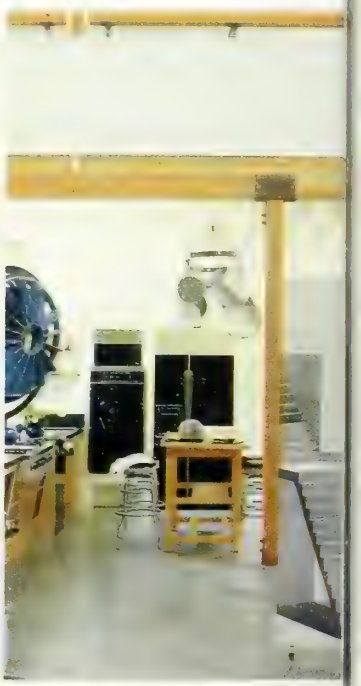


Fred Fisher and telling examples of his loose-tie attitude toward design: a jazzy essay, left, in plain and fancy concrete block and, opposite, a stair sandwiched between two windows

Informality characterizes the living room, above, of the Levine house. Josef Hoffmann armchairs from ICF. Bug tables by Fred Fisher. Other furniture and art from the collection of Jeff Kerns, Los Angeles. Right: The light-filled bathroom. Center: The master bedroom. Far right: A Fornasetti screen from Cozmopole helps shield the kitchen. Details see Sources.







The Fisher Technique

One tends to expect the unexpected from an architect whose office is in a storefront four doors down from the XXX-rated Pussy Cat Theaters in Santa Monica, California. And sure enough, Fred Fisher delivers.

The 39-year-old architect rose to national attention with a design for a prototype solar crematorium, then lingered in the professional spotlight thanks to a much-publicized addition to Hopalong Cassidy's former house in the Hollywood Hills which looks like nothing so much as a ruin. His current pet project is a pair of new mating cages for the gorillas at the L.A. zoo.

Closer to home, at least for most of us, is the house Fisher recently completed for Fred Levine, a women's clothing retailer/manufacturer. Although the house doesn't exactly fit any preconceived image of domestic accommodation, Levine isn't complaining. But then, how could he? The client's sole mandate to his architect was, "I just want you to have a good time."

Besides, Levine had a fair idea what to expect. Three years ago he and Fisher collaborated on another house—one Levine turned over to his ex-wife. If the born-again bachelor gave his architect a wide aesthetic berth, he was less generous when it came to the budget—$68 a square foot.

All things considered, it is not a bit surprising Levine's house is a peculiar sight. From the outside, one could almost be persuaded that four architects designed its four façades and that they did so without benefit of communication. Here a plain stucco wall, there a jazzy concrete block wall; here a wall of windows, there hardly a window to be found. As Fisher too delicately puts it: "The house as an object really has no overriding formal logic."

Behind the walls, however, logic does in fact lurk. Fisher and colleague David Ross were intent on creating a luminous interior that would compensate for what it lacked in the way of materials and finishes by offering a set of rich spatial and visual experiences—and they succeeded. If there's a certain roughness and toughness to the house—a roughness and toughness that can be traced to Fisher's long-ago employer Frank Gehry—there's also a quirky elegance and even a hint of grandeur. Never mind the concrete, plywood, exposed structural supports. It's not for everyone, perhaps, but then, bachelor pads never are. ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*



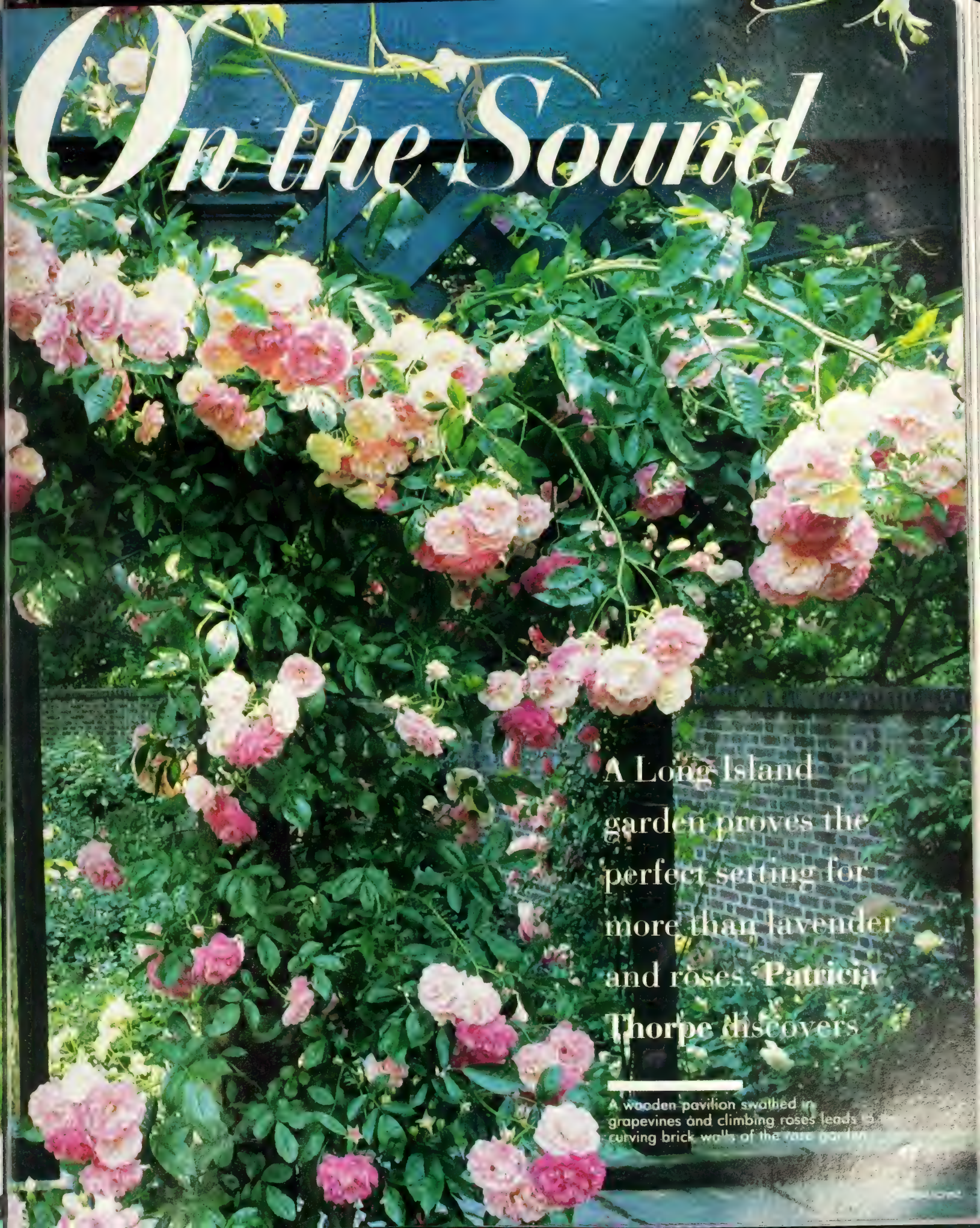
A column of Warhol silkscreens, from the Kerns collection, and a sculptural stair climb the walls of the luminous atrium.

PERTO GILI



On the Sound

A Long Island garden proves the perfect setting for more than lavender and roses. Patricia Thorpe discovers



A wooden pavilion swathed in grapevines and climbing roses leads to curving brick walls of the rose garden

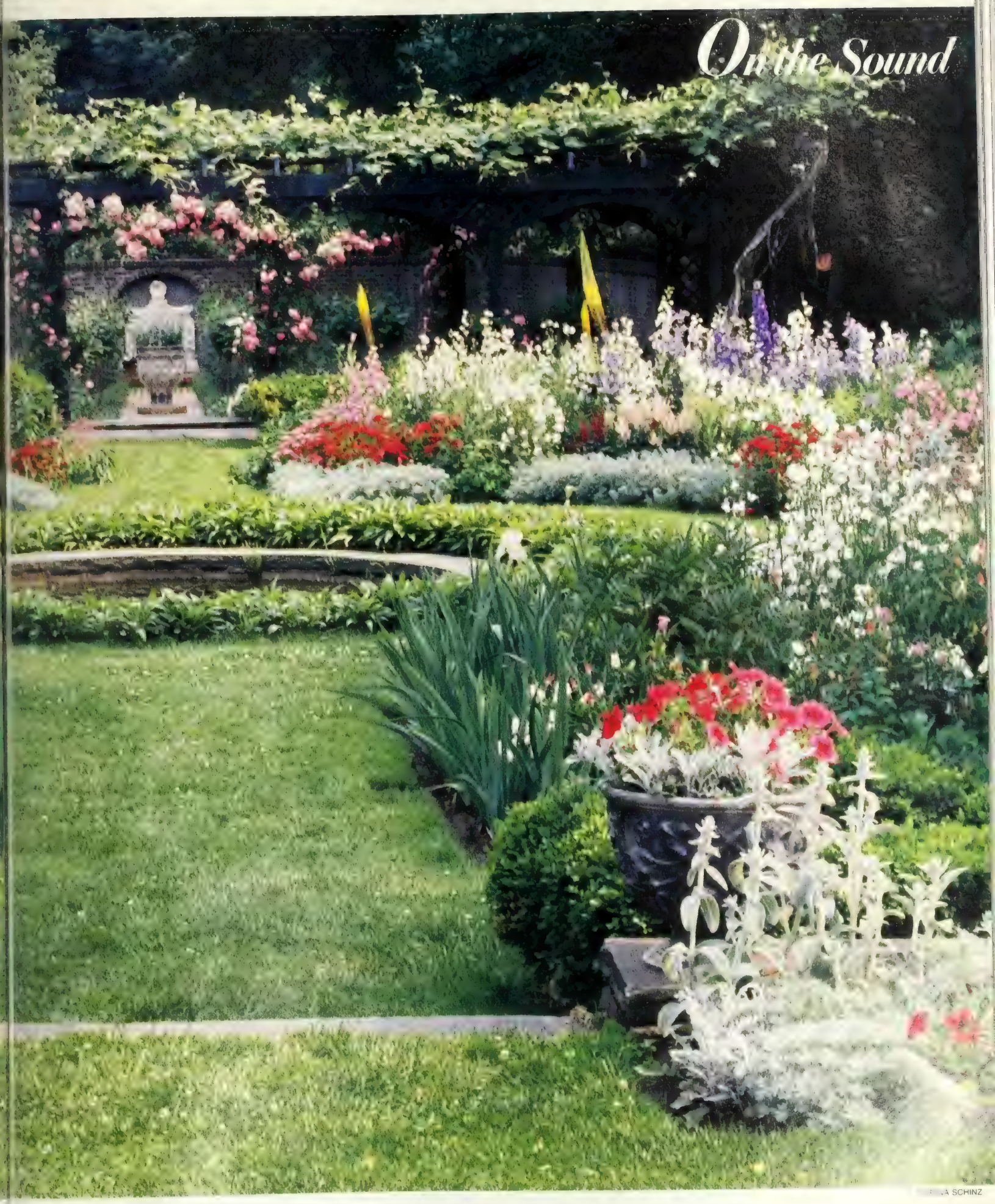
"We needed a big yard," explains Michelle Aston, glancing at her three sons. "For baseball," adds Brad, nine, helpfully. And soccer, rambles in the woods, and other forms of horseplay that make a country house the place a growing family calls home. Sherrell Aston, a Manhattan plastic surgeon, had been looking for a weekend and summer place within reach of his busy practice. The Astons, both natives of Virginia, immediately felt at home with the view of the Sound, magnificent old trees, and rolling lawns of Land's End.

It isn't clear what part a formal rose garden, perennial beds, and a woodland rock garden may have in the development of three boys then all under the age of twelve, but the swimming pool comes in handy. The house is a bit large for five (there is a whole wing of servants' rooms), but it is sprawling rather than grand.

Land's End has always been a country escape. Harvey Dow Gibson, a New York banker, acquired the Locust Valley property in 1919. Gibson's original 200 acres re-



The formal perennial beds, above, trace a classic 18th-century design, but on an intimate rather than a grand scale. Right: The June glory of campanula, dianthus, astilbe, delphinium, and wands of yellow eremurus.


On the Sound

mained virtually intact until the death of his widow in the early 1970s, when it was broken into four-acre plots by a developer who kept eleven acres and the old house.

To maintain everything until the house was again inhabited, Ralph Daniello, Mrs. Gibson's gardener, stayed on. For ten years Ralph managed the grounds, planting tulips in the fall and bedding annuals every spring in expectation of the new owner. When the Astons took over in 1983, roses still bloomed in the walled garden and string beans were ready for the table.

"It could have fed all of Locust Valley," Michelle Aston sighs in astonishment at the vegetable garden. Ralph's excitement at having a family in the house was expressed in a tidal wave of produce the first few seasons. "We had to remind him it was just us, not twenty servants and fourteen houseguests."

Ralph still starts sweet peas in December under glass so they are ready for cutting in early spring; hundreds of tuberose and crinum bulbs line the vegetable beds to fill the house with fragrance throughout the summer. And like many old-world gardeners he is overprotective of his plants. Michelle Aston can barely sneak into the garden to cut a rose. So the Astons weren't sure how he would react when they decided to give the garden a face-lift.

The Astons did not set out to transform Land's End. As Mrs. Aston put it, "We came here to enjoy it, not to change it." But just as the original rooms needed new paint and chintzes, the garden was ready for new colors and plants. The Astons hired garden designer Adèle Mitchell.

Most country estates of the twenties had formal gardens and Land's End was no exception, but here the formality is not imposing; the small scale and intimacy of the



In a corner by the entrance to the rose garden, Oriental poppies of an unusual shade and rhododendrons open the perennial season; peonies and dianthus follow. Opposite above: A lush lawn leads down to the tranquil Long Island Sound. Opposite below: Michelle Aston with sons Brad, Jay, and Matt in the garden of lavender, roses, and tall rose standards 'Summer Dream'.

MARINA SCHINZ

On the Sound







garden make it feel like another room of the house. The garden is the focus of all the rooms that face south, away from the water. The four perennial beds are slightly below the level of the house, enclosed in low walls and hedges of box. A wooden pavilion, swathed in grapevines and climbing roses, crosses the central axis below the perennial quadrant and marks the change of level down into the rose garden. Adèle Mitchell worked at softening the overall palette, making it more harmonious with the colors used in the house. Although the traditional bedding plants are not abandoned, perennials are now the focus of the early season, after which the roses claim center stage. One of the best decisions was to create a rose garden within the original walls and plant many rose bushes and rose "trees," tall standards called 'Summer Dream', that not only complement the formality of the eighteenth-century design but also increase the height of the plantings so the view from the house is one of dense rich color. Coral and peach tones predominate, highlighted by creamy 'Peace' and deep reds. An old baptismal font and an ancient iron gate were added to increase the feeling of antiquity.

In the rest of the landscape the changes are more subtle; a greater variety of trees and shrubs now provides more seasonal interest. One enormous improvement was to broaden the water view. Saplings and brush had reduced the sight of the Sound to a sliver. "It's as if they didn't even care the water was there," exclaims Michelle Aston. "I just can't get enough of it." Now below the gentle slope of lawn can be seen the creek where Harvey Gibson kept his yacht for the New York commute. Out in the Sound, Jay Aston, fourteen, water-skis while Brad and Matt, seventeen, practice fly-casting in the swimming pool.

Ralph Daniello pauses a moment beneath a huge fragrant linden. "The garden, even when no one was here, it wasn't really dead. But now," he smiles at the scene of family activity, "it's like giving a plant fertilizer. Now the whole place is in bloom." ▲ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

Biennial 'Cup and Saucer' campanula in pink, white, and blue billow over an edging of 'Silver Mound' artemisia and gray lamb's-ears.

NA SCHINZ

One of my all-time favorite art books almost never got published at all. There was no apparent demand, there was no known market, national or international, and there was no publisher. For ten years and more the images sat in a drawer. The project had always been a gamble, and, suddenly, by the end of the 1950s it began to look like a losing gamble. Here was a documentary record of how some of the greatest artists of the twentieth century had lived and worked, and nobody wanted to publish it.

Exactly at that point, William S. Lieberman of the Museum of Modern Art offered Alexander Liberman a show of the photographs in question. What had been begun in 1947 and carried through with great perseverance ever since was given its first public airing in 1959. The patience, modesty, and sensitivity of Liberman's approach was just right for MOMA's hallowed and understated halls. Publishers sang a new song, and in no time at all Viking Press brought out the original edition of *The Artist in His Studio*. Both that original edition and its chunky paperback successor have been treasured possessions of mine, so vividly do they recall a now-vanished art world that I knew in many of its aspects. Now a new and enlarged edition, with many color pages not previously seen, is due out this fall from Random House.

The Artist in His Studio is what it claims to be—a book in which artist and studio have equal billing. It is not a book of celebrity photographs. Nor is it the work of a star photographer. Alex Liberman has worked with star photographers for close to half a century, but for himself he will say only that "I don't even pretend to be a photographer. These are documents. From a photographic point of view, maybe they're dull. Picasso isn't jumping up and down. Matisse is not surrounded by odalisques. That sort of thing calls for quite another approach. I wanted to document. I was trying to communicate a mood that added to one's experience and knowledge of the artist.

"The studio was very important to me. Sometimes, as with Cézanne, the artist was there even if he wasn't there and couldn't have been there. Cézanne's studio



SNOWDO

in the ATELIER

As photographer and writer, Alexander Liberman created a unique record of artists and their studios. ***Rosamond Bernier*** *interviews him about the new edition of his book*



The living room/studio of Matisse's Paris apartment in 1951. *Gray Nude*, 1929, hangs over the daybed; the bronze *Jeanette IV* stands by the window. Liberman recorded that Matisse "sat like a king, patient and purposely severe." Opposite: Alexander Liberman photographed by Snowdon; winter gear is for work on sculpture in his outdoor studio.





In Braque's Varengeville house an antique Norman chest and a head, *Hesperis*, which the artist chiseled out of stone from nearby cliffs. Left, Monet's garden and studio at Giverny, "a symbol of an era—a moment in history when peace seemed eternal."



near Aix-en-Provence is a national monument now, but in 1949, when I went there after the war, it was much as it had been when he died in 1906. There was his coat, his satchel, his statue of Cupid by Puget, the ginger jar that he used so often in still lifes, the easel, and the three skulls that turn up in his later paintings.

Today that studio is a chic museum, nicely repainted and heavily visited. They even simulate his still-life subjects—something I find simply appalling—to make it seem lifelike. In 1949 you felt that Cézanne would walk in the door, but now you know that it would only be the curator. With Monet it was the same. I went to Giverny in the late 1940s. It was a wreck. But I could photograph all the flowers, exactly as Monet had painted them, and the pictures were all there, hung two or three deep, and the dining room had the Japanese prints in their original places. When Gérald van der Kemp was restoring Giverny, he came to me to get photographs of the garden before replanting it.

"Bonnard was another overwhelming presence, though he died in 1947 and I did not get there in time to meet him. In his villa near Cannes there was the famous bathtub—actually a very ordinary, shabby old tub, with an ugly soap holder and an old-fashioned water heater and beat-up old towels. It was important to me to get them exactly right, just to show the everyday elements that Bonnard could turn to glory and magic in his great paintings of his wife lying in the bath.

"Every wall spoke for him. He could turn a barren patch of damp-streaked plaster into an anthology of his admirations with a reproduction of a woman by Picasso hung with postcards of Vermeer, Monet, Seurat, and Gauguin, and an antique torso of the female nude. There were tourist postcards from Cannes with the color wildly off, and there was a map of Cannes and its neighborhood. There were crumpled pieces of the silver paper chocolates come wrapped in. One has to have a special obsession to produce a mixture like that; it shows the transformational power of the artist."

Forty years ago, the great absences could still be documented from the evidence of studios that had not yet been put to the sack by dealers, collectors, and souvenir hunters. But there was at least one case in which a great presence was right there but refused to be documented. This was the case of Constantin Brancusi, the Rumanian sculptor who made Alex Liberman welcome in his studio, allowed him to carry out all manner of humble but indispensable services for him, but said absolutely no to being photographed.

Kees van Dongen in his Paris studio, 1959. "He seemed a Dutch sea captain, experienced, powerful, the last master of a luxury cruise."


in the ATELIER





"I was there all the time, photographing the studio and everything in it. But he felt that if he himself were photographed his soul would be stolen away from him. There are African tribes who feel that way, too. Often I had my camera all set on the tripod, and he would walk across the studio in front of the camera, though at a distance, and I could easily have taken a picture. But I didn't. He didn't want it, and I couldn't do it. And that happened, unfortunately, many times over.



I had trouble with Brancusi, even so. Unlike many people and above all unlike Brancusi himself, I did not like the massive wooden bases he regarded as integral to his sculptures. In fact, I have to say something that, even in retrospect, sounds absolutely terrible. I thought the bases often spoil the sculptures. I think that the *Bird in Space* is one of the most beautiful sculptures in the world, but I felt that the zig-zagged base tied it to Art Nouveau and made it look dated.

"So I photographed the sculptures without the bases. For me, the fish was the fish. I didn't need the base to experience the fish. But when I showed Brancusi the photographs he got furious and tore them up and threw them in my face."

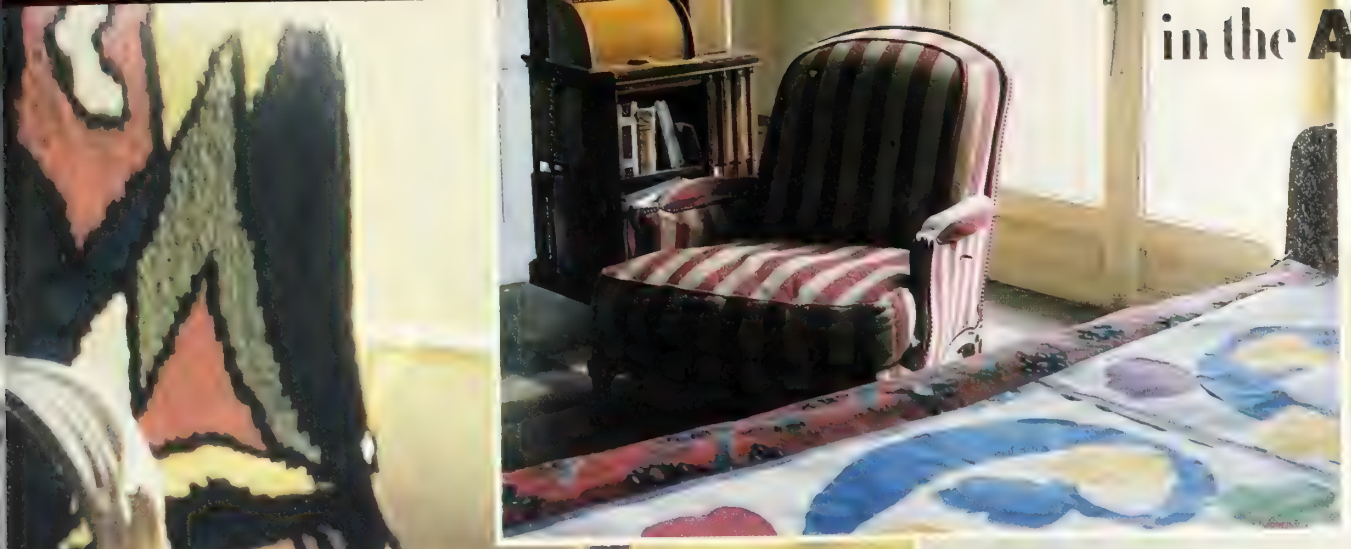
On this and other occasions there was an imbalance between the artist and his studio which called for patience and tact. Brancusi welcomed Alex Liberman to his studio but couldn't bear to be photographed himself. Other artists were delighted to pose for the camera but seemed to think that nothing more was needed. "Delighted you came, and now good-bye" was their attitude, and they didn't see why anyone should want to poke around in the studio unless they themselves were on hand to pose.

"What I wanted," Alex Liberman says, "was to document what lay behind the artist's presence and was still there when he wasn't home. For that the ideal was to be in the studio by myself. That is what happened with Picasso and his studio in the rue des Grands-Augustins in Paris. Picasso gave me a note to give Jaime Sabartés, his secretary and watchdog, and told him that it was OK for me to go ahead.

"I had first met Picasso on the beach of Golfe-Juan in 1947. When in 1954 the publisher Albert Skira took me to see him at Vallauris *(Text continued on page 224)*

Giacometti, "a man possessed," covered his studio, above left, with drawings. Left: In Kupka's house in Paris the dining room had walls stenciled by the artist. Opposite, clockwise from top left: Léger-designed tapestry on chair in the artist's country house in Gif. Matisse's favorite armchair, with cutout in foreground, at Cimiez. Léger lampshade at Gif. Picasso's mirrored bedroom in his villa at Vallauris.

in the **ATELIER**









ALEXANDER LIBERMAN



In Picasso's last house, Notre-Dame-de-Vie at Mougins, the living room had a "characteristically cluttered appearance. As always, among the new work, were examples of his earliest periods." Included were two self-portraits, one late, one early. "Like a stern image of his conscience, Picasso watches over Picasso."

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

in the **ATELIER**



produce in paradise

Jeffrey Steingarten haunts L.A.'s freeways considering whether he dares to eat a peach

Whenever a major hunger takes hold of me and an airline ticket is burning a hole in my pocket, there is no American city I would rather visit than Los Angeles. On a recent four-day stopover my plan was to taste L.A. food from the bottom up—in the food shops and markets, the mini-malls and shopping strips of this sprawling city. With time off for only three restaurant meals a day I would spend every waking hour crisscrossing the face of Los Angeles in search of the very raw materials of daily life.

On my first afternoon, palm trees danced above the hotel swimming pool, ice cubes tinkled in a tall tumbler of tropical nectar, my chaise-side telephone lay at the ready, and the music of squealing, splashing children was strangely absent, perhaps the result of an unreported epidemic. Next to my chaise lay five maps of L.A. in varying levels of detail, a red marking pen, and a list of thirty promising food markets culled from friends, experts, and newspaper articles. By dinnertime I had telephoned all of them, determined their hours and locations, drawn a red star on my maps for each, and plotted a spidery route between them. By means of several inadvertent distortions, I had persuaded my lovely wife to join me and drive us around the streets of Los Angeles for three days straight, while in the seat next to her I would sample our purchases and provide crucial assistance in navigation.

> Here was the most splendid display I had ever dreamt of. Stretching for a full city block were lofty palisades of turnips, baby carrots, bok choy, kohlrabi, radishes, fennel, and tiny white and purple eggplants

Dinner that night was at Wolfgang Puck's Spago for a nostalgic return to L.A.'s *ancienne cuisine*. This was the perfect season to dine out in Los Angeles because the screenwriters' strike had decimated local restaurant attendance, some say by thirty percent. Last-minute reservations were easy to get, the traditional 45-minute wait at Spago was reduced to 45 seconds, and the maître d' told us to "have a beautiful meal." It may also have helped that I was accompanied by Karen Kaplan, restaurant critic of the *L.A. Weekly*. Karen has worked with and around food for years in Paris and Los Angeles and keeps her fingers on the unbridled pulse of this restaurant-crazed city as effectively as anybody I know.

Over grilled squab with a parsnip pancake and mulberry sauce, we discussed the key historical trends in L.A. dining of the previous month. Karen was especially keen on Ocfredio, the visionary kitchen partnership of Fred Eric and Octavio Becerra, two L.A. natives in their mid twenties who apprenticed in Europe and now perform their punk food art at the Knights of Columbus Hall, which on Friday and Saturday nights mutates into a hot dance club (coupled somehow with a pool hall) named Flaming Colossus. Karen described Ocfredio's startling and delicious oysters, cooked three ways and nestled in craters of rock salt on a jagged black marble slab; their salmon baked in clay, balanced on the edge of an upended glass brick; and their lamb medallions with apple lying on three smooth oval rocks and varnished with a honey-spice glaze which, I'll bet, owes its origins to the third-century Roman epicure Caelius Apicius (or the earlier M. Gavius Apicius, who served under the emperor Tiberius) by way of the honeyed *canard Apicius* of Alain Senderens, in whose Paris restaurant Eric apprenticed. The transience of a happening like Flaming Colossus and the inexpensive (even shabby) surroundings of many serious new L.A. restaurants made me think that the multimillion-dollar restaurant decorating jobs in my native New York, where commercial failure can be as costly as the ruin of a medium-size savings and loan, lead to conservatism in the kitchen and extra zeros on the bill.

To my unending dismay Ocfredio were spending the week on a consulting job in Chicago. But Spago's squab was tasty and succulent with blood-rare breast meat and crispy legs, and the mulberry sauce—well, it is difficult to imagine grilled squab in a pool of anything else. Ten years ago, in the pioneer days of California cooking, *(Text continued on page 229)*



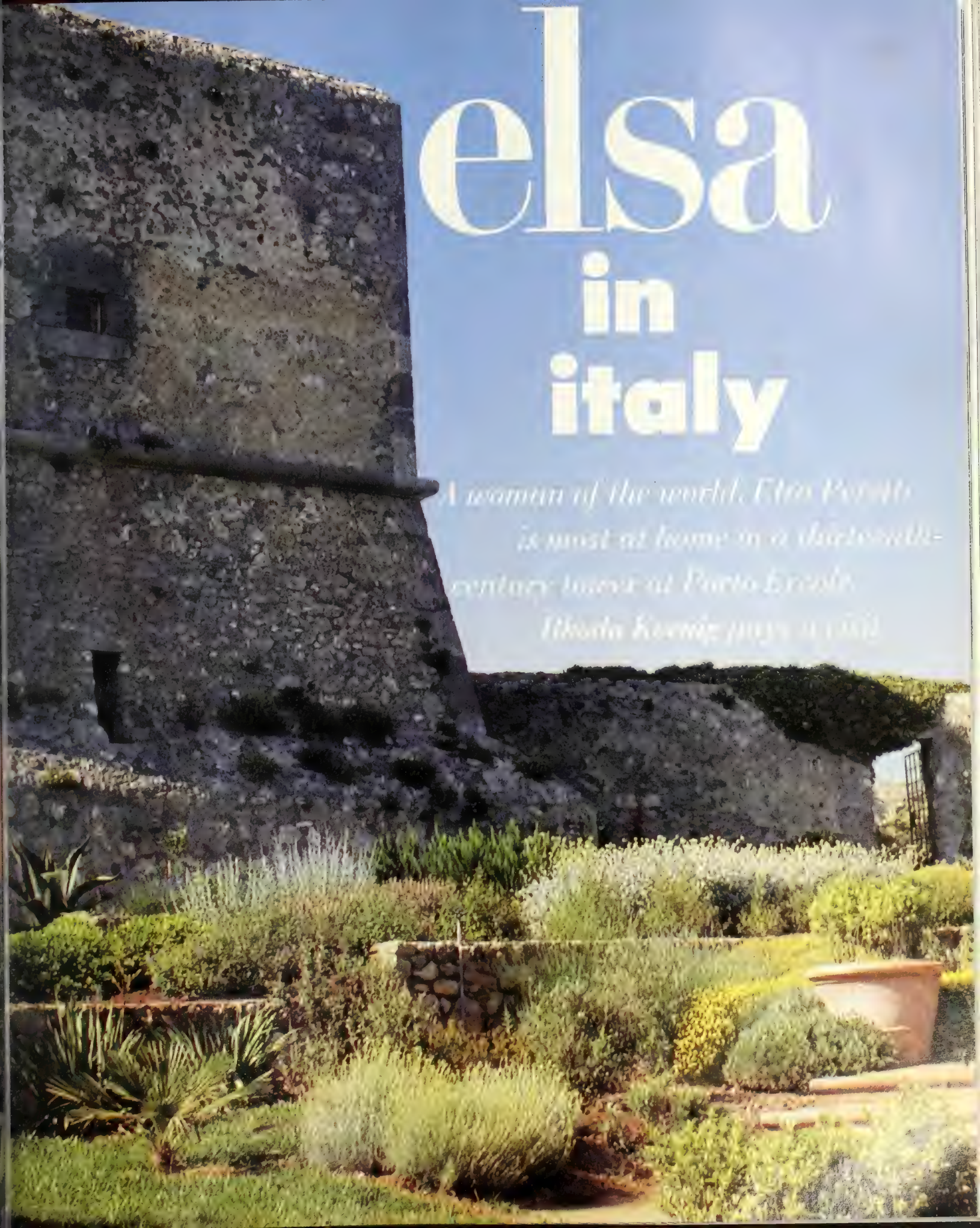


...designer, with roses ... blue salvia from her ... Opposite: Terraces ... with rosemary, ... sage, and potentilla ... flower overlooking ... ocean

elsa in italy

A woman of the world, Elsa Peretti is most at home in a thirteenth-century tower at Porto Ercole.

Rhoda Koenig pays a visit




Italy



The birds wheeling and cawing over the Torre l'Avoltore are not vultures now but sea gulls, and inside the watchtower five pretty bedrooms with adjoining baths have replaced the medieval cells. Here in Porto Ercole, ninety minutes north of Rome, Elsa Peretti, the star of Tiffany and former fixture of the Manhattan night, has made a home that is comfortable and cozy but reflects the theatrical beauty of the landscape and of her own jewelry and tableware designs.

"This place I bought it because it's extraordinary," says Elsa. "The personality of the place gives me a lot of energy—in fact, it's stronger than me." It also represents a childhood wish fulfilled. Eleven years ago Elsa was on a boat with a Borghese friend and happened to remark, "I always wanted to live in a tower." He said, "I have one."

The thirteenth-century tower, erected by the Aldobrandini to guard against invasion by the Moors, sits atop a promontory just up the road from the posh Il Pellicano hotel and the resort town of Porto Ercole, where boutiques and smart restaurants cluster around a jolly marina. From the tower, however, all one can see on three sides is water merging with sky and, on the other, the cliffs of the Monte Argentario. The wildness sometimes encroaches. This is the countryside for hunting wild boar—the head of a particularly morose one regards us from the wall of Elsa's seaside dining room—and Elsa has had to warn sportsmen off her property. "Italian men, they are *killers*. They hunt boar, butterflies, everything. Once I had two beautiful—how you call those birds with the long tail? The gas man came, he said, 'What beautiful pheasants.' Next day he come back with a gun and kill them."

The warmth Elsa has brought to her watchtower, filling its forbidding stone walls with carpet and crystal and terrazzo, also reflects her domestic life there. Peretti, 48, found the first long-term relationship of her life at the tower when Stefano Magini, 60, the owner of a local construction company, delivered a load of stone to the house and tore down her gate with his truck. The tempestuous passion this aroused in Elsa later turned to love and companionship. "I am with this man since nine years practically," she says in amazement, contrasting her stability with previous romantic reverses. "I think New York is not good for the relation." Elsa and her "amore," as she calls him, stay at the tower about three months a year and travel to her other homes in Manhattan, Rome, Monte Carlo, and the primitive Catalonian village of Sant Martí Vell. Stefano is a courtly silver-haired gentleman who matches her in extravagance. When the talk at lunch turns briefly to a friend of theirs who killed himself, he says to the visiting reporter, "If he

Renzo Mongiardino designed the tower sitting room as a "Roman ruin" with trompe l'oeil coffered ceiling opening to sky. Bookcase and upholstered furniture by Mongiardino; table is Napoleon III.



Armchair in sitting room covered in Rubelli striped cotton fabric sits among architectural elements designed by Mongiardino. Right: The main staircase that leads to the roof is surrounded by trompe l'oeil moldings, stonework, leaves. Far right: Terra-cotta pot filled with native herbs and grasses.



could have seen you, *bella,* he wouldn't have done it."

Elsa's other guest is her old friend and mentor, Halston. "He believed in me, and he made me believe in me," she says. It was a difficult process, beginning with her childhood as the younger daughter of the founder of the API oil company. Home was a Renaissance palazzo in Rome which was as much a prison as a palace, governed by parents who were unsympathetic, to say the least, to her ambitions. "Now I'm glad they were hard," she says, "because it helped me in later life to be disciplined. I am a very strong person in accepting hard things.

"In my generation you were free only at 21." Elsa took this literally, walking out the day after her coming-of-age. She spent the next several years shuttling between Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, studying architecture and design, before making a career as a model that brought her, in 1968, to New York. Elsa posed for Helmut Newton, in bunny costume and high heels, on a Manhattan terrace, a picture that now hangs in her Porto Ercole kitchen, and she was also photographed in nothing at all. "But I told Helmut not to publish it until after my father was dead."

"Elsa was different from other models," says Halston. "The others were clothes racks—you'd make them up, fix their hair, and then they'd put their blue jeans back on. But Elsa had style: she made the dress she was modeling her own." After a few years of that, she moved on to creating her own accessories, encouraged by Halston and her friend Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. She learned how to work in metal from a silversmith in Barcelona, who "was used to do teapots and





FRANÇOIS HALARD







things like that, not jewelry. I had enormous success immediately with the little bottle to wear around the neck.''

Peretti's simple, sensual shapes—lima beans, horseshoes, teardrops, lopsided hearts—were soon sought after by Tiffany & Co. for whom she has designed exclusively since 1974. She works with craftsmen in Italy and Japan, directing them to produce objects that feel as good in the hand as they look to the eye. The dining-room table holds several prototypes of a crystal candleholder, a globe atop a stem that ends in a rounded base with a derriere-like indent. ''Look at this,'' she urges, taking out one of her less necessary objects, a gold-lacquered bamboo valise about four inches long. It has tiny gold hinges and a latch and is attached by a silken cord to a finger ring. ''Five people work on this. It costs a lot of money, and it's something you don't need, but it's nice.'' She opens it and spills out a few tiny treasures—a pair of Chinese cloisonné earrings from San Francisco, a French eighteenth-century gold perfume bottle. ''I'm a little bit of a fetishist,'' she explains, letting them run through her hands before tidying them away.

Elsa feels more at home in Italy than in a Manhattan tower. ''I'm a Taurus—I need the earth. I want a house close to the ground, not to go up in the elevator.'' She is spending more time in Europe now ''because it's more comfortable—you have the time to think'' but confesses that too much beauty may not produce the tension that gets her going. ''It's easier to create in an ugly place. New York is beautiful, but the thoughts are ugly.''

At the Torre l'Avoltore, Elsa has wrought a nearly self-sufficient world. For companionship she has, besides Stefano, five furry Akitas, who follow her, nuzzling, around the premises. ''Viene, bambolino,'' she calls to the biggest and shyest one, who silently beseeches her to pet him. She bends down and whispers, ''Don't be jealous—I think *you* are the best.''

For less spiritual satisfaction she has her fruit and vegetable garden, her vineyard, and her 150 chickens—''Why I have so many chickens? I don't know''—which produce the ingredients for a lunch of zucchini pasta, potato tortilla, olive oil–dressed salad, and cantaloupe. ''How many liters of wine do we make?'' she asks her houseman, Luigi. He answers, *Don Giovanni*acally, ''Mille e tre.'' We eat under a glorious pergola of grapevines that took ten years to grow. For windy days there is a cottage that holds the large dining room and kitchen.

The look of the tower is *(Text continued on page 228)*

In the drawing room kilim-covered sofas designed by Mongiardino flank a giant's-head fireplace after the grotto at Bomarzo. Trompe l'oeil frescoes add to the garden folly effect.

The tourists peering through the sitting-room windows—some of the 138,000 Sissinghurst attracts each year—probably wonder who is the tenant of the South Cottage of the castle that once was home to Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson. Their guesses must span a variety of aristocrats, academics, and litterateurs, but it's a pretty safe bet that none of them imagines it is now the weekend retreat of a hotshot American literary agent.

Ed Victor, late of Crown Heights, Brooklyn, and presently residing in Regent's Park, London, has been staying there with his wife, Carol Ryan, and their small son since the summer of 1986. Several years before, he had mentioned to Nigel Nicolson, Harold's younger son, that if the cottage was ever free he'd like to rent it. While he was sitting by the pool of his Bridgehampton house, a letter slowly creaked out of the fax machine saying it was his. The Victors could not buy the house—it is the property of the National Trust—but they have refurbished it extensively, making comfortable what was formerly just romantic and historic.

"It's a bit like living in a shrine here," says Ed, whose study is filled with Harold Nicolson's books and files and whose desk is topped with his old paperweight and pencil sharpener. "But I like being part of the myth." A large manor house with a moated garden, Sissinghurst was built in the mid sixteenth century—there had been a great house on the site since the twelfth

South Cottage at Sissinghurst, once shared by Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson and now used by Ed Victor and his family as a weekend retreat. Vita's "sunset garden" glows with hosta, tulips, iris, violas, Oriental poppies, euphorbia.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



sissinghurst COTTAGE

Rhoda Koenig talks with Ed Victor about life in a literary landmark

century. Soon after its days of glory, however, its owners lost their money and the place gradually became, as Horace Walpole called it in 1752, "a park in ruins and a house in ten times greater ruins." Shortly afterward, it was leased to the government as a prison for French seamen captured during the Seven Years War; the unhappy prisoners broke and burned anything they could get their hands on. In subsequent years the house fell deeper and deeper into decline, until it was visited by Vita Sackville-West in 1930.

The poet, novelist, and passionate gardener, together with her husband, the author and diplomat, was looking for a new home near their old one in the Weald of Kent. Her son Nigel, who accompanied her, saw a series of uninhabitable rooms "open to the weather and the birds, whose droppings made it almost impossible to cross the floor." The garden, Vita later wrote, had degenerated into a chicken run and a garbage dump piled high with "old bedsteads, ploughshares, old cabbage-stalks, old broken-down earth closets, old matted wire, and mountains of sardine tins." Yet it was "love at first sight. I saw what might be made of it. It was Sleeping Beauty's Castle; but a castle running away into sordidness and squalor; a garden crying out for rescue."







CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

After years of work Sissinghurst became a charming home, if an unusual one—Harold and Vita's bedrooms and Harold's study were in the South Cottage, Vita's study in another building, the kitchen and dining room in a third, and the sitting room and Nigel and his brother Ben's bedroom in a fourth. It also became the site of a series of famous gardens, including the extraordinary White Garden, which were achieved as a result of collaboration and conflict between the Nicolsons. As Harold wrote in his diary, "The tragedy of the romantic temperament is that it dislikes form so much that it ignores the effect of masses. She wants to *(Text continued on page 226)*

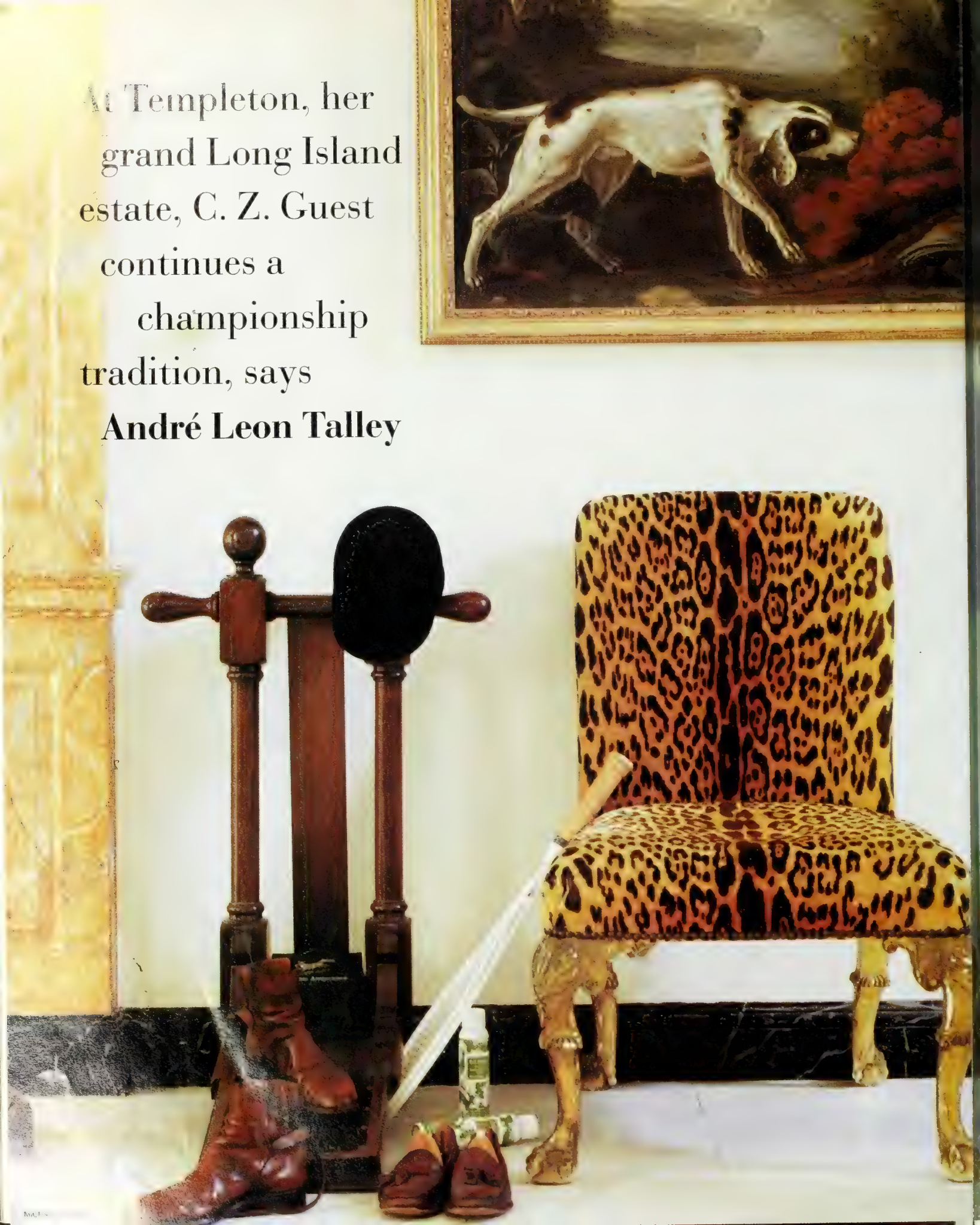




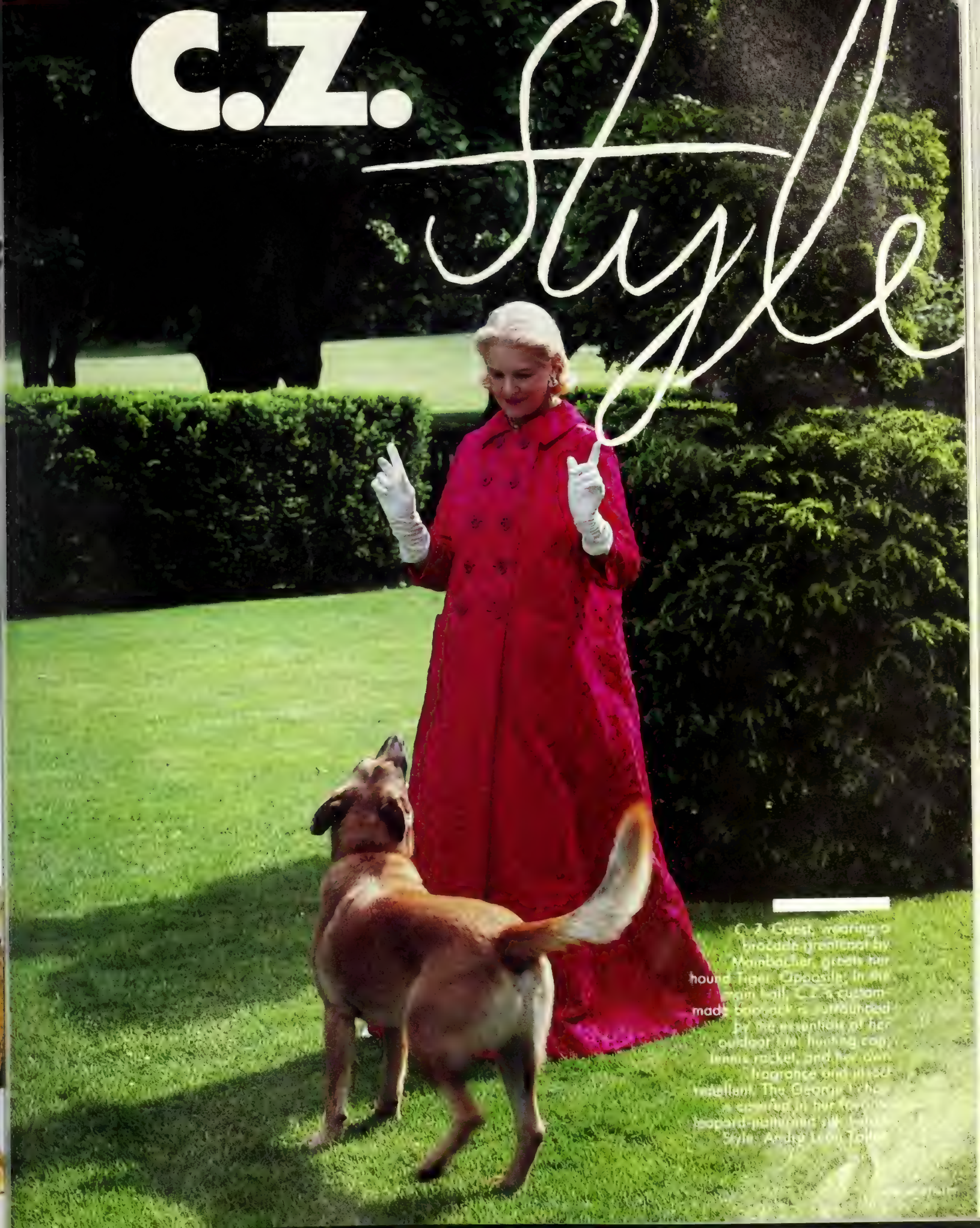


Clockwise from far left: Ed Victor keeps in touch with the literary world while he overlooks the cottage garden. A wheelbarrow surrounded by geums, iris, columbines, and pansies. A Lutyens-designed bench sheltered by a crescent hedge. 'Mme. Alfred Carrière' white roses in early bloom. Irish yews dominate the flagstone paths. Verdigris-tinted urn holds a mass of yellow daisies.

At Templeton, her grand Long Island estate, C. Z. Guest continues a championship tradition, says **André Leon Talley**



C.Z. Style



C. Z. Guest, wearing a brocade greatcoat by Mainbocher, greets her hound Tiger. Opposite, in the barn loft, C. Z.'s custom-made bookcase is surrounded by the accoutrements of her outdoor life: hunting cap, tennis racket, and her own fragrance and purse repellent. The Ocean Life is a favorite of her leopard-patterned pet, Style. Andy Warhol portrait

With its imposing façade and beautiful allée of linden trees the house conjures up memories of George Cukor's scenarios of the idle rich, the relaxed and languid luxe of Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in *The Philadelphia Story*. But C. Z. Guest's Templeton is the real thing.

Although anyone else might be intimidated by such grandeur, big houses have always been part of C. Z. Guest's daily routine. She grew up in a forty-room house on Boston's Commonwealth Avenue. When she first married Winston Frederick Churchill Guest, they lived in the original Templeton, a huge 55-room manse set in the middle of 800 manicured acres in Roslyn, New York. Even the new, smaller Templeton in Old Westbury, where they moved in 1969, can hardly be considered less than grand.

C.Z. married Winston Guest in Havana in 1947 with Papa Hemingway serving as best man. Winston Guest was one of nineteen grandchildren of Henry Phipps, a Philadelphia-born founder of the American steel industry. Winston's father, Captain Frederick Edward Guest, was a first cousin of Winston Churchill, who became Winston's godfather. Guest grew up to be an expert on silver, Chinese porcelains, and Georgian and Queen Anne furniture, not to mention a ten-goal (the highest mark) polo player, who in his heyday owned forty polo ponies.

He was also quite clearly the love of C.Z.'s life. "Winston was a dazzling man of such impressive size. Truman Capote used to call him the gentle giant. I think he really had too much energy to sit behind a desk, although he graduated from Yale and Columbia Law School. He was a champi-

In the grand salon, right, two Régence stools flank an Oriental lacquer stand. The orchid is from one of C.Z.'s greenhouses. The carpet is a rare sixteenth-century Isfahan; the painting is *Birds of Prey* by Joseph Wolf. Opposite: On the faux marbre main stairway is C.Z.'s son, Alexander. His wife, Liza, sits on a Queen Anne mahogany hall bench. The small sporting painting is by James Seymour. Venus, the napping mastiff hound, was a gift to C.Z. from her daughter, Cornelia.

MICHAEL MUNDY

C.Z. Style



F LEON TALLEY



John Singer Sargent portrait of Winston Guest, seated on his grandmother's lap, hangs in the grand salon. On either side are rare Kang Xi Chinese beakers on Régence appliques. The two Louis XV chairs are covered in the original petit point, depicting scenes from La Fontaine fables. On a Chippendale side table sits an 18th-century James Ward painting of a mastiff, one of the Guests' favorite breeds. Opposite: A pencil portrait of C.Z. by Cecil Beaton.











An inherited letter box, above, and walking-stick stand draped with binocular cases and C.Z.'s Mainbocher sporting balmacaan. Above right: In the downstairs library, a Qian Long red-lacquer pagoda. The central painting, *A Badger and Two Bulldogs* by Charles Towne, is surrounded by sporting pictures. Right: The private park where C.Z. supervised the planting of over 5,000 pine trees and wisteria.

on, a solid, old-fashioned country-life gentleman, a great sportsman."

Both Templetons served as glamorous yet comfortable homes for the 35 years of the Guests' marriage. "Nothing could be as thrilling as arriving at Templeton for the weekend," Diana Vreeland remembers. "To be greeted by C.Z. standing on her portico, screaming at the top of her lungs, looking dashing in her jodhpurs, custom-made from Huntsman in England. I always thought of her as a white Chinese with those blue eyes and white blond hair. I was a guest at Templeton three or four different times," she adds. "I have never been so beautifully received at any house in America."

Part of the glamour was a consequence of those frequent visitors, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who would arrive with her maid and matched sets of Vuitton luggage that numbered in the dozens. But C.Z., a woman of dexterous wit and a raucous laugh, has always felt the main focus at Templeton is family. Her son, Alexander, a gemologist who works at the Manhattan jeweler Marina B, and her daughter, Cornelia (who as a child dyed her Jack Russell terrier Pop art colors), grew up at both Templetons. "I think His Royal Highness liked the family life here," C.Z. says. "He was used to a large family and he missed that, I think, when he went to live in France. We knew them both intimately. They were close friends and wonderful *(Text continued on page 231)*

An abundance of peonies, top, from the Templeton gardens. Right: C.Z.'s Charles II vermeil dressing table set surrounded by family photographs. Below: At the top of the stairs is a portrait of Winston Guest, dressed for polo.





The stalls at Templeton with C.Z.'s boots. Opposite: The upstairs office. The hunting prints are by Morland. The leopard-stenciled carpet was chosen not only for its elegance but for its practicality in hiding paw prints.

RAEL MUNDY





Territory's Mexican, American Indian, and early Californian objects, right, fill Kevin Lynch and Randee St. Nicholas's living room. Far right: Indian painting, old Pendleton blankets, and textiles, at the shop.

TIM STREET-PORTER

Style for Sale

For design-conscious customers, these Los Angeles shops are valuable decorating resources

If England was once a nation of shopkeepers, Los Angeles, home of the writer-director and waiter-actor, is now a city of shopkeeper hyphenates. Here we have shopkeeper-decorators, shopkeeper-artists, shopkeeper-collectors. And they specialize, naturally, in an assortment of looks: 1920s and '30s Californian, Mexican, and Western rancho; Native American and Caribbean; whimsical American country; 1950s-influenced retro–avant-garde. The best shops have a style so inspired that customers become their own decorators, and decorators have their eyes opened. Here are seven design resources that are helping to change the interiors of L.A. (all area codes 213).

WILDER PLACE

When Carol Burnett walked into Wilder Place and saw a wooden carving of three mice terrorizing a cat tied to a stake, she figured


"How can you smoke a long brown cigarette?"
"Easy. I want more of a good thing."
More
MENTHOL
FILTER CIGARETTES
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



Andrea and Bruce Dern's Tea House room, left, with chairs and dining table by Richard Mulligan. Below left and right: At the shop, Pennsylvania cupboard, tall case clock by Mulligan, spongeware, Pennsylvania rockers, tinwork lamp by Mulligan.









From Nonesuch, left inset, Sioux moccasins, c. 1880, Victorian horn cup, Mexican boxes, painted tin retablo, silver Navajo dish. Left: Claire and Tom Callaway's living room with objects from Nonesuch.

anything that made her laugh that hard she had to buy. It's a reaction that couldn't please owner Jo Wilder more. "What's exciting to me," she says, "is exposing people to something they haven't seen before. I wouldn't like to be thought of as just a crafts shop."

A former actress, singer, and paid Democratic fund-raiser, mother of Jennifer Grey and ex-wife of Joel Grey, Wilder opened for business about two years ago on Melrose after eight months on La Brea. ("I call that my out-of-town tryout," she says.) She'd developed an eye for offbeat handcrafted objects during her years of traveling around the world with her family but had hesitated to pursue it professionally: "You keep thinking, 'Oh, that's a superficial gift,' " she recalls. "I really should be doing something that helps mankind."

Well, she is helping solve one of mankind's old problems: what to get that someone who has everything? Wilder Place is such a memorable gift shop that about ten people have placed themselves on a birthday and Christmas gift registry just to help along friends who might not otherwise know how to show their affection. More than that register here for weddings. Some trust Wilder's taste so much they call and order polished steel canteens or free-form glass bowls from her description over the phone.

Jo Wilder selects objects from artists all over the country, and many produce pieces exclusively for her, including screens by Annie Kelly and metalworks by Chris Collicott. The shop leans toward the surreal and off-kilter avant-garde, but there are folk-art objects as well. Prices range from $2.50 for a pair of round dice (Virgin Records recently ordered 5,000 for a promotion) to $295 for a green-and-gold mantelpiece clock topped by a gilded triceratops.

The one thing Wilder doesn't carry is antiques: "I'm not interested in the past, except in what it brings to moving forward." Her customers are people who want handcrafted and artist-designed items that add personality to modern interiors: for instance, a stainless-steel flatware set with a fork shaped like a bird, a knife shaped like an alligator, and a spoon shaped like a fish. It looks rather hard to eat with, but it should help lagging dinner-party conversations. (7975½ Melrose Ave.; 655-9072)

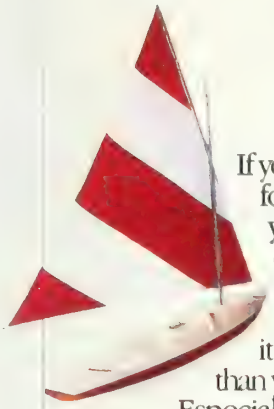
HARRY

Here's what Harry Segil likes, as anybody who wants to work with him had better understand right off: sequined fake fruit, seventeenth-century Cape Dutch antiques mixed

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with 1950s postatomic prints, his name, although he didn't used to ("I thought, 'Oh, why did they have to name me Harry?' It's so common, like Tom, Dick, and Harry—and all my friends have such sharp names," says Harry, who made his store's name uncommon by spelling it HaRry), and bright, bright hues all mixed together, which he sees not as technicolor gaudiness but simply as the "colors of a garden."

The HaRry store on La Brea—"Who R U?" the guest book asks. "What R U Famous For?"—is a key to the street's resurgence. Segil, a former antiques dealer and a native of South Africa who moved to Los Angeles in 1980, was quickly enchanted with the vernacular fifties architecture. He started by selling fifties furniture and objects and now designs most of the furniture himself, often making it to order for clients like Cyndi Lauper and Madonna who appreciate his unfettered use of color.

At HaRry's, '50s kitsch gives status to plastic, chrome, neon

What Frank Gehry did for architecture, Harry has helped do for furniture. HaRry's has given stature to plastic, chrome, vinyl, and neon and made us appreciate the wit and humor of what we thought of as fifties kitsch.

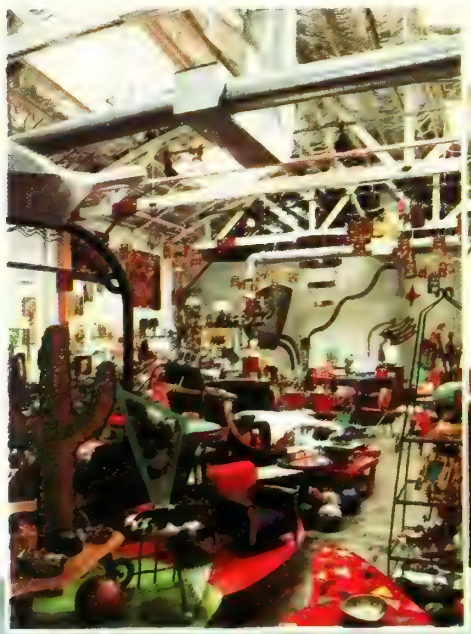
He has little patience for those who come in and laugh and think his designs are great—for a child's playroom. "Most people are afraid of color, they don't know how to deal with it," he says. "That's what we lost when we came to live in the cities. But what isn't the real world is seeing everything in black and white." Harry is beginning to get worked up again, muttering about people who won't buy vinyl because they can afford leather. "Where do these values come from?" he snaps. "It's 1990 now."

Harry can be rather kindly once he gets his mind off the world's boundless supply of miserable taste. At home he coos, "Hello, sweetheart," to a workman's small daughter. She's sound asleep in a child-size chair Harry provided for her while her father paints the floor. Furniture from HaRry may make a statement, but it's also supremely comfortable. (148 South La Brea Ave.; 938-3344)

NONESUCH GALLERY

Gloria List holds a chunky turquoise and silver Indian bracelet in the palm of her hand, eyeing it carefully. "When I buy something, I have to see if it can stand alone as a piece of art," she says. "My customers are not decorating when they buy here; they're collecting." Antiques and collectibles in List's Santa Monica shop, Nonesuch, range from a $15 Mexican plate to a $15,000 parade saddle trimmed with sterling.

A former Connecticut housewife with a background in art history, List used to have a New York store specializing in nineteenth-century folk art from the East Coast. But she lost interest in that style when she moved to Los Angeles ten years ago and saw things in a new Western light. She quickly sold her extensive quilt collection—"I can't have art put away in trunks; if I can't see it, I don't want it"—and began searching out art and antiques of the Western United States





TIM STREET-PORTER





Clockwise from above: In L.A. living room, mantel, Annie Kelly screen, armoire, all from Wilder Place. Armoire with objects from Wilder Place. In Harry Segil's living room, sofa, boomerang table, rug, all his design. HaRry interior.



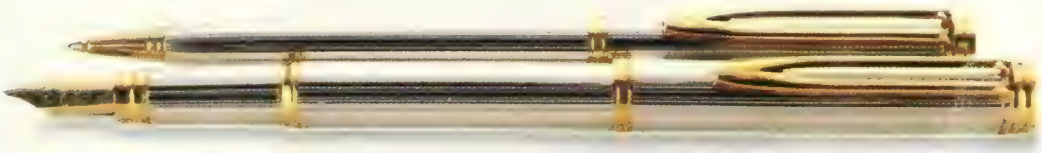
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Clockwise from top left: Indigo Seas shop with Raj chair, cushions, china. California living room by Indigo Seas with Chinese rug, 1920s sofa, antique cushions. Dagny Janss Corcoran's house with Mustang chair, 1930s lamp, from Gregory Evans. Evans shop.

from the Spanish Colonial period to World War II.

This is a wide-ranging category. Besides the expected American Indian rugs, pottery, blankets, headdresses, and jewelry, Nonesuch carries cowboy art, South American religious artifacts, folk art from anywhere west of the Mississippi (on display recently was a trio of primitive carved heads: Abraham Lincoln, a slave, and John Wilkes Booth), large hard-to-find Pacific and Bauer pottery urns, some Stickley furniture, nineteenth-century Spanish pieces, plein air paintings (by Californian Impressionists attracted to a climate where they could work outside almost year-round), and the occasional odd accessory, like a Bakelite radio. "What I want here," says List, "is that element of surprise."

Although there have always been collectors of American Indian art and objects, it took List awhile to build a market for her Mexican antiques. To people raised in southern California they were like the black-velvet paintings and other familiar schlock of Tijuana. "I struggled for three years, thinking, 'Oh, this stuff is so wonderful,' " recalls List. "But they didn't understand it at all."

Those who did at the beginning may find their purchases rapidly increasing in value. List looks forward to the exhibit of Mexican art the Metropolitan Museum is planning for 1990, and the series of other museum exhibits forecast for 1992, the five hundredth anniversary of the Spanish discovery of America. Then, she hopes, even more people will discover the appeal of Spanish style. (1211 Montana Ave.; 393-1245)

TERRITORY

About a decade ago, Betty Gold, whose family has been in Los Angeles for one hundred years, became curious about the city's old residential neighborhoods. She began taking detours on the way home from her job as manager of the contemporary art department for Atlantic Richfield. She discovered the rustic, hilly neighborhood of Elysian Heights near downtown, and gave up her "dumb two-bedroom house with a pool" in Bel-Air for an area many Westsiders don't even know exists.

About a year and a half ago she got even closer to her roots. After two decades in the contemporary art field, Gold said good-bye to all that and opened Territory, which sells Monterey furniture of the 1920s to the 1940s, old Mexican tourist pottery, plein air paintings, serapes, Pendleton blankets, and other relics of the twentieth century from California. "In order to look at contemporary art in a fair way I explored all periods," she says, "and all of a sudden this looked fresh to me."

Gold holds up a Mexican bean pot blackened on the bottom from cooking. Although she was a paid collector for others for so long, this pottery is the only thing she's ever wanted to collect herself. "I think it was a reaction

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against all that slick contemporary painting," she says. "This is so sincere and made with such love."

Territory has the occasional new item that catches Gold's fancy—$25 sunglasses with little plastic cowboys on top, hammered iron flatware from Arizona—but in general the shop concentrates on the early-twentieth-century fascination with California's indoor-outdoor way of life. Monterey furniture came slightly after the Craftsman period and complemented the Spanish Revival houses that were being built about the same time in Los Angeles. The pieces are sometimes painted with Western motifs, occasionally decorated with ceramic tiles, and almost always distinguished by iron strapping used as a trim.

"Anything that I buy has to stand alone as a piece of art," insists Gloria List

One of Gold's aims in opening Territory was to revive interest in the style. She thinks her customers, many of them young executives in the entertainment business, have, like her, tired of avant-garde design and slick surfaces—and many have been priced out of the market for Arts and Crafts pieces.

"I think there's a possibility of overdosing on contemporary art," Gold says. "I've had a lot of people come in here and say they've had it with their high-tech looks and uncomfortable furniture. And they have no desire to restore the furniture they buy here. If it has a fine patina, so much the better." (6907½ Melrose Ave.; 937-4006)

RICHARD MULLIGAN

Those peering through the windows of Richard Mulligan, a to-the-trade-only shop near the Pacific Design Center, might assume this is just another place selling country antiques. But that's only half the story. Furniture designer Richard Mulligan and his wife, Molly, who runs the business, have carved out a special niche: fifty percent of the "antiques" in the store are actually carefully distressed and painted reproductions. Or, if such a piece never existed in the first place—a cupboard, say, that opens to reveal a pullout TV turntable—they'll make it to order.

"Oh, it'll look old when we're done, it'll look real old," says Molly, pointing to one of these faux eighteenth-century entertainment centers complete with slots for tapes and videos. The store's celebrity clients (Barbra Streisand, Bette Midler, Jeff Bridges, and Don Johnson are just a few) don't have the patience to wait for a real antique that fits their specifications to show up, and even then, it might not have the right dimensions. It certainly won't have a TV turntable.

The Mulligans, who both grew up in Iowa around old country furniture, pride themselves that even experts can't always tell the difference between their reproductions and the real thing. But their small accessories are always old and often unexpected. They range from nineteenth-century majolica to painted tin buckets, birdhouses, rag and hooked rugs, spongeware, and Eskimo ice-fishing decoys.

"They're much rarer than duck decoys because they're only made in areas where the ice freezes two and three feet thick," says Richard. "The Eskimos build a little hut over the hole, put the decoy in, the sun flickers into it, and it's like watching TV. The fish come to see what's going on, and they spear them."

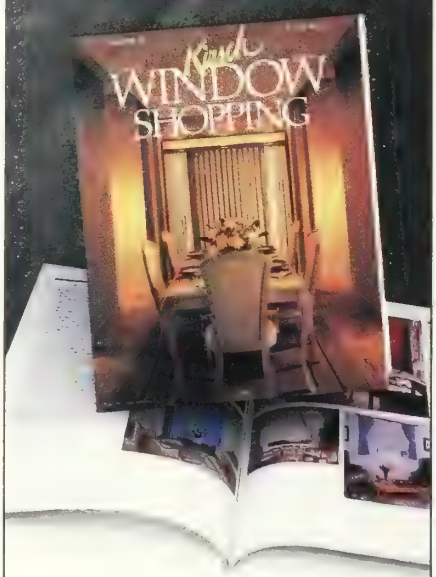
Making her way around the shop decorated with flowers from her own cutting garden at home, it's clear how much Molly loves the charm of these country pieces, whether they're really old or just made to look that way. Painted furniture, she thinks, is like jewelry: "You don't need a lot of it in a room." (8471 Melrose Ave.; 653-0204)

GREGORY EVANS

David Hockney fans may get a start when they enter the Gregory Evans shop on Robertson Boulevard: Evans, Hockney's former assistant, was also one of the artist's most frequent subjects. Last fall he opened a small, carefully focused store featuring eighteenth-century English ceramics and teapots, Japanese export ceramics of the 1920s and '30s, Depression-era quilts from the Midwest (Evans grew up in Oklahoma), and the idiosyncratic fabric prints of English artist Celia Birtwell. And that's it, save for the occasional odd item: a Hockney fabric design, trays and lamps by artist Judy Markham, and contemporary pottery created by Gregory himself.

Evans says he'd always wanted a clothing store, "but I sort of lost interest in fashion, so I thought, 'Why don't I have a store selling all the things I like to buy?' " He collects nineteenth- and twentieth-century pottery because he likes the colors. He prefers the lightness of English and Japanese pieces to heavier American work. There is Clarice Cliff pottery, but Evans carries more work by Susie Cooper, a contemporary of Cliff's

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who hasn't yet peaked at Cliff's prices.

He thinks the bright colors featured in his store work well with any interior and decorates with that in mind. "But the thing is," he notes, "when you're buying things with color, you need a lot of it; otherwise it jumps out. It's about textures, you have to keep going with it. As long as you fill the room up, it always works." (509 North Robertson Blvd.; 275-9040)

INDIGO SEAS

Right next to the Ivy restaurant on Robertson is a small store called Indigo Seas, run by decorator Lynn von Kersting (who also owns the Ivy) and her partner, Michael Smith. Walking into the shop is like entering a gentleman planter's island retreat: the floor at the entrance is painted with a map of the Caribbean, leading into a treasure trove of antique wicker chairs, upholstered furniture slipcovered in old chintz and faded printed linens from the twenties, Scottish cashmeres in

Experts can't tell the difference between Mulligan reproductions and the real thing

Bermuda colors, silver tea sets, kilim rugs, and old veranda furniture. One corner is devoted to the romance of bygone California, complete with a framed photo of Will Rogers.

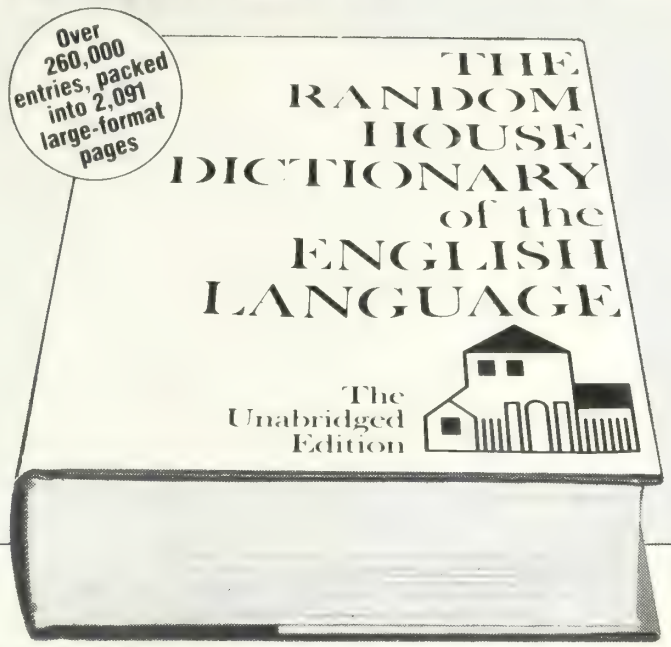
"Having lived in the West Indies for a while, I was charmed by the seductive pace of island life," says von Kersting. "There is something so alluring about pale ice cream–colored waterfronts nestled on the edge of the sea. The feeling Michael and I have tried to create in our shop is like a general dry-goods store there. It's very much like a bazaar."

The shop and their decorating are also something of a reaction against the owners' aversion to the "mansard-roofed toaster ovens" that have replaced so much vintage Los Angeles architecture. Smith and Von Kersting would rather remember the city as it was and celebrate the visions that came out of it. "We don't know about trends," says Smith. "We just try to hold onto things that make the world good—wonderful old movies like *The Philadelphia Story* or *We're No Angels* with Humphrey Bogart, 1930s and '40s dance band records—when priorities were more human." (123 North Robertson Blvd.; 550-8758) **Catherine Seipp**

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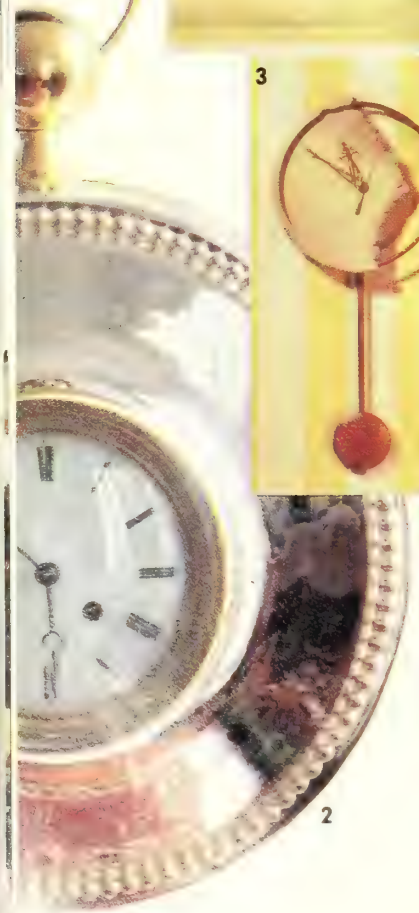
Eye on the Moment

A collection of clocks whose time has come

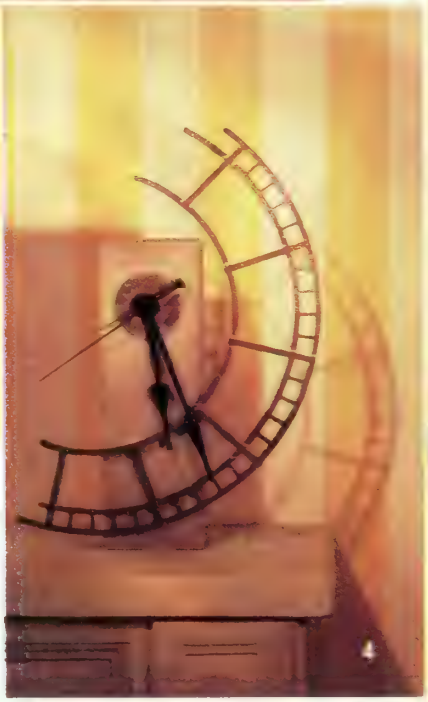
The march of time has been chronicled by clocks since the early sixteenth century. Before that, zealous time watchers had to run to their sundials or consult ever-flowing hourglasses. The earliest domestic clocks were driven by weights and were usually attached to the wall. It was not until the mid seventeenth century that the introduction of the short pendulum in England enabled the design of small freestanding clocks. Arguably the most essential item in any home, the clock is given surprisingly little thought; often exquisite interiors are marred by a functional plastic model. Here are a variety of well-designed timepieces suitable for any interior, modern or traditional. **Amicia de Moubray**

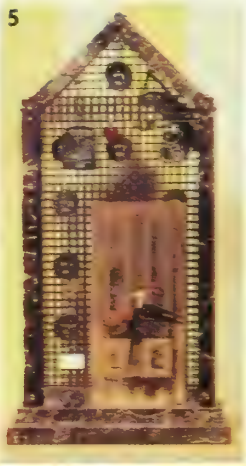

1

1. Steeple clock from Schlabäugh & Sons in Kalona, Iowa. Engraving, Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC. Mantel from William H. Jackson, NYC. **2.** Silver clock by Clare Mosley, Paris. **3.** Cement clock from Contre-Jour, NYC, and **4.** another from Clodagh, Ross & Williams, NYC, both by Chris Collicott.


2

3


4


5

5. House clock by Heather Ramsay, from Contre-Jour. **6.** Clock by Mark Palmer, at Nolte, NYC. **7.** Standing clock by David Shaw, from Civilisation, NYC.


6


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Fax machines used to be large and clunky and found only in the communications room of major corporations next to the telex machine. No longer. Now that faxing has become an everyday method of transmitting information, the facsimile transceiver has come home in sizes small enough to fit in a briefcase or in desktop models with built-in telephones. Fax machines have joined the array of electronics equipment for the home office—copiers, personal computers, and telephones that do everything. Writers use them to turn in stories or query clients. Lawyers transmit briefs. Artists submit sketches. But fax machines can also be used for home management—ordering from catalogues, sending recipes, issuing invitations.

Sending a fax is as easy as making a telephone call, and you won't have your name misspelled or your order confused at the other end. The information is transmitted exactly the way you want in under twenty seconds per page. The cost of sending is the same as a telephone call because you use the phone line. The receiver pays for the paper.

But what kind of machine should you choose? Deborah Glassman of Just Fax is a New York–based fax consultant and representative who often has her clients consider the following: what are your messenger and express mail costs? Do you send written material or oversize drawings? Artists should select a fax machine with a gray scale level that allows gradations between black and white. And editors would be smart to have a fax with autofeed and paper-cutting features for manuscripts.

Fax machines communicate with each other at three speeds. The oldest type is G1/North American FM mode, which faxes at about six minutes per page. The G2 takes about three minutes and the G3 about seventeen seconds per page. Most fax machines today are G2 and G3 compatible.

Here are a few of the facsimile transceivers now available (prices are manufacturers' suggested retail):

Canon FaxPhone 20 G1, G2, and G3 compatible, autodialing, autofeed, some gray scale, three pages stored in memory for automatic transmission to up to sixteen separate locations ($1,995).

CITIFAX DOT G3 compatible, portable, with acoustic coupler to fax from a public telephone, optional car adapter ($1,300).

Hitachi Hifax 17 G1, G2, and G3 compatible; sixteen-level gray scale; autodial for up to one hundred phone numbers; delayed transmission to send later; automatic paper cutter and document feed ($2,295).

Mitsubishi FA-1500 G2 and G3 compatible, comes in optional carrying case ($1,395).

Mitsubishi FA-2100 G2 and G3 compatible; one-touch autodialing, redialing, and speed dialing; automatic size reduction; automatic document feed with paper cutter ($1,995).

Murata M1200 G2 and G3 compatible, normal and fine select mode ($899.95).

Ricoh Fax 10 G2 and G3 compatible, auto document feed for up to ten pages, auto paper cutter, accepts standard size paper ($2,055).

All of the above double as desktop copiers. With the exception of the CITIFAX DOT, all machines will print a log of fax transactions and print name, date, and fax number of sender at the top of each page. **Gabrielle Winkel**



Above (clockwise from left): Mitsubishi FA-2100, Ricoh Fax 10, Canon FaxPhone 20, Hitachi Hifax 17. Left (clockwise from left): Mitsubishi FA-1500, CITIFAX DOT, Murata M1200.

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In the Atelier

(Continued from page 178) in the south of France, Picasso was naturally wary of strangers, but I remember that the whole tone of the occasion changed when Skira gave him the green Tyrolean hat that he happened to be wearing. Picasso put it on at once with the greatest pleasure. I don't want to brag, but I did get on rather well with Picasso. He would do anything—pose, go there, do this—and he must have enjoyed it, because one day he suddenly said to me, 'Why don't you stay with me for three months?'

"I couldn't do it, of course. Tatiana, my wife, was waiting for me in the car outside, and I had my life and my job. But I felt—strange to say—a real tenderness for him. It was a tragic moment in his life. Françoise Gilot had left him. He was alone. The studios were gloomy and dark, the house—La Gauloise—was sinister. There was a pall of sadness that wouldn't lift. I remember one thing particularly—Picasso had a vintage Hispano-Suiza from the 1920s, a mechanical monster he still used to go to bullfights and on other great occasions. One day when I was there he went and sat by himself in the backseat of that enormous car—he kept it like an icon in one of his studios—as if he wanted to summon up all the people who had sat in it with him and all the places they had been to. Another day he said, as if in premonition of the suicide of his second wife, Jacqueline, 'I have a horror of something finished. Death is final. A revolver shot finishes off. The not completely achieved is life.' "

If Alex Liberman was made welcome in Picasso's studio, it may have been because Picasso was haunted all his life by the impulse to document. He was his own curator, his own collector, his own archivist. He was forever dating—sometimes dating more than once—the progress of all his works, great and small. He was even interested in documenting the work of strangers. When Alex Liberman made chalk sketches on the floor of one of the studios in Vallauris to explain what his new circle paintings were about, Picasso thanked him warmly and said, "Now those marks will be a part of my studio."

Going through the pages of *The Artist in His Studio,* I was amused to see in one of the photographs of Matisse's library that a book of drawings by Leonardo was almost next to a book by the American philosopher John Dewey. Some people took this to be a sign of Matisse's broad cultural interests, but as he didn't know a word of English, I suspect it to have been a present from Dr. Albert C. Barnes, a lifelong champion of Dewey, who must have pressed it upon Matisse when he was at the Barnes Foundation more than twenty years earlier.

On this and many another page of Alex Liberman's book I recognize something that to me, at any rate, is unmistakable. It is not the photographic signature of the major professional, but rather a modesty, a discretion, and a neutrality toward the subject matter which is unusually consistent.

This is not to say that Alex Liberman does not have a strong personal view, both as a man and as a photographer, of every one of the artists whom he has known. As a painter and sculptor himself, he is acutely sensitive to the ups and downs of a career in art. He has never forgotten, for instance, the relative obscurity suffered by Frantisek Kupka in the 1940s. Kupka and Jacques Villon were close neighbors in Paris, and Kupka and his wife, then in extreme old age, would watch famous art dealers and visiting celebrities walk by their house on the way to see Villon, whose standing at that time was very much higher than Kupka's. Time has righted that particular mistake, but it came too late for Kupka to know it.

Alex Liberman also remembers the nonchalance with which certain big artists would treat the sale (or nonsale) of their work. (When he asked Fernand Léger how much his drawings cost, Léger simply said, "Pfft! Give me ten dollars.") He also has a very sharp eye for the ways in which—whether they know it or not—artists both define and date themselves by the nature of their surroundings. Kees van Dongen was a man who, in his art, had outlived his time. Sitting in his enormous and totally anachronistic studio, he looked—as Liberman says—like a Dutch master mariner aboard a transatlantic liner that had completed its last voyage some years before. But it never occurred to him to put Van Dongen down in his photographs. In this case, as in every other since I have known Alex Liberman, a certain civility between colleagues was taken for granted.

I first met Alex Liberman when I was the newest and most inexperienced of recruits at *Vogue* magazine. Weekend after weekend that summer I was taken by the Libermans to stay in what was, in all but geography, a Russian community. The cast of characters were Russian. The conversation was Russian. The openhearted hospitality was Russian. A Russian lady of highborn origin oversaw the household arrangements, in particular the table laden with the Russian dishes that were enjoyed by a seemingly endless succession of guests. Looking across the lawn that sloped down to the bay, it was easy to forget that this was not a country mansion from Chekhov or Turgenev, but a big white-columned house in Stony Brook, Long Island.

Living nearby was that picture of masculine elegance Iva Patcévitch—Pat to everyone who knew him—who was then president of Condé Nast. Several of *Vogue*'s star photographers at that time were Russian. A frequent guest was the Russian dress designer Valentina, an angular Tanagra figure wrapped in veils, with her Russian husband, George Schlee, who at that time was cavalier servente to Greta Garbo.

I had no Russian, but French was the common language of the house. *Vogue* for me was inextricably bound up with this corner of Long Island and its pervasive cosmopolitanism. So when I got sent to Europe, not long after, as European features editor for the magazine, the change of cultural climates was much less abrupt than it might have been.

My brief was to find out what was happening in the world of the arts in Paris. This was not long after the end of World War II, and art history—not to mention the art market—had still to sort itself out. Later I found out that Alex Liberman had much the same ambition but was going about it with a subtlety and a depth of experience to which I could not possibly lay claim.

I could not have known—because he never talked about it—that in the early 1930s in Paris he had been art director and at one moment editor of *Vu* magazine, which was in many ways the prototype of the great picture magazines of our own day. Before that he had longed to be a painter but despaired of the archaic methods of teaching then practiced at the École des Beaux-Arts. He had enrolled as a student of architecture with Auguste Perret, the master of reinforced concrete. He had worked in his Beaux-Arts days for A. M. Cassandre, the poster designer and master of graphic invention who left his mark on France in the 1930s with his threefold image of *Dubo. . .Dubon. . .Dubonnet.*

"I went to the Beaux-Arts every morning, and in the afternoon I went to Versailles to work for Cassandre. 'See what you can do with that,' he would say of some new idea for an advertisement. In those days there were people in every graphic studio called *nègres* who were expected to do a bit of everything and generally help things along. But after about three months Cassandre said to me, 'You're not a nègre, and you'll never make one. You've too much personality of your own.' So I was fired.

"Actually I was always getting fired. I'd hardly begun on *Vu,* in the winter of 1931–32 when I was asked to go see the editor in chief,



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In the Atelier

and he said, 'I don't need you, go away.' But I got back onboard, and finally I got to be the picture editor. I was no good at photography myself—I tried one fashion sitting, thinking to make some money, and it was a disaster—but I got to work with many of the best photographers. With Erich Salomon, the first master of 35-millimeter and the inventor of the 'candid camera' in news photography. With Brassaï, the great observer of Parisian nightlife. With Robert Capa—in fact I picked Capa's famous image of a soldier in the Spanish Civil War.

I picked the pictures. I laid them out. I created photomontage covers. I chose the photographers. I worked with André Kertész on the covers. We never thought of all this as art or as rarity. It was like bread, a necessity. The stronger the necessity, the more interesting the picture. We were working with news in a time of terrible news, and even the people from *Life* came by to see how we did it.

"So then the war came, in 1939. In 1940, Hitler invaded France. Lucien Vogel—who had created the *Gazette du Bon Ton*, that beautiful magazine which was the origin of *Vogue* as we know it—meanwhile had escaped to New York, where Condé Nast had given him a job. He couldn't speak English, and he remembered that I had been to an English school. 'I need Liberman,' he said. As my father had been in the States since 1938, I managed to get here. Vogel had arranged for me to work in the art department at *Vogue* under the great God of art directors, Dr. Agha. He was the one who had created *Vanity Fair* with Frank Crowninshield, and so on.

"So I came in on a Monday morning, as seventh assistant to Dr. Agha, at a salary of, I think, $50 a week, and I sat at the last of the seven desks in the office. Then on the Friday of that week Dr. Agha sent for me and said, 'I'm terribly sorry, but you're not good enough for *Vogue*.' Those were his exact words. So I was fired.

"Meanwhile, our dear friend Patcévitch, who was Condé's adviser, and Vogel, who was very close to Pat, said, 'We want Condé to meet you.' They didn't know that I'd already been fired. Nobody told Condé that either, and when I went to see him, I brought the only thing that I had saved from Europe. It was a gold medal I had won at the Paris Exposition of 1937. It was for a big graphic panel that I had made to show how magazines are put together. And when Condé Nast saw the medal, it appealed to his pedantic side, and he was very impressed. 'A man like you must be on *Vogue*,' he said.

"So he sent for Dr. Agha, who had fired me, and he said, 'I want Liberman on *Vogue*.' Condé was God around there, and Dr. Agha didn't say a word. So I went back to the seventh desk in the art department.

"Condé was a brilliant publisher, and he sensed that the time had come for *Vogue* to become more like *Life*. He took care of every detail himself. But in 1942, Condé died, and after a time Dr. Agha went to Patcévitch, who was president by then, and to Mrs. Chase, who was editor in chief, and said, 'It's either Liberman or me. I want him fired.' There were great promenades and whisperings in the corridors, but in the end they chose me. I was cheaper, probably."

It says something for Alex Liberman that even when he had only just arrived in the United States, he simply refused to be fired. Thrown out at one door, he came back by another. Something of the same kind happened to this book, as I said earlier. What I didn't say was that its original edition was short on color. Color printing at that time was very expensive, and although this meant leaving whole drawers full of Kodachrome slides untouched and unlooked at, he did not repine. "Where other people would have given up, I had faith in the book," he said lately, "and I just knew that one day that color would be needed. I knew it." That day has come, those Kodachrome slides have kept their color intact, and we can see in the new Random House edition, even more clearly than in 1960, what it meant to be a still-young man and have the run of every studio in Paris. ♠

Sissinghurst Cottage

(Continued from page 196) put in stuff which 'will give a lovely red colour in autumn.' I wish to put in stuff which will furnish shape to the perspective. In the end we part, not as friends." The Nicolsons were good friends throughout their unusual marriage, though—one that will probably be their most lasting literary monument. After his mother's death, Nigel broke into a locked gladstone bag and found a notebook of memoirs, which were the basis of *Portrait of a Marriage*, the record of the odd but enduring union of two homosexuals.

Ed Victor's story, less well documented, began in New York 49 years ago. The son of Russian Jewish immigrants, Ed took to heart his garment-center father's insistence on upward mobility. He went to Dartmouth, then won a scholarship to Cambridge, where he met his first wife and decided to settle in England. Except for a brief unhappy stint in New York publishing in 1972 and a round-the-world trip a year later, he has been there ever since. From his first publishing post as an "editor and tea-boy" at Weidenfeld & Nicolson in 1964, Ed went on to publish such authors as Philip Roth and Joseph Heller at Jonathan Cape. On his return to London with Carol, whom he met in America, he changed hats and now enjoys the reputation of being that oxymoronic creature, a nice agent. He is also probably the most successful one in London, with a list that includes Irving Wallace and Erich Segal as well as Stephen Spender and Iris Murdoch. The Victors and their adopted son, an angelic blond three-year-old named Ryan, spend weekends at the cottage from September through May and take off for their Bridgehampton English home-away-from-home in the summer—it's built around the timbers of a seventeenth-century barn they shipped over. Next year the Victors will become tricoastal: Ed is renting a place in Los Angeles, where they will spend the first three months of the year.

The South Cottage is the perfect weekend retreat for a tiny family who doesn't want overnight guests—a huge kitchen/dining room, a sitting room/study, and toilet on the ground floor, two big bedrooms, and a large bathroom above. "We come here for reading and privacy. Our guests stay in the bed-and-breakfast farmhouse down the road, and we get together at lunch and dinner."

To create their oasis, the Victors had to put their backs into it. "They've washed off the filth of centuries," says Nigel Nicolson. "The whole place used to leak terribly; now it's very comfortable." They installed new wiring and central heating (painting radiators faux bois to blend with the walls); restored the original oak paneling, which had turned black from years of smoky fires; and turned the kitchen into a pine-filled room of modern convenience. They were aided by a local firm that Carol trusted to have the proper regard for their Elizabethan house: its card reads, "Builders since 1570."

Harold Nicolson's old study and the adjoining sitting room are now equipped with soft chairs and other aids to relaxation—a TV and stereo hide inside a custom-built oak console—but they retain some of the quality of a private museum. The bookshelves are filled with Nicolson's works, as well as those of Tennyson and Byron, much French literature, and such evocative volumes of times

Sissinghurst Cottage

past as *Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors* and *Animals for Show and Pleasure in Ancient Rome*. "Librarians from the National Trust come every now and then," says Carol, "to check for book mites or bookworm or whatever it's called." What looks like a bedpost leans against the study wall. Ed picks it up, cracks it against a shelf, and it snaps open into a library ladder—a design by Lutyens. The mantelpiece holds a bit of shrapnel that fell nearby during the war, a Byron letter, and a poem by Spender, who, as well as Iris Murdoch, sometimes stays in the cottage during the summer when the Victors are away. "We love having the house used by writers," says Ed, "because it's a writers' house." Harold Nicolson was a writer of enormous output—his son says he could read three books and write five articles in a weekend—and Ed feels that some of the industrious vibrations have lingered: "I never work so well anywhere else."

Sofas and chairs are draped with Victorian paisley shawls—what Carol, once an entertainment lawyer, now writing fiction, describes as "Indian women's winter coats." Nigel Nicolson is dismissive of the art his parents collected—"Oh, those are just sort of standard fourteenth-century Italian angels"—except for a masterly painting of ducks over the door to the kitchen. "That's a Cuyp. At least, Kenneth Clark said it was a Cuyp, so we always called it a Cuyp."

Ryan now has Harold Nicolson's old bedroom—he died there in 1968—and the Victors sleep in Vita's solitary Venetian bed. Carol added velvet curtains and a striped chaise longue and banished some unsuitable objects from sight. "There were a lot of crucifixes," she says. "They upset Ed." One framed manuscript was particularly antipathetic: The Oblatio of Saint Ignatius begins, "Take O Lord. . . all my liberty." The Victors keep their shirts and sweaters in a cabinet Nigel explains is "fourteenth or fifteenth century, that sort of thing—the sort you could pick up for fifteen or twenty pounds between the wars." Enormous candles gutter in the Florentine Renaissance sconces. Carol searched for six months till she found tapers the right size—from a firm that supplied Westminster Cathedral. The bathroom has been redone in honey-beige hessian, lit by two mysterious Italian lamps that resemble the staff of Hippocrates. Nigel cannot comment on the redecoration there because "I could never enter a lady's boudoir."

When the Victors journey to Sissinghurst—in their 1962 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, which collects quite a tourist crowd of its own—they can enjoy Harold and Vita's exquisite grounds. There is the White Garden, all roses and lilies and gypsophila, with a topiary sofa; the herb garden, planted with mandrake, hyssop, birthwort, and opium poppies (the last prompted one recent visitor to call the police); the lime walk and the nuttery. They have the lovely yellow and orange "sunset garden" outside their cottage—tulips and columbines provide color, and a central urn is framed by four Irish yews. Six gardeners look after Sissinghurst, the two head ones, Pamela Schwerdt and Sibylle Kreutzberger, hired by Vita herself in 1959. It is probably for the best that the South Cottage tenants do not roll up their own sleeves. Asked the name of the fruit tree outside the kitchen door, Carol bent over a label and said, "Clematis."

All in all, it is quite a transition from 1940s Brooklyn to Elizabethan-cum-Bloomsbury England. Doesn't Ed Victor think so? "Different?" he says, "No, not very." And, suggesting that the atmosphere may induce a tendency toward understatement, he adds, "It's all in the nuance." ♠



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Elsa in Italy

(Continued from page 193) the result of a collaboration between Elsa and Milanese decorator Renzo Mongiardino. Her idea was to make it very spartan, in keeping with her home's history as a base for soldiers. Mongiardino, who believes that when updating historic buildings one should not be too serious—"Otherwise, it has the air of a hotel"—eventually talked her into the opposite extreme, "a fantasy transformation." Elsa decided this would suit her well. Since the windows were small, Mongiardino brought the outside into the drawing room, with a trompe l'oeil mural of ivy-covered columns and marguerite-filled urns. Imaginary crumbling plaster exposes artificial brickwork, and near a tiny real window a false one lets in imitation sunlight, an idea adapted from Trinità dei Monti in Rome. The focal point is one of several hearths dotted around the property.

"It's *very* important, the fireplace," says Elsa. "I like to burn things, like old letters, late at night." Mongiardino's inspiration for the drawing-room fireplace of a giant's head, mouth open in a scream, was the similar ones he had seen in country homes near Venice; the specific model was the grotesque cavern in the sixteenth-century garden of Bomarzo, the grand folly of the Orsini. Elsa's contribution is the collection of shells embedded in the giant's flowing locks. Across the room, a preserved tortoise regards the monster, its expression at once wary and perplexed. With its sofas, covered in burgundy-and-white kilims, lining the walls and its central dining table, the room is a stylish combination of garden folly and Roman boîte.

A spiral staircase leads to Elsa's bedroom and, on the level above, a sunny sitting room with a tufted sofa in glowing Riviera-sunset stripes. "The pink is totally Mongiardino. I never would have thought of it. I was astonished but happily astonished." A combination of fanciful eighteenth-century European and Japanese furnishings are arranged under some more trompe l'oeil. Elsa's worktable sprouts the gilded feet of a lion; it is flanked by two other magical pieces, tapestry-covered stools with the feet of goats. Two drum-size black cannisters swashed with gold are, she says, "Japanese lunchboxes. Families would pack food in them to take to the theater." The guest rooms are all decorated in terra-cotta and cream, with stenciled walls and tile floors, but each has a different motif. One of them holds a hefty memento of Elsa's past—a table made of weathered wood from her father's refinery.

Elsa's domain extends to the garden, which she brought back from the dead with the help of landscape architect Oliva di Collobiano. Stepping out of the house is like walking into a lavender sachet. The fragrant flowers swoop around the house and down the road along with hollyhocks, purple artichoke flowers, wild roses, and Queen Anne's lace. Poppies and other field flowers scatter the path or grow out of clefts in the rock on the tower. Elsa surveys the plant patterns, mentally pruning. "This salvia, I must take her away, or she will grow over everything." The garden is hard work, she says, but therapeutic: "Whatever problems you have, the garden takes them away."

Night falls on Porto Ercole, a Mediterranean night with billions of stars and an orange moon. "The moon is closer to us here," observes Halston. "You can reach out and touch it." The romantic setting inspires Elsa to reflect on how much better her domestic life is for her work than her former life of closing every other nightclub in Manhattan. "To give that up—that's a great freedom. No more time wasted sitting by the phone wondering." This thought inspires her to a further resolution. "When I am fifty, maybe I give up sex altogether."

Into his third plate of pasta, Stefano doesn't seem perturbed. ♠ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

Hollywood Herald

(Continued from page 159) "I used to be a famous woman journalist," he says. "That went on until I so scandalized Los Angeles they had to fire me."

Rouilard has a law degree, but he has never practiced. In 1981 he moved to Los Angeles. Rouilard, who admits to being thirty-something, says, "I always lie about my age. I think it's a duty for a person living in Los Angeles." He has been writing his current column, "Click," which runs five times a week, for about a year. "I'm not a gossip columnist," he insists. "I'm called the society columnist. It's more like Dominick Dunne's work as opposed to Suzy or Billy Norwich. I'm always in first person plural when I write." Although he sits in Louella Parsons's office chair, he says, "I'm much closer to Princess Pignatelli, the society writer during Louella's time. In form and content. She was a statuesque woman."

He says it was just bad karma that he ended up in Los Angeles. Now Rouilard, who is six feet one inch and weighs two hundred pounds, works out with a private trainer three times a week ("Have to—it's like going to church here; I did actually have a psychic once, for about fourteen minutes, but I couldn't stop laughing"). He loves nightclubs ("We have the attention spans of rabbits in heat; my favorite club du jour is Flaming Colossus"), and his favorite restaurant "without a doubt" is Spago: "It's an open-air gossip forum and chitchateria. It's loud. It's brazen. There are obvious A, B, and C zones."

Rouilard has his own open-air gossip chitchateria, the atrium at the top of one of the four spiral staircases in his house. "I like to do very small dinner parties—six people. That's where the hair gets let down. Those are gossip dinners."

He collects contemporary art, but his prize collection is in his bedroom on the top floor, next to the black iron four-poster he designed. It is a collection of reliquaries. There's a looking glass behind his bed and an eighteenth-century English crystal chandelier over the reliquaries.

"It's sort of Mae West, side chapel, transitional Minimalism," he says. "Right here we have the sanctified remains of Saint Maximinus in an eighteenth-century Italian reliquary. I'm looking at his vertebrae. Behind him are two Vatican reliquaries. One is Saint Davidus. Supposed to be an eyeball, but I don't believe that." One problem is, he can't ever put lilies in the room. "If I put lilies in here, I'd have to lie on the bed, cross my arms over my chest, and lie in state."

Rouilard's living room is 45 feet long with a 22-foot-high ceiling. "I had it ragged, dragged, sprayed, and painted about twenty colors just to create a sort of misty space, rather than define that height. I spent a lot of time in Italy. I tried to get it as close to an informal northern Italian sitting room as I could." Most of the upholstered pieces he found in Allied Van Lines storage warehouse sales, but the carpet is Aubusson. His big old 1940s sofa is slipcovered in sharkskin iridescent moiré. "The forties is the best period for sofas because the structures last forever. They don't have a lot of design to them, and they'll fit in any room."

How does the society columnist feel about exhibiting his house?

"Oh, ecstatic. This is area code 213, and I'm a 'publici-sexual.' I love seeing my name or anything I own in print. You can't check out other people's underwear unless you're willing to put yours on the laundry line. Absolutely." ♠ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*

Produce in Paradise

(Continued from page 182) East Coast visitors would have ridiculed a berry sauce with quail or squab as a kind of poultry sundae, forgetting that Escoffier had paired quail with yellow quince, red currants, apples, or grapes sixty years before. Puck is only one of many innovative L.A. chefs who received a classical training in Europe.

But it was the markets of Los Angeles that had drawn me here, and the next morning found us hurrying past the kosher-style pastrami burrito stand in Little Tokyo en route to the genuine article at the Grand Central Public Market on Broadway and 3rd, beyond or below downtown L.A. depending on which way you hold the map. Glancing at a wall poster for César Pastor, the Tijuana BULLFIGHTER OF THE MOMENT, we entered a covered acre crowded with 58 stands and counters of Hispanic foodstuffs, inexpensive clothing, and jewelry. An herbalist tempted me with her Cápsulas Super Macho—Tejido Testicular de Toro, among other tonics and liniments. Cheek by jowl with the Bulova watch counter was a collection of lamb heads, pig snouts, and offal meats which discriminated against no part of any domesticated animal. The long braids of *tripas de leche,* which I later discovered are cow's udders, appeared again in crisply roasted form at a nearby counter selling cooked meats. The *cabrito,* or kid, was equally tempting, but my wife steered me to the neon ANA MARÍA—ESPECIALIDAD EN TACOS sign where we breakfasted on pork with green chilies wrapped in moist tortillas and *gorditas,* a plumper corn pancake, as we toyed with ordering the blood-sausage taco that entertained our neighbor at the counter.

Two dairy shops offered sour cream in three varieties—Mexican, Salvadoran, and Guatemalan—which the man let us taste on the end of a soda straw as he explained the distinctions. But the selection of Mexican melons and fruits at the produce stands was surprisingly grim, lacking even my favorite *guanábana,* or soursop, available all spring and summer in the Puerto Rican Marqueta in New York. Although they pretended not to comprehend my enviable Spanish, the countermen were helpful and amused by our questions. No one around us spoke English. Apart from a couple of French tourists, my wife and I were the only Anglos in the Grand Central Public Market, which is easily the most complete and accessible source for Mexican ingredients in town. Instead of the festive Latin atmosphere I had been led to expect, customers walked about in unsmiling twos and threes, and a little area of tables and chairs was deserted.

Every sweeping theory about Los Angeles includes the phrase "melting pot on the rim of the Pacific Basin where North meets South and East meets West," or something like that. But except for the more eclectic items on L.A.'s restaurant menus, the pot does not seem to be melting very well these days. We drove on to El Mercado, the other large indoor Hispanic market, and parked against a wall between two huge hand-painted murals, one of the Virgin and the other of Lieutenant Castillo from *Miami Vice.* Inside, the Frutilandia juice bar listed 25 flavors, and for anybody needing a stronger drink there was a dim deserted tavern area where a band of mariachis were tuning their instruments. Along one wall was a long fish counter with deep layers of chipped ice attended by a knowledgeable fishman whose English was excellent. He was proud of his *camarones de río* from Sinaloa—giant pale pink-gray freshwater shrimp with brilliant blue claws—and we tasted his spicy *coctel de pulpo,* or octopus cocktail. But the



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Produce in Paradise

other fish looked weary, with sunken eyes and dry wrinkled bodies, despite their impeccable setting and cheerful caretaker.

On the long drive back to West L.A. we stopped at one of the many Trader Joe's for their heavily discounted private-label provisions: Tomatl Toltec, a beverage prepared from "a 10,000 year old recipe" that made me eager to see the rest of the cookbook; dog kibble with no artificial preservatives or coloring; and Maple Syrup Nouveau from 1988. The chain is famous for its good $2 and $4 bottles of wine, which occupied half the store, and after a brief struggle with the cork as my wife conducted us to the Farmers Market at Fairfax and 3rd, I wished that Trader Joe, who has opened 27 stores so far, would add one down the block from my house.

The Farmers Market is a collection of restaurants, stands, and shops around an open court filled with tables where people meet to talk or snack or scratch their Lotto cards. The atmosphere was friendly and festive, but the cooked food was mainly for the tourists—expensive and mediocre except for a nice BBQ sandwich at Bryan's Pit Barbecue. I would be tempted to shop here regularly for the good selection of fresh sausages at Langston's and the best peaches and apricots we found in L.A., but not for much else.

We inched back to the hotel along the San Diego Freeway in three-o'clock gridlock behind the Aloha Pest Control truck. I had forgot that the Los Angeles rush hour expands at both ends by approximately eight minutes a year. As KFWB all-news radio cheerfully broadcast its latest five-day earthquake alert, I could almost feel the roadway crunch up like a Ritz cracker before plunging us into the Mar Vista district. Momentarily, our market quest had ceased to be amusing. My driver was verging on open insurrection, and it was plain that we would never reach all the destinations on our list. I sadly eliminated eleven of them, including Smart & Final Iris, an incredibly economical chain for staples where, I had been told, they sell laundry soap in boxes as big as your washing machine.

Two days later we wearily arrived at our final market, the West Hollywood Safeway on the corner of Santa Monica and Robertson. One glance and I could think only of Adam and Eve at the close of *Paradise Lost:*

> The world was all before them . . .
> . . . and Providence their guide.
> They, hand in hand, with wandering
> [illegible] and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

It did not matter that my wife had stopped holding my hand several freeways earlier. Here was the most splendid display of produce I had ever dreamt of. Stretching along one wall for a full city block were lofty palisades of turnips, baby carrots, bok choy, kohlrabi, radishes, fennel, and tiny eggplants in white and purple, alternating with emerald columns of collard and turnip greens, kale and Swiss chard. Eleven varieties of salad greens, seven of potatoes, six of wild mushrooms. Pharaonic pyramids of peaches, nectarines, apricots, and plums. Edible little gardens of nasturtium, borage, and sweet violets. Beds of sweet peppers in gaudy orange and yellow and dusky purple and brown. Limequats and sweet chubby red bananas and exotic varieties of fruit from dewy equatorial hillsides.

Slowly regaining my professional composure, I systematically snaked my shopping cart up and down every aisle of this Safeway showplace. The floors were so clean I was tempted to eat off them. (The slovenly zone around the salad bar did remind me of my native New York, where you can rarely see the floor.) Along one wall was a jungle of tropical flowers and plants that would cost ten times more in any Madison Avenue flower boutique. And in the center of it all was a raised sushi bar complete with Japanese chefs and their magical knives. We had already visited several other upscale supermarkets—including Gelson's in Pacific Palisades and Century City, Mrs. Gooch's Natural Food Ranch Market on North Crescent, and the Irvine Ranch Farmers Market in the Beverly Center. Each had its alluring features, a Belgian chocolate counter here, a coffee bar there. But under my complex rating system, the West Hollywood Safeway edged out all the rest.

And yet, as a cook, I would not be content at any of them. There simply was no real food there. By real food I mean the staffs of life—bread and cheese, fish and meat, potato chips and sour pickles. Nowhere in the world have I found a more exhaustive collection of processed cheese and cheese food products, all cut into neat shiny triangles and trapezoids and indistinguishable from plastic without the use of costly scientific instruments. It is astounding how far the food industry will go to avoid making real cheese. Trader Joe's had the nerve to put up one of those *Fromages de France* maps on the wall.

Among the uniformly repulsive breads, three labels read: European Style French (did I miss the advent of Asian Style French?), Crusty Bread (when I crushed it in my hand, no cracks appeared), and Baked Fresh Today Wednesday (it was Friday). Two very good restaurants we visited, Michel Richard's Citrus and the *nuova cucina* Pazzia, found it imperative to bake their own.

All the cream was ultrapasteurized. The delicatessen counters, with their green-and-red mosaic luncheon loaves, made me long for the pure pastrami of home, and the stupendous arrays of chips and crackers included neither the standard Wise brand or the premium Cape Cod, the two best store-bought potato chips manufactured as of this writing. The only prime beef I could find was the "New York steak" at Gelson's, and no one outside of East L.A. had a concept of caul fat or fresh pig's feet.

Most of the fish was already filleted, most of the shellfish frozen, and labels like Fresh Not Frozen Imitation Crab Meat abounded. Mussels were rare, and only one fishman could tell me where in the world his oysters had lived. One L.A. food writer told me that she recently abandoned a recipe for whole fish because she could not find any within a half-hour drive of her apartment.

As a result of what, I am sure, are perfectly justifiable budgetary constraints, my hotel room lacked even a rudimentary kitchen, and I was unable to test any of the supermarkets' lovely-looking vegetables for their sweetness, taste, or texture. The California (and Florida) produce we get on the East Coast is bred mainly for yield, for the toughness to withstand a bumpy transcontinental journey (that's also why it is picked unripe), and for the supernatural uniformity that packs nicely and is thought to please the urban eye. Almost nobody buys it in the summer when the crop from nearby truck farms arrives at our green markets and fruit stands. None of the personnel at the West Hollywood Safeway or at their apparently paranoid headquarters in Downey was willing to talk about any of this, and I was forced to make my own appraisal by means of random purchases and discreet squeezes. The results were mixed. A tray of *fraises des bois* were as aromatic and juicy as anything you can find in France. But even the most expensive peaches, plums, and tomatoes were rock hard (you don't arrange soft, ripe fruit in pharaonic pyramids if you ever plan to sell the bottom layers), and the raspberries were those huge, wooden, fuzzless clones.

One of Alice Waters's countless achievements in northern California was to nurture the development of small local sources of meats and vegetables. The Chino Ranch near San Diego, which sells to some of the best restaurants in southern California, refuses to truck its produce, and none of it appears in the local markets. Maybe that's why everybody eats out in Los Angeles. ♠

The Wright Way

(Continued from page 155) in Tokyo shortly before. The architect, down on his luck, was particularly pleased to be asked to work again for a previous client and wrote excitedly to his great mentor Louis Sullivan to report about the "little studio house on a charming lot." It became far more than that, for La Miniatura can now be appreciated, 65 years after it was completed, as one of the most exquisitely designed and perfectly situated landmarks in America.

Always challenged by the architectural potential of new technology, Wright made this easily manageable three-bedroom house the proving ground for an inventive construction method that fascinated him. He impressionistically described in his autobiography how "we would take that despised outcast of the building industry—the concrete block—out from serfdom now underfoot in the gutter—find a hitherto unsuspected soul in it—make it live as a thing of beauty—textured like trees." Unlike many clients who mistakenly think an architect will design a house for them in the style of an earlier phase in his career, Alice Millard was open to the radical departure Wright proposed, "a free masonry fabric capable of stunning variety, great in architectural beauty." As the architect recalled, "Gradually I unfolded to her the scheme of the textile block-slab house gradually forming in my mind since I got home from Japan. She wasn't frightened by the idea. Not at all."

The Millards' Highland Park residence was a classic Wright prairie house: long sweeping board-and-batten wings surmounted by deeply overhanging roofs. The Pasadena project would be completely different: a tall, compact, flat-roofed, inward-turning jewel box, far more formal, enclosed, and exotic than the low, expansive, and forthright houses for the plains states. Wright's concept—though it had already been used in modified form by others—was to stack square hand-molded three-inch-thick concrete blocks and "knit" them together. Characteristically interested in the artistic qualities of materials as well as their practical possibilities, Wright saw his concrete "textile block" system as the effective means of creating an appropriate and original vocabulary for the rapidly growing Los Angeles region. Disgusted by the farrago of imported building styles that had already inundated the West Coast, Wright sought to establish an authentic model free of fakery and imitation, a "new architecture for a new life—true life of romantic, beautiful California—of the coming reaction upon this hitherto unawakened people." He wrote of La Miniatura, "This little building scientifically and afresh began to search for what was missing in all this servile background. What was missing? Nothing less than a distinctly genuine expression of California life in terms of modern industry and American industry. That was all."

La Miniatura recalls the geometrics of Mayan architecture, as do all of the architect's four Los Angeles–area concrete-block houses, but it is also reminiscent of Moorish, Islamic, and Mughal architecture. To bring light into the interior of the Millard house by means other than conventional windows, Wright had many of the concrete blocks made with their central cruciform motifs left open. The walls of the house are a double thickness of blocks, comprising the inside and outside surfaces, surrounding an insulating layer of air. The pierced blocks have a thin pane of clear glass sandwiched between them, and the effect of those filigree surfaces is very much like the openwork screens found in palatial houses from Granada to Jaipur. Although La Miniatura lacks the breathtaking spatial dynamics of such other Wright designs as the Robie house and Fallingwater, this is his ultimate essay in the rich interplay of sunlight and shadow.

Alice Millard had asked Wright for a house with an "old-world atmosphere," and he lived up to his promise that "it would have and better." She enjoyed her home, set into a secluded ravine and shaded by towering silvery eucalyptus trees (Wright's "tall, tattered ladies") until her death in 1938. La Miniatura was then bought by an admiring neighbor, Donald Potter Daniels, and is now occupied by his granddaughter, Nicole. Proud of her family's role as guardian of this architectural heritage, she has been trying valiantly to cope with the never-ending maintenance of the building. Innovator in forms and materials that Wright was, he never could be certain how his revolutionary buildings would age. Nicole Daniels points out that although the concrete-block fabric is fireproof, it is far from waterproof, a failing that plagues so many Wright buildings.

Restoration is never a simple matter here, she explains. "When you're dealing with repairing this house, it all has to be very high integrity. My grandparents were very private people and covered the walls with ivy to try to obscure it from the street, but I had it removed to protect the concrete. You can't stress the structure in order to get some degree of privacy. I've lived here for 28 years and I'm used to all the intrusions. I've been honored to be associated with La Miniatura, and challenged. But financially you really have to be a foundation to be entrusted with something like this. Still, even with all the problems, it's so aesthetically pleasing that it's hard to think of living anywhere else." Frank Lloyd Wright reported that Alice Millard felt the same way about the ravishing home he made for her. "She says she would have no other house she has ever seen." ♠

Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron
West Coast Editor: Joyce MacRae

C.Z. Style

(Continued from page 205) houseguests."

It was through the duke and duchess that C.Z. met Stéphane Boudin, the late French interior designer. "He had done the duchess's house in Paris and I loved it." Boudin came to Templeton to arrange the antiques, paintings, and other objects that had been purchased or inherited by C.Z. and Winston.

Boudin selected the exotic but cool Oriental patterns that cover chairs, curtains, and walls throughout the first and second floors. "He did the formal settings of furniture, sofas, and chairs and established one great idea for the whole house by constantly reminding me to make everything comfortable. He also told me never to acquire masses of unused things to store in an attic. That's why I selected the leopard-stenciled pattern for the wool rugs—not only because it's terribly chic, but it simply doesn't show dog paw."

In the enfilade of formal rooms on the first floor are numerous Chippendale tables and blue-and-white Chinese porcelains of every shape and size. The grand salon contains two John Singer Sargent family portraits, and a portrait of Winston's father by Augustus John, which hangs across from a portrait of C.Z. by Salvador Dali. C.Z. did, however, return a portrait she and Winston commissioned from Dali of Alexander, painted when he was a boy of eight. "I was shocked, although Dali was a friend. I guess we should have kept it. But he made Alexander look like one of those niños from a Velázquez." Every possible corner of the cool, marble-floored main hall contains a George I chair or bench. In the downstairs library is one of C.Z.'s favorite gifts from her husband, a Chinese red-lacquer pagoda from the Qian Long dynasty which sits on a low Boudin-Jansen–designed table.

C.Z. Style

Outside, a bronze, one of three original casts of the Diana created by Coysevox for Versailles, sits on the main lawn, flanked by pots containing enormous jasmine topiaries from C.Z.'s greenhouses. The fanciful topiary garden facing the linden tree allée was designed by the late Russell Page, a great friend of C.Z.

From the moment of her marriage, C.Z. was a fashion arbiter and a perennial on the best-dressed list. All of her clothes were made by Mainbocher. "I went to him because understated tailoring suited me best," C.Z. says. He even made her evening dresses from panels of rare eighteenth-century Chinese brocade bought by her husband. When C.Z. landed on the cover of *Time* magazine in the early sixties as the quintessential high society grande dame, however, Mainbocher closed his New York salon for a month and disappeared to Paris. "His clients—the best names in New York—were furious," C.Z. recalls. "He heard about the cover story and didn't want *Time* finding out anything about his operation or his clients. So he and his partner just went off to Paris to avoid the press. Nobody does anything like that today. Diana Vreeland couldn't believe it."

C.Z.'s closets are still full of dazzling evening "Mains," and she uses the same Germaine Guérin of Paris handbags, including her favorites of mock tortoise. She fills in her wardrobe with updates from Adolfo.

C.Z. remains as active as ever. Since she inaugurated a syndicated gardening column in 1976 she has evolved a lucrative enterprise that now encompasses books, videos, T-shirts, and a signature scent and insect repellent. She works hard to insure that her rose gardens are laden with Cary Grant and Pink Peace roses and that her greenhouses are stocked with orchids, with roses her favorite flower. In 1987 she won a prize at the New York Flower Show for her gazebo design.

Every morning by eight C.Z. is turned out in her jodhpurs for an hour in the saddle on her homebred Thoroughbred, Opium. The rest of the morning is spent answering letters from readers of her column. She may drive into Manhattan for lunch, otherwise the afternoon is devoted to reading and writing. She keeps in close touch with her family. Cornelia now lives in Hollywood, but they exchange frequent phone calls. Alexander and his wife, Liza, who works in the Impressionist department of Sotheby's, often visit, bringing along their own show horses. C.Z. also spends much of the time with her old friend and gardening associate of fourteen years, Elvin McDonald, director of special projects at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, puttering in the rose gardens, kitchen and herb gardens, and her greenhouses. "If I'm feeling lonely, I step out into the garden or greenhouse. It lifts my spirits, allows for positive thinking."

Her lifelong motto has been, "Be a champion!" It's an ideal she has expressed in both her house and her career. "Keep your head up and have a good time and make it all look simple," she says.

In her transition from style arbiter to career woman C.Z. credits one role model: Diana Vreeland. "What I've always admired about her is that she worked so hard. Ten years ago if somebody had told me I would get up in front of hundreds of people and speak about gardens, and run my own business, I would have said 'No way!' Diana inspired me to go further. She did that for so many people. I remember when Yves Saint Laurent was just beginning, she helped keep him swimming upstream to success. I have always admired people who are in the swim. I don't know what I'm in, the tide or the stream. I just hope I'm in the middle of the current." ♠

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Sources

STYLE

Page 33 Plate, $95, glass (set of six), $192, bowl, $50, by Stupell, NYC (212) 260-3100. Chest, $790, from Chest Collection, to the trade at Keller Williams, NYC, Dallas, Houston. **34–35** Bowl, $285, at Stupell (see above). Flask, $65, at Crossroads of Sport, NYC (212) 764-8877. Tantivy, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Detroit, High Point, Honolulu, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Bench to order at M. J. Knoud, NYC (212) 838-1434. Tieback, $250, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC (212) 758-0844. Halte de Chasse, 51" wide, $83 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. Tortue, 51" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, NYC; Hugh Cochran, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Karl Mann, Chicago; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco. Schaefer box, $150, to order, NYC (212) 627-2137. Caviar scoop, $225, by Wilkens, at Villeroy & Boch, NYC; Rich's, Atlanta. Horse pillows, $155 and $175, by Katha Diddel Home Collection, call (800) 289-8946 for nearest dealer; Scully & Scully, NYC. Dog pillows, $75 ea, at Mabel's, NYC (212) 734-3263.

Platter, $575, carving set, $255, at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, San Francisco. **36–37** Fabric, 54" wide, $72 yd, at Rituals, L.A. (213) 854-0848, call (512) 227-5212 for nearest dealer. Chair, $1,838, pillows, needlepoint, $280, ruffled, $165, at Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Trastero, $250, at Sonrisa, L.A. (213) 651-1090. Screen, $2,500, by Phillips Collection, call (718) 782-1334 for nearest dealer. Seminole pattern on Kensington fabric, 48" wide, $51 yd, to the trade at Kirk-Brummel, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Blake House, Denver, Laguna Niguel; Hargett Associates, Dallas, Houston; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Lawrence/Green, San Francisco; Le Tapisseur, Pittsburgh; Patton Wallcovering, Cleveland, Columbus; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Ernest Gaspard & Assoc., Atlanta; Walls Unlimited, Boston. Table, $950, at Sonrisa (see above). Urn, $650, at Umbrello, L.A. (213) 659-4335

HG NOTES/DESIGN

Page 50 Hertz: Reagan's Military relief, $10,000, concrete elements, from $200, at Syndesis, Santa Monica (213) 829-9932. Tate: Floor lamp, $750, metal sconce, $180, desk lamp, $160, side table, $300, rebar chair, $350, at Modern Museum of Art, Santa Ana (714) 754-4111. Collicott: Monkey chair, time tables, mirror, Three Graces bowl, to order at Wilder Place, Los Angeles; Elements, Chicago; Clodagh, Ross & Williams, NYC. Butler: Gris chair, Laughing chair, Picabia chair, $1,850 ea, Tokyo Radio Tower, Power chest, $6,000 ea, at Eugenia Butler, Santa Monica (213) 459-6073; Asher/Faure Gallery, Gallery 454, Los Angeles; Rena Bransten Gallery, San Francisco.

TALLEYSHEET

Page 124 Wheat ornament at G. K. S. Bush, Washington, D.C. (202) 965-0653. Bull, donkey desks, at Marisa del Re Gallery, NYC (212) 688-1843. Screen, 40" high, 50" wide, $3,650, at Janis Aldridge, Washington, D.C. (202) 338-7710. **128** Skirt, $2,980, cape, $6,900, at Saint Laurent, NYC, Boston, Chevy Chase, Washington, D.C. Armoire, at Antique Loft, NYC (212) 243-8625. Blanket, white $2,200, reversible stripe, $2,500, at Pratesi, NYC (212) 288-2315. Chest, $1,500, at Tranquil Corners Antiques, Durham (919) 493-3769. Furnishings at Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC (212) 535-9885. Wallpaper panel, $12,000, at G. Randall Fine Antiques, Washington, D.C. (202) 337-7373. Chest, $2,900, at Janis Aldridge (see above).

MAJOR PRODUCTIONS

Page 140 Barrel chair, $2,690, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.

HOT PROPERTY

Pages 142–43 Chaise longues by Weatherend, Rockland (207) 596-6483. **Pages 144–45** Table, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Tamarisk-style sofas to the trade from J. Robert Scott, L.A. (213) 659-4910. **Pages 146–47** Italian table in foyer from Quatrain, L.A. (213) 652-0243. Florentine coffee table by Brustlin Workshop, L.A. (213) 655-8445.

THE WRIGHT WAY

Pages 150–51 Stickley armchair, $16,000, at Couturier Gallery, L.A. (213) 933-5557. **153** Stieglitz photograph, $11,000, at G. Ray Hawkins Gallery, L.A. (213) 550-1504. Grueby vase, $5,000, at Couturier (see above). **154–55** Baron de Meyer portraits, Gardner, $6,500, Whitney, $5,000, at G. Ray Hawkins (see above).

HOLLYWOOD HERALD

Page 156 Sophia and Eugenia armchairs, to the trade at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above for pgs 144–45). St. Amour Moiré, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Fringe, to the trade at Houlès, Los Angeles; Charnigo Grizzel, Atlanta; Hensel, Chicago, Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. **158** Milliken, 21" wide, $54 roll, to the trade at Clarence House NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Lucrezia, 52"–55" wide, $177 yd, at Fortuny, NYC, to the trade at Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia, George & Frances Davison, Boston; Betterman's, Chicago; Ellouise Abbott, Houston; Keith McCoy & Assoc., Los Angeles, San Francisco; Stephen E Earls Showroom, Portland, Seattle.

THE FISHER TECHNIQUE

Page 162 Villa Gallia chairs, to the trade at ICF, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. Fred Fisher Bug tables, limited editions at ATC Distributing Corp., North Hollywood (800) 445-6759. Screen, $7,000, at Cozmopole, L.A. (213) 463-0377.

ELSA IN ITALY

Page 190 Wrought-iron and terra-cotta table, stool, to the trade at Kuma Enterprises, NYC; Holly Hunt, Chicago; George Nash, Dallas.

HOMEFRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 220 Steeple clock, $197, at Schlabäugh & Sons, Kalona; Artful Interiors, Bethesda; Artisan Gallery, Northampton; Bellardo, NYC; Company of Craftsmen, Mystic; Gregory's, Salado. *Lady Broughton* mezzotint, at Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120. Louis XVI limestone mantel, $7,700, at William H. Jackson, NYC (212) 753-9400. Clock, $1,500, at Clare Mosley, Paris 45-44 66-46. Pendulum clock, $197, at Contre Jour, NYC (212) 877-7900. Quake clock, $450, at Clodagh, Ross & Williams, NYC (212) 505-1774 House clock, $196, at Contre-Jour (see above) Saw-blade clock, $80, at Nolte, NYC (212) 431-0162. Standing clock, $125, at Civilisation, NYC (212) 254-3788

HOMEFRONT/ELECTRONICS

Page 222 Mitsubishi FA-1500, $1,495, FA-2100, $1,995, at DC Interconnect, NYC; A Leon Business Machines, Miami; Associated Business Equipment, Wellesley Hills; Business Communication Consultants, Dallas; Copy Plus Systems, Houston; McDonald Klein Business Machines, Seattle; Gordon Business Machines, St. Louis; USA Fax Chicago, Libertyville. Ricoh Fax10, $2,055, at AB Dick, Dallas; American Office Equipment, LaGrange; Coast to Coast Terminals, Irvine; Delta Business Systems, Orlando. Canon FaxPhone 20, $1,995, at all Service Merchandise, Sears Business System Centers, Best Products, and GTE Phone Marts. Hitachi Hifax 17, $2,295, at Electronic Systems Plus, NYC; Adcom Products, Westwood; Copyfax, Virginia Beach; Copystars, San Diego; Facsimile Sales & Leasing, Atlanta; John H. Saumenig & Co., Baltimore; Lopez & Church, Portland; Metro Data Terminals, Houston; Mid-West Datacom, Mt. Prospect; Nobel Telecommunications, King of Prussia; Advanced Office Products, Denver; Standard Office Systems, Cleveland; West Coast Terminals, Tempe. CITIFAX DOT, $1,300, call (800) CITIFAX for dealers. Murata M1200, $900, at selected Best Products, Burdine's, Dayton Hudson, Dillard's, Freeway Stores, Hecht's, Home Express, Kohl's, Macy's-Atlanta, May Company, Montgomery Wards, Sears

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Duka's DIARY



Master of Design

The éminence grise of interior decorating foresees a future devoid of inspiration, reports **John Duka**

Stanley Barrows had just returned from New Mexico, where he saw the Taos pueblo, the residence that has experienced the longest continuous occupancy in American history—one thousand years. It was not enough to keep him from his apartment in New York where he has lived a considerably shorter length of time.

"I wouldn't want to spend weeks in Taos," he said, settling into a modern armchair placed pointedly next to an antique red-lacquer secretary. "After you've met Juan Hamilton and seen all that adobe, there's not much to do. And after all, there's nothing quite like one's own electricity and hot water to put one in a good mood, is there?"

There is in all likelihood no one quite like Stanley Barrows in the world of interior design today. At a time when it is difficult to find an authentic éminence grise in any field, Barrows remains decidedly gris, decidedly eminent, and dismayingly well read. His apartment is awash with over 5,000 books. And he knows, he says, where all the skeletons of the decorating world are buried.

Called the Professor by his friends and former students, Barrows, as director of the European studies program of the Parsons School of Design, taught and guided some of the most important names in interior decoration, including Albert Hadley, Angelo Donghia, Edward Zajac, and Tom Britt. "I advise a lot of interior decorators on, say, the cutting down of a Georgian library or the placement of a chimneypiece. But I was not happy as a working designer. I couldn't stand it when the client started screaming that the sofa pillows were too large or the fringe wasn't long enough."

On this particular day Barrows is not happy with the general direction interior design is taking. "The schools are more interested in space planning and problem solving than they are in decoration. It's almost impossible to find properly trained people for residential work. Their style is far too institutional. And as far as the teachers go, they can't teach what a beautiful house is because they simply don't see them—they don't live that life, they wouldn't know a well-decorated house if it fell on them."

He knows where all the skeletons of the decorating world are buried

Stanley Barrows would. For three months each year, before it was fashionable to do so, he took his protégés on tours of the great houses of England, France, and Italy. "The most beautiful house in the world," he says wistfully, "is the royal hunting palace of Stupenigi outside Torino. That and the Palazzo Corsini, pure eighteenth-century Italian and very Rococo in detail. I think it's time to reexamine early-eighteenth-century Italian design. The thing about it is that it can be done so simply. You don't need elaborate paneling, for example, just shapes of panels painted in trompe l'oeil."

Barrows fears that current design is so devoid of inspiration that it would be wise to look again at the work of such designers as Nancy Lancaster, George Stacey, Ogden Codman (who wrote *The Decoration of Houses* with Edith Wharton), Elsie de Wolfe, and Ruby Ross Wood.

"Ruby Ross Wood," says Barrows, "was the sponsor and teacher of Billy Baldwin. Perhaps more than any other designer from the past, her work is closest to what is important today in design. She loved clear colors. She loved simple materials. I think the most civilized way to decorate a room is to use simple unobtrusive modern seating pieces combined with very fine and very few pieces of period furniture, such as Victorian or American Empire, which is the best buy on the market right now. It's best to follow the Japanese way of not showing everything you own, a concept that many living on Fifth Avenue don't seem to understand anymore."

Barrows also believes that the decorating ideas of Elsie de Wolfe have become useful again. "She was very big on glass," he recalls, "mirror on mirror, mirrored coffee tables. She used to say that some of the best money you can spend is on mirrors. Oh, yes, and on binoculars. Once when I was on tour through Europe, she invited me and my colleagues for a swim at her villa. When we got there her secretary Westie said that Lady Mendl was too ill to receive us but that we could swim anyway. The footman added, however, there were no suits for us and suggested we swim without them. So we did, and as I was swimming away from the house on my back I looked up and saw Lady Mendl watching us with binoculars. It seems it was one of her favorite games. The old girl died three weeks later." ♠

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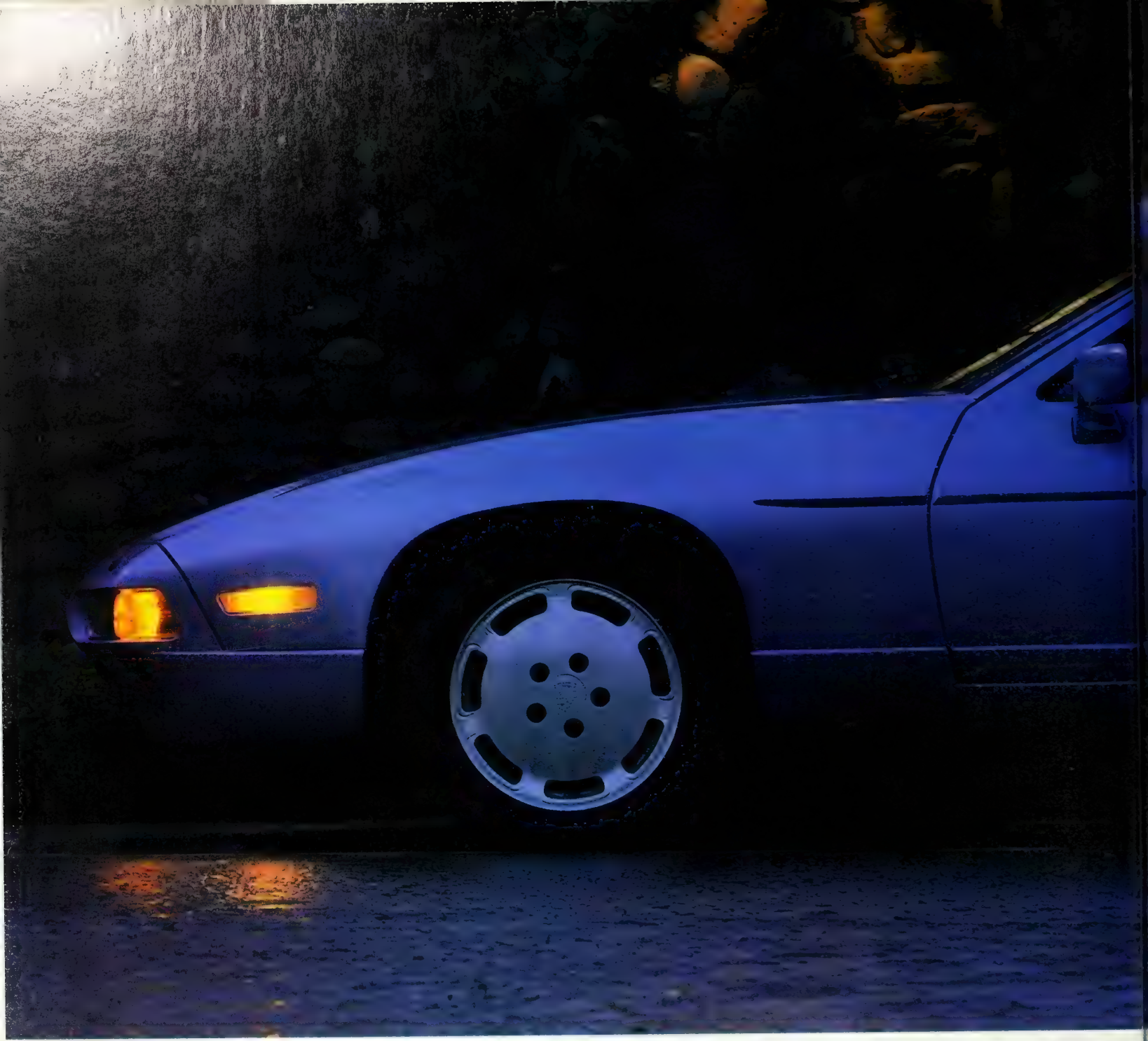
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HOUSE & GARDEN
NOVEMBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 11

HG



COVER
The kitchen of Bruno Chambelland's ancestral château in the Vendée region of France. Page 200. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

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A turn-of-the-century Italian-style coffee table from Rose Cumming is the focal point of the sitting room in Clara von Aich's small apartment. Page 132. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



A scenic view of the topiary garden started by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell in the 1850s. Page 194. Photograph by Mick Hales.

Grand Illusions: Size is a state of mind, as Dodie Kazanjian learns talking to six people who live with big style in small apartments **132**

Bridging Two Eras: On an island beside a medieval Dutch tower is a masterwork of modern garden design, reports Susan S. H. Littlefield **154**

The Art of Love: Veronese's famous *Allegories* proved worthy of a queen's ransom, Rosamond Bernier and Olivier Bernier reveal **162**

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It's all the Raj, the jewel in the crown for those in the know on what's new in antiques. On page **46** Amicia de Moubray's report on Anglo-Indian. Photograph by Edward Addeo.



Rose-print linen on a graceful méridienne chair, page **214**, takes on the aura of time in the "tea-washed" tones that make big fabric news now. Photograph by Michael Halsband.



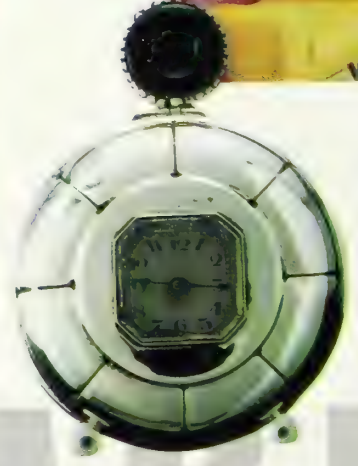
The glory of Veronese, grand master of the Venetian Renaissance, is revealed on page **162** in a show previewed by Rosamond Bernier and Olivier Bernier. Photograph courtesy National Gallery, London.

A dazzling house b Arquitectonica, page **17(** brings a fresh gust of the ne Miami style to the shores c Lake Michigan. Charle Gandee doesn't quite believ the architects' modest clair that "it's just a plain Moder house." Photograph b Tim Street-Porte





Forgotten after its fifties heyday, Miami Beach makes a surprising comeback on page **108** as a smart travel destination for the young and the hip. Photograph by William Waldron.



Renowned for the sleek chic heft of its classic Art Deco silver, the French house of Puiforcat, page **37**, comes to America with much to take a shine to. Photograph by Christophe Dugied.

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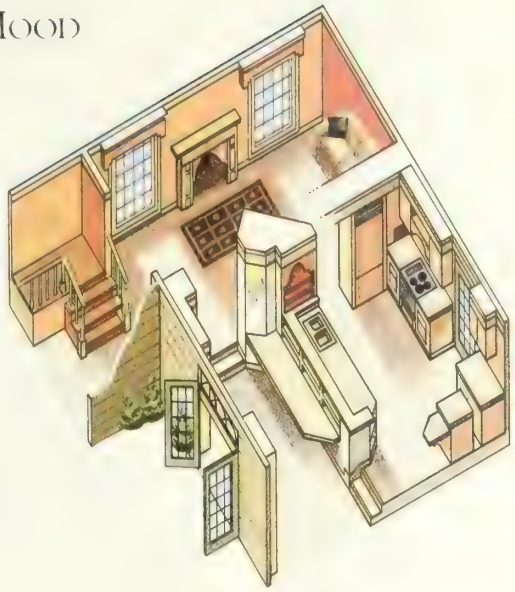
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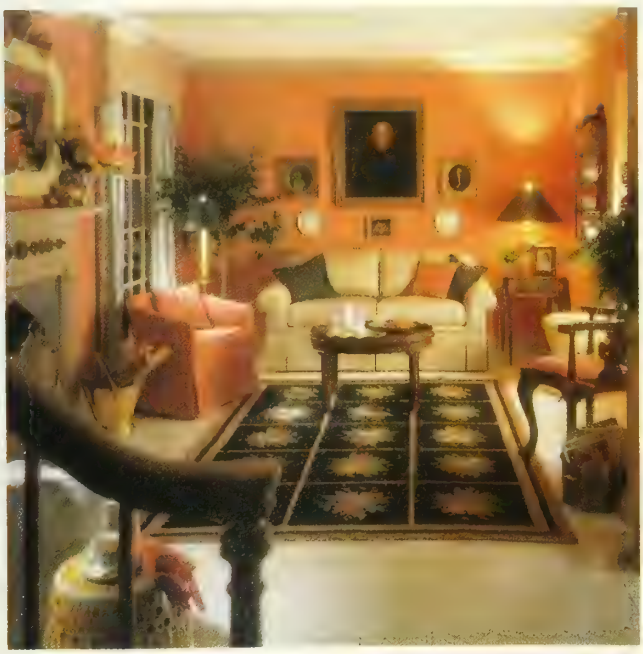
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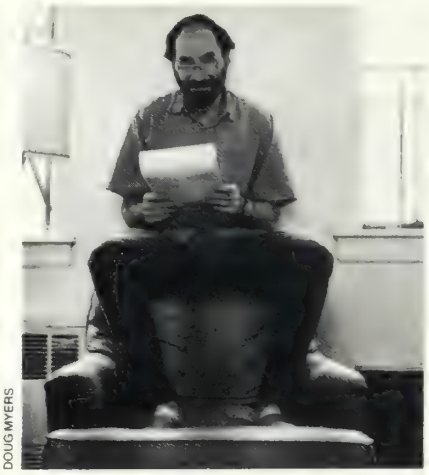
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JOHN RUSSELL

"Writing about the Powells was a labor of love—we've been friends for almost forty years," says John Russell, seated to the left of Violet and Anthony Powell. The chief art critic of *The New York Times*, Russell is also at work on a collection of essays to be published by Abrams next fall. Titled *Reading Russell*, the book will be about "unexpected and strange subjects," including Russian drama, French biography, luggage, wisteria, and veteran Italian actresses.



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LEWIS GROSSBERGER

Lewis Grossberger was so inspired by the design books he reviewed for HG this month, he's now "planning to do a design book myself. I'll start with my own squalid hovel and do stories on the not-so-exquisite houses of America. I think the field is wide open. Of course, I don't have much furniture, so I'll have to devote an entire chapter to one couch, but I'll photograph it from all angles." He's also the "media person" for *7 Days* and rules over the fourth estate.

BARBRA WALZ

"My relationship with Betsey Johnson has always been a joyous one," says photographer Barbra Walz. "I've photographed her before and after her daughter Lulu was born and through many house changes." Walz photographs the fashion designer's latest residence for this month's HG.

Walz included Betsey and Lulu in her books: *The Fashion Makers* (Random House, 1978) and *Starring Mothers: Thirty Portraits of Accomplished Women* (Doubleday, 1987). And when she's not on assignment for magazines such as *HG* or *Vogue*, Walz can be found on movie sets shooting stills for features such as *Running on Empty* and *Working Girl*.



THOMAS HAYES

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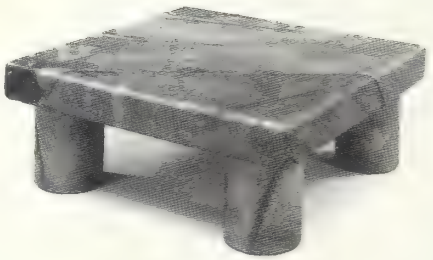
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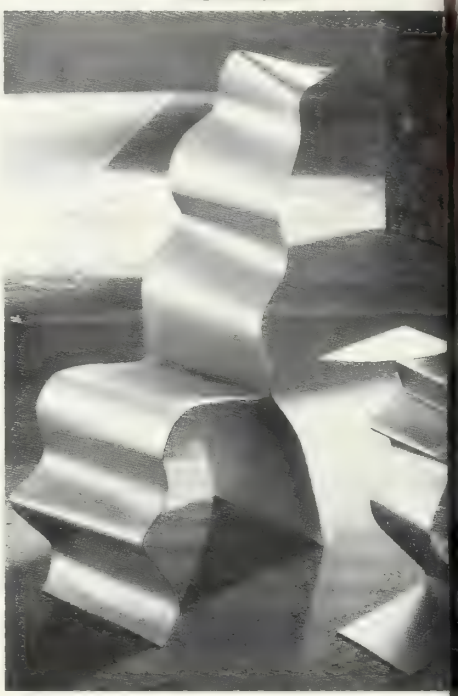
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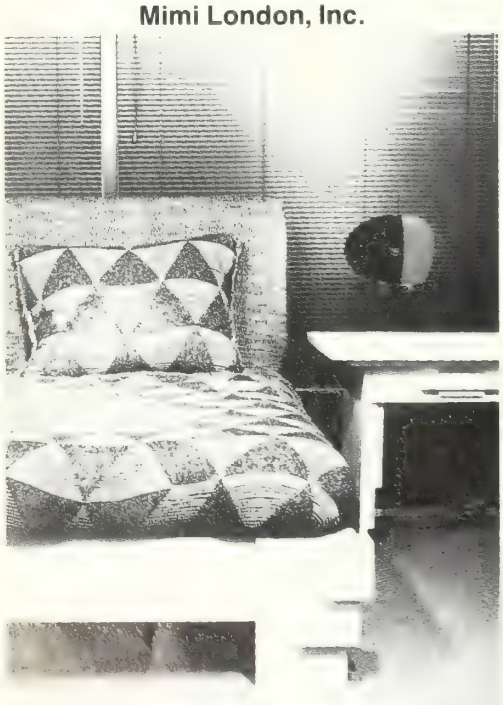
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The Ivy Chair

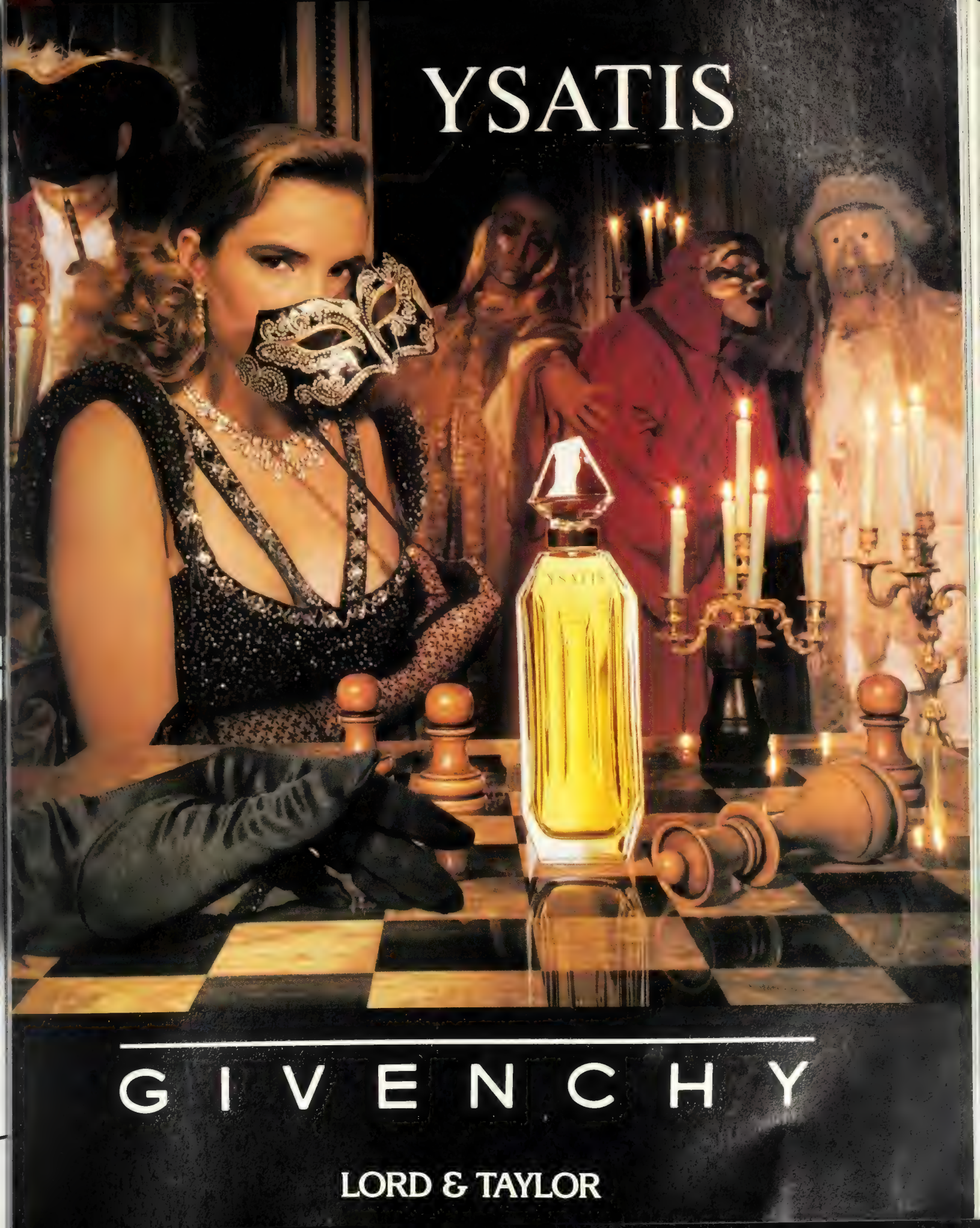
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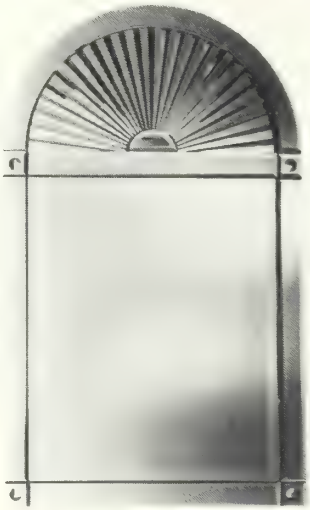
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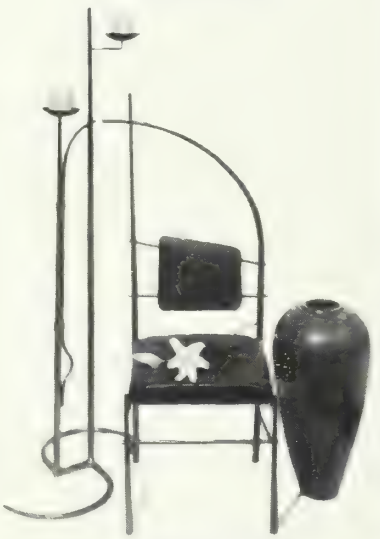
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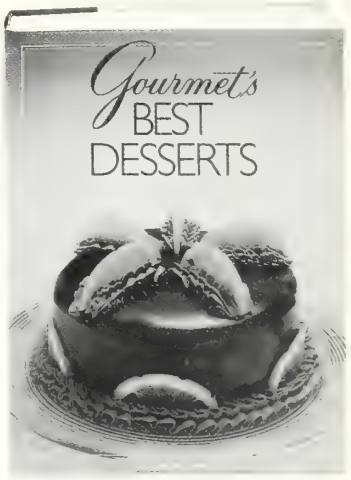
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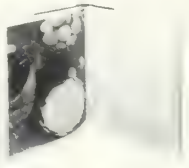
Amy's Bedroom

It was as much a gift for my husband and me as it was for the person for whom it was intended, our sixteen-year-old Amy. She wasn't home from school yet when it arrived, the bedroom she always wanted. An hour later, I heard the front door open and shut, then a distant greeting as Amy went up to her bedroom. I waited for her to run down the stairs calling for me as I knew she would, but, instead, the house was quiet. I found her sitting on the bed, holding one of her new ruffled pillows, crying. I sat next to her and held her and realized, as I need to now and then, what a gift she is to us.

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



PASCAL CHEVALLIER

DEBORAH WEBSTER

Paris editor Deborah Webster loved doing the story on Bruno Chambelland and his reacquired family château. "One of my passions is going to auctions in Paris," she says. "Spending three days with Monsieur Chambelland, an auctioneer at Hôtel Drouot, put me on the inside track." A transplanted Pennsylvanian, Webster has been in Paris for eight years and now covers Europe for HG.



GINA FAIRE/H.MUNDY

MICHAEL MUNDY

"I learn about photography by working," says Michael Mundy, who does a lot of both for HG. This month he photographed the small apartments, a job that caused him to rethink his definition of small. "If those are small apartments, then what word would describe mine?" Rarely at home these days, Mundy has been chasing both presidential candidates for *¡Hola!* magazine.

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"Never trust a man who lavishes expensive gifts upon you," my Mother always said. "Unless you really like him."

She told me a lot of things about men, my Mother. And she was almost always right.

But this man was no typical man. This was a man in a million. A man who seemed very fond of me.

It had started only six weeks ago when I was stuck in row 12 on one of those seemingly endless flights that stop in Guam on their way to Tokyo.

In seat 12F, alongside of me, was an elbow that seemed intent on straying across the armrest the entire flight. It was his elbow.

By the time they served lunch I was halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him just about every day. So when he asked me to join him for a trip out of town, it wasn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at a remote Country Inn, my man took me for a walk into the garden.

"This is for you, and for our days to come," he whispered in my ear as he handed me a package about half the size of a shoe box.

I undid the wrapping paper and revealed a beautiful calfskin jewelry box. With bated breath I lifted the lid.

And there it was, the diamonds glistening in the late afternoon country light, the most exquisite watch you've ever seen.

The name on the textured face identified it as a Concord Saratoga.™

"There are sixteen diamonds locked snugly into that polished eighteen-carat gold and brushed steel bezel," he informed me with a smile, "one for every day I've known you."

The curve of the linkages on the bracelet matched my wrist as though it was designed just for me. And it felt solid and substantial.

This was a watch for a lifetime.

Admiring the way the raised gold numerals seemed to shimmer in the reflected sparkle of the diamonds, I suddenly recalled my Mother's advice.

"There must be strings attached to a gift as beautiful as this?" I asked my man, perhaps a little hopefully.

He let go of me and knelt down on one knee, "I was rather hoping it would help get you to the church on time."



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HG

Silver Polish

Puiforcat, the French sterling of choice since the days of Art Deco, gets set for America

Timeless, handcrafted, pricey, and worth it'' might well be the motto at Puiforcat, the French firm that proudly—and with a touch of Parisian-style hauteur—carries on a 168-year-old tradition of producing classically sumptuous silver.

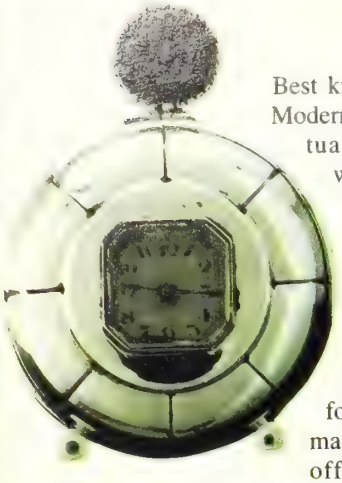
Until now it required a trip across the ocean, relentless ferreting in antiques stores, or a well-timed visit to an exclusive gift shop to uncover Puiforcat's most prized pieces, but late this October the company opens its first American boutique. Located on Madison Avenue in a space decked out in Art Deco, the shop will feature only original Puiforcat designs—including recently introduced Limoges porcelain, jewelry, and leather goods—and, of course, a stellar selection of both contemporary and period silver. As a salute to its roots, Puiforcat will also star in the exhibition ''L'Art de Vivre: Decorative Arts and Design in France, 1789–1989,'' a French Revolution bicentennial celebration on view in New York March 30–August 6, 1989, at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.



Stylized floral detailing perks up a 1922 silver coffeepot.

CHRISTOPHE DUGIED

design



Best known for its streamlined Modernist designs, Puiforcat actually has an enormously wide-ranging repertoire that dates back to the company's founding in 1820 as a humble cutlery shop. It wasn't until the turn of the century, however, when director Louis Victor Puiforcat hit upon the idea of making convincing knockoffs of historic museum-quality pieces, that Puiforcat took a giant leap in status. The traditional collection that resulted was quickly given an energetic update by Louis Victor's son, Jean.

A veteran of France's youngest volunteer corps in World War I and member of the French ice hockey team at the Antwerp Olympic games of 1920, Jean Puiforcat was already a family hero when he began his technical apprenticeship at the shop after the war. He quickly made a splash with his sleek geometric—and decidedly unhistoric—designs. "His is the silverware of today—but with the quality of perfection which harmonizes with many periods," proclaimed *Arts & Decoration* magazine in 1929. The acknowledged master of Art Deco silver, he applied his functionalist vision to everything from soup tureens to saltcellars to incense holders. Yet unlike the Bauhaus artist-cum-craftsman of his time, he never tried to create for mass production. Minimalist yet tactile—thanks, perhaps, to his studies of sculpture—his works are unencumbered by excessive decoration. Instead they are comparatively bare, patterned only by the black marble knobs, vermeil studs, alabaster finials, sycamore and rosewood bases, and crystal handles that are integrated into the forms and essential to their function.

"When Jean designed something, he truly went back to the drawing board and managed to eradicate all ideas of what silver should look like," says Kevin Tierney of Sotheby's silver department. "His artistic daring became his triumph."

Reviving this somewhat forgotten triumph while maintaining Puiforcat's pristine standards has been the focus of Eliane Scali since she bought the firm five years ago. "Puiforcat was very well known in France, but it was sleeping a bit," she says. Today Puiforcat's atelier is filled with the din of fifty craftsmen who handwork all of the silver from its earliest stage as a flat slab ("It looks like a stick of chewing gum," says one Puiforcat executive) to its final buffing by hand ("three girls upstairs polishing with agate stones"). To create flatware, the silver slab is mashed thin by a hand-operated heavy roller and then put into a die that, like a waffle maker, impresses the pattern onto the silver. Excess silver squeezes out the sides like dough and is filed off. The piece is then chiseled, burnished, tapped, and tooled before polishing. Total elapsed time for one fork: eight hours.

Wood and steel mallets, often covered in leather, are used to form Puiforcat's plump hollowware objects. The silversmith's workbench is a tree trunk covered in sheepskin parchment and wool flannel. Oval shapes are eyeballed for symmetry, and circular ones are perfectly molded against a spherical mandrel that rotates on a lathe. Surprisingly, silver is extraordinarily fragile—it will shatter if struck twice in the same place unless it is reheated.

The use of these age-old techniques, long since abandoned by other silver houses for increased mechanization, is what enables Puiforcat to manufacture its 180 flatware and 10,000 hollowware patterns, ranging in style from Louis XIII to Art Deco, and also



Rounded octagonal silver clock with studded ebony ring handle from 1923, above left.

Silver coffeepot, left, with vermeil bands on base and ivory finial and handle, 1937. Right: Rosewood stem is cut away to show three silver rings on 1935 flared silver cup.

Six-sided silver lamp, right, with fluted details and step-motif base, 1925.

CHRISTOPHE DUGIED

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what drives up Puiforcat's heady prices. A sterling teaspoon starts at $125, and a five-piece place setting costs $1,200–$1,290. The ceiling price for Puiforcat? No such thing, but there is a tureen that required six hundred hours to complete and bears a price tag of $120,000.

To make Puiforcat available to a wider audience, however, Scali recently introduced a translation of the eighteenth-century scalloped-flatware pattern Richelieu into silverplate—breaking with an all-sterling tradition but winning the first International Tabletop Award in 1987. Also going silver plate is Biarritz, a Deco flatware pattern engraved with deep vertical grooves. Renamed Chantaco, it runs a much less expensive $198 per five-piece place setting. But just how does the silver plate compare with sterling? Extremely well. Even Cyril Naphegyi, the president of Puiforcat USA, admits it's difficult to tell the difference and that the sterling isn't much heavier.

Clearly the time is right for Puiforcat to make itself available. Judging from the stampede of collectors at Sotheby's last spring offering four- and five-figure prices for chunks of Andy Warhol's collection of vintage Jean Puiforcat, American tables are all set for silver à la française.

Glenn Harrell





CHRISTOPHE DUGIED (3)



Silver knives, above left, from the 1920s and '30s, including Cannes (fifth from right), the pattern Jean Puiforcat himself used. Left: View of the Puiforcat workshop in Paris. Above: Steel hammers for shaping slabs of silver.

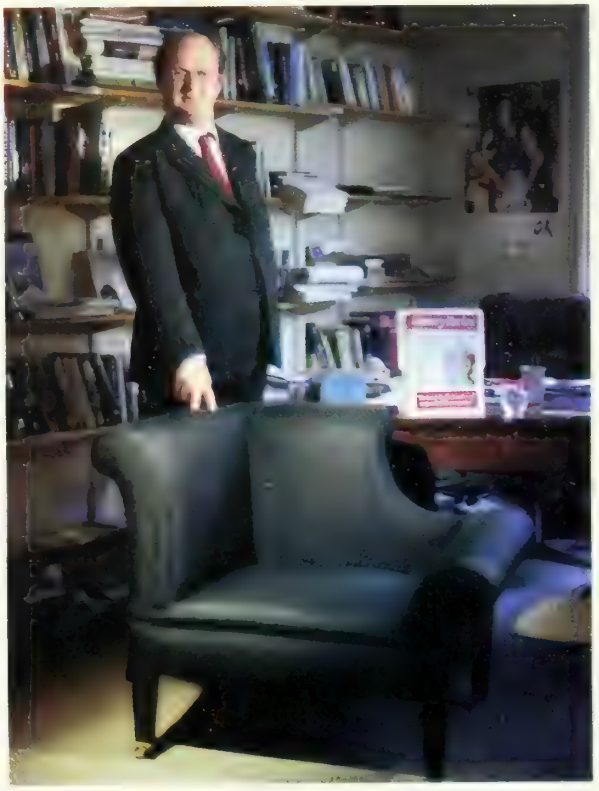
Chair of the Month

Auberon Waugh puts poets in their place—a classic by Sir Edwin Lutyens

For years I was a poor scribbler, then I became editor of the *Literary Review* in London. Now I can indulge my Napoleonic fantasies. Sir Edwin Lutyens saw a picture of Napoleon sitting in a chair like this one, so he copied it for himself. He liked it so much he put two miniature versions into Queen Mary's dolls' house in 1924. Now his granddaughter, Candia, is selling full-size reproductions. She looks quite dishy in them. I don't.

It is no good as a desk chair, so I allow office visitors to sit in it—mostly aspirant reviewers and poor poets who come to sell their pathetic wares. Occupying this chair is their little moment of glory. They have no conception how ridiculous they look. It is sitting thus they learn that the *Literary Review* pays $9 per poem. Rather too much, in my opinion.

Auberon Waugh takes a critical stance toward Sir Edwin Lutyens's Napoleon chair, reissued by Lutyens Design Associates, £1,595, at Harrods, London.



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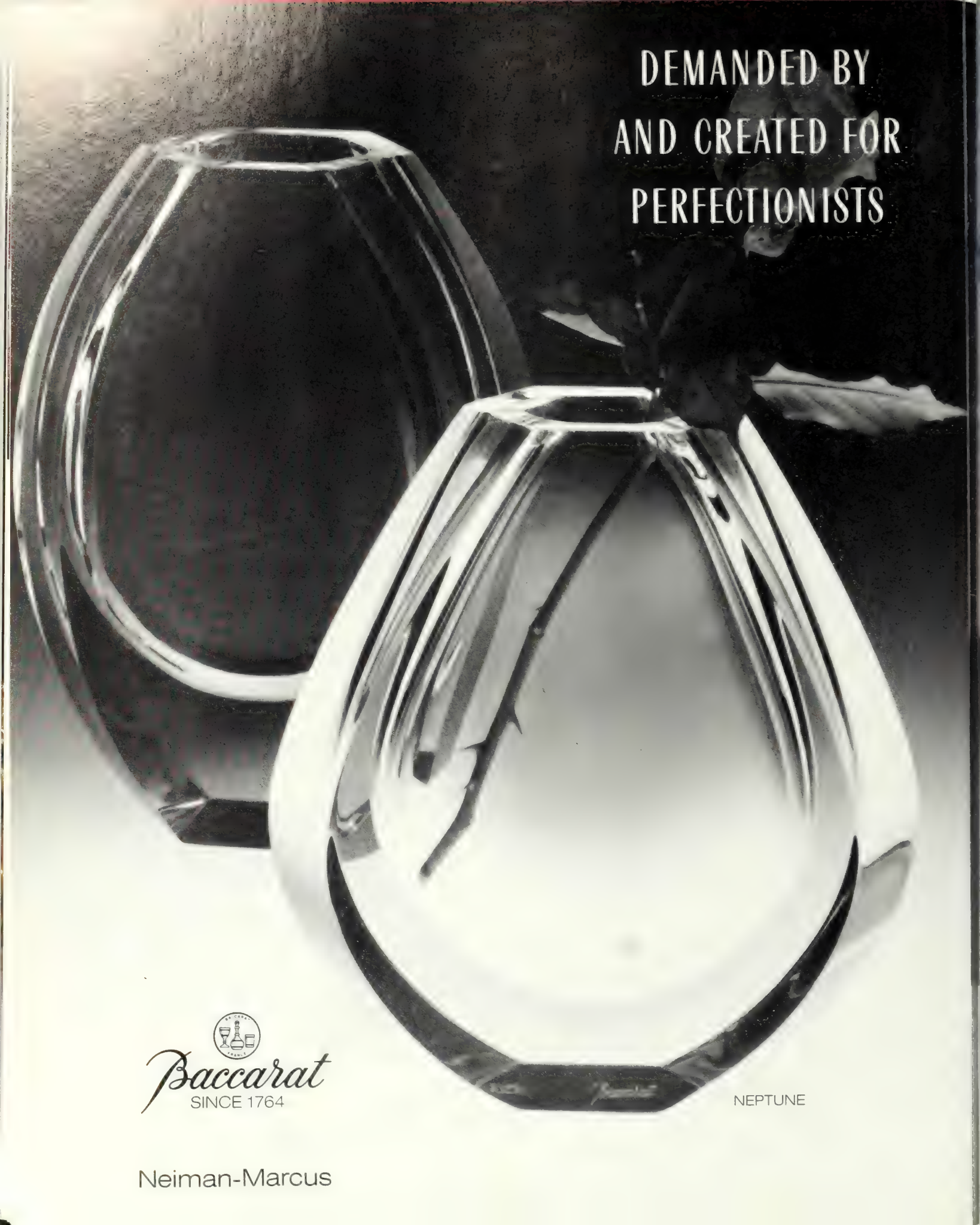
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Ever since the first British East India Company trade ships sailed home in the early seventeenth century overflowing with sacks of aromatic seasonings, dyes, and bolsters of fabric, India has had an enormous influence on the decorative arts of the West, not least for the introduction of chintz (from the Hindu word *chhint*, meaning variegated dyed cotton) and paisley, said to have evolved from an ancient fertility symbol.

Aristocratic English Georgian cognoscenti indulged their Indian leanings by dotting their parks and gardens with follies and pavilions in the Hindoo style, an amalgam of both Mughal and Hindu architectural detail. And many English nabobs on returning home built themselves whimsical Raj-style country estates. Warren Hastings, governor of the East India Company, even supported his Gloucestershire house with caryatids in the form of Indian women. Lord Clive ransacked his way through India during the eighteenth century; later his son transferred the booty to Powis Castle in Wales, where Clive descendants staged elaborate garden parties in the chintz tent that originally belonged to Tipu Sahib, Sultan of Mysore.

Today's interiors, whether Minimalist or opulent, are being spiced up with the chic dark ebony Anglo-Indian chaise longues and

The Clive Museum at Powis Castle in Wales, top, showcasing luxuries looted from 18th-century sultans. Left: Oeafus-Parel Regency mother-of-pearl inlaid armchair, by James H. Harris & Co., available from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Below: Kiang wallpaper by Lef Impressions for Boussac of France. Above: Lanvin's evening gown made from an 1850 Kashmir shawl.

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chairs made in the nineteenth century for colonials who loved to loll, as well as with their contemporary counterparts accented by mother-of-pearl flowers. And panels from Tipu's tent, now reproduced by Tissunique of London, have been transforming even the humblest rooms into a maharaja's fantasy.

It's no coincidence that sari-inspired outfits in paisleys and floral brocades are the runaway hits of this year's fall-winter couture collections. Far from just a passing fad, they're the latest examples of the Western world's four-hundred-year love affair with the rich exoticism of India. Here we show a selection of exciting images and objects either styled after or carried away from the great subcontinent.

Amicia de Moubray

Ebony and paisley are transforming humble rooms into a maharaja's fantasy



Mother-of-pearl flowers accent James H. Harris & Co.'s Anaclypta Garden mirror, top left, and Emanuel Ungaro's silk brocade frock coat. Left: A lacquer and mother-of-pearl box, also by Harris.

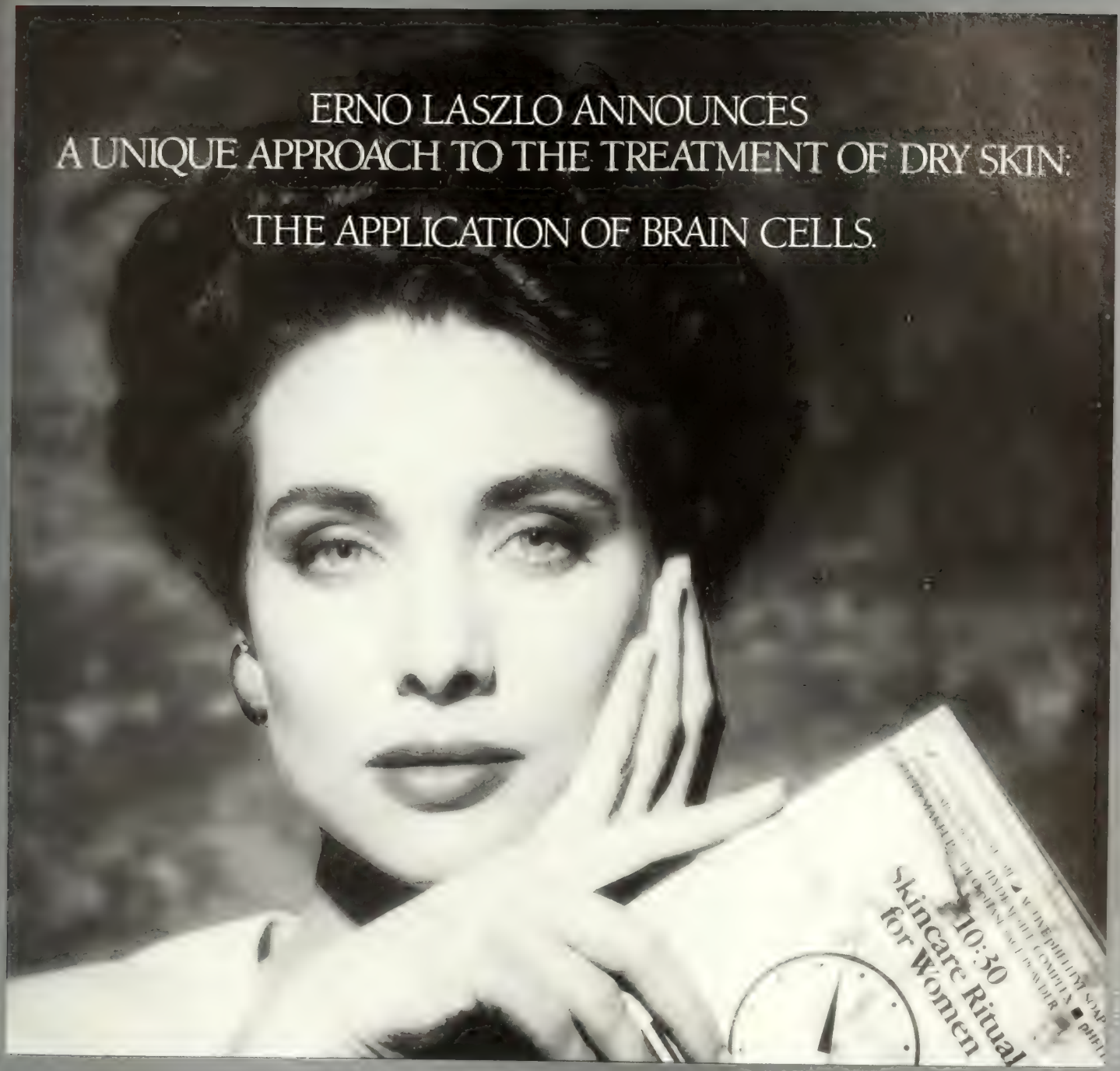


Ebony-and-cane chaise longue, above, made in Sri Lanka in 1820, from Harrington Antiques, Southampton. Gianfranco Ferrè's sequin-embroidered sari, right, against a c.-1725 detail, top right, from the chintz tent of the Mughal sultan, Tipu Sahib. Details see Sources.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: EDWARD ADDE O; MICHEL ARNAUD; EDWARD ADDE O; MARK

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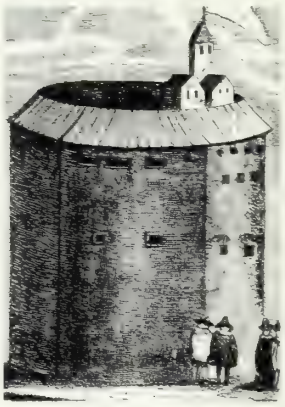
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The 1988 Tokyo Globe Theater, left, was modeled on the 1614 Globe Theater, below, originally situated on the south bank of the Thames.

Globe Trotting

Architect Arata Isozaki re-creates Shakespeare's Globe Theater—in Tokyo



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: TAISUKE OGAWA; JAPAN ARCHITECT COMPANY; BETTMANN ARCHIVE; TAISUKE OGAWA; JAPAN ARCHITECT COMPANY; BETTMANN ARCHIVE; BETTMANN ARCHIVE

From Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* to Brooks Brothers' button-downs, there appears to be no end to the Japanese yen for things Western. The latest and surely the most dramatic example of this extraordinary cross-cultural consumerism is the new Tokyo Globe, a contemporary restaging of Shakespeare's legendary theater—374 years and 6,218 miles from home.

Although precious little in the way of visual documentation survives on the original Globe, Arata Isozaki, aesthetic mastermind of the new theater, nonetheless decided it would "probably be no good to simply produce a half-baked modernization." Instead the Tokyo-based architect—best known in this country as the designer of the Palladium nightclub in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles—opted for the less-forgiving tack of creating "as faithful a reproduction as possible."

Isozaki's goal notwithstanding, liberties were taken. For example, the seventeenth-century Globe was built of wood and was partially open to the sky, whereas the Tokyo Globe is clad in salmon pink concrete and completely enclosed. Yet the basic plan of a thrust-stage theater housed in a faceted cylinder with jaunty gables peeking over the roof has been adhered to, which ensures that this Japanese translation is no latter-day farce. **Charles Gandee**





Architect Arata Isozaki, far left, incorporated his new theater into a series of public plazas and formal squares he designed. Left: The complex enlivens the ground-level area around three nondescript condominium towers (photographed with a fish-eye lens) that are conspicuously not of his design.



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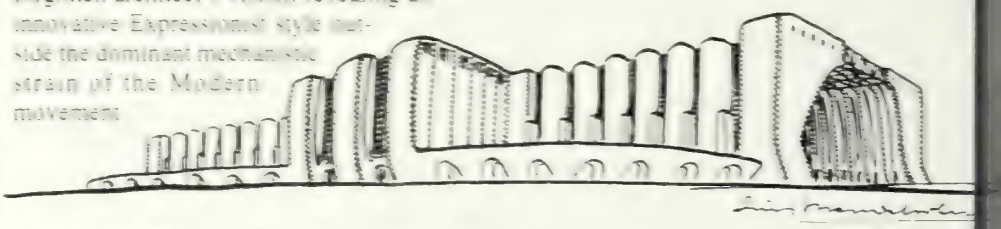
Expressionist Energy

The sensuous side of Modernism bursts forth in a fascinating show on the designs of Erich Mendelsohn

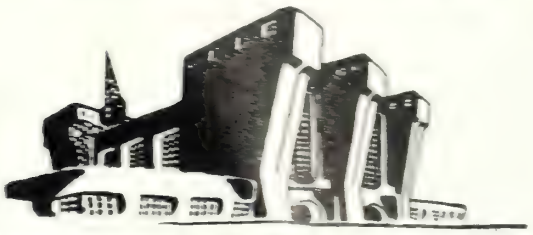


Mendelsohn enjoyed great but brief success in Germany during the twenties. In the squat Einstein Tower in Potsdam, he exploited architecture's capacity to express emotion by creating lavalike plasticity through the use of concrete-coated molded brick that is both organic and biomorphic. In later buildings he adopted a more machinelike mode of Expressionism—what he called "functional dynamics." Ribbon windows fly around corners, cornices leap out from facades, and sensuously rounded forms huddle together. Sweeping horizontal thrusts, strong enough to evince a smile from Frank Lloyd Wright, and a lively monumentality are part of what makes Mendelsohn's architecture and drawings so compelling.

Glenn Harrell



The 1926–28 horseshoe-shaped Universum Cinema in Berlin, top left, looks more like a flying saucer than a theater. Above: A 1914 project for a grain elevator



One of the architect's many futuristic factory designs—a drawing for A.E.G., Germany's largest electrical-appliance company



Volumetric massing distinguishes Mendelsohn's sketch of an imaginary American high-rise. Inspired by a 1924 trip to the United States, the design differs strikingly from the soaring concrete-and-glass towers that dominate city skylines today.

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Back to Nature

Young artists are infusing a new vitality into the venerable genre of landscape painting

Painting landscapes is a tradition that suffers an image problem. It tends to be regarded, however unjustly, as quaint, unchallenging, perhaps a little dated. The quiet pastures of Daubigny, the fuzzy forests of Corot, the rocky cliffs of Courbet—as much as we may admire these images, they simply don't have the glamour or daring we've come to expect of major art. Has the course of art ever been altered by a landscape painting? Of course Cézanne's depictions of Mont Sainte-Victoire are an obvious example. But no one would describe Cézanne as a mere landscapist, for his subject was not trees and mountains so much as art itself.



Chuck Connelly creates a sense of menace in *Mailman*, 1987.



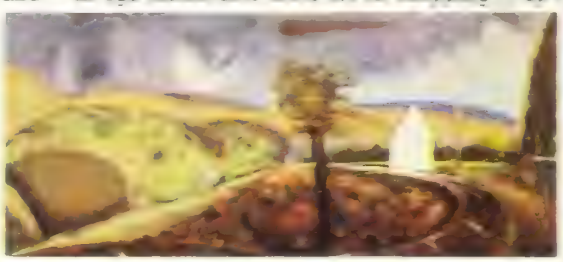
April Gornik uses imaginary landscapes, such as in *Light Passing*, 1988, to explore the qualities of light and space.

Back in the 1950s, the heroic years of American art, no one was more resistant to landscape painting than artists themselves. Jackson Pollock, asked once whether he worked from nature, declared with memorable bravura, "I am nature." His comments confirmed the myth of the modern artist as a self-styled visionary who had better things to do than sit around watching sunsets. As the years passed and succeeding generations of Pop artists, Minimalists, and Conceptualists dominated the art scene, it wasn't just landscape painting—it was anything and all—that seemed to be receiving extinction.

But wait. Even before the cave. To visit the New York galleries of late is to know that landscape painting is back on the map. While some of the practitioners are mightily unsure, others are commanding impressive reputations. Do these artists mark a true thirties, constitute a school? Well, as Courbet once wrote, "There can be no schools, there are only painters." Courbet may have overstated the case, but it is nonetheless true that the current landscape painters do not consider themselves a group, have no manifestos, and arrived at their respective styles on their own.

There is, of course, a certain irony in the notion of artists painting landscapes in an age memorable more for its sprawling malls, superhighways, and polluted waterways than its scenic vistas. Nature, in a sense, has become an abstraction, existing more vividly in our fantasies than in our daily lives. Or so it would seem, judging from the work of today's neo-landscapists. You won't find these painters toting their easels out-of-doors and working en plein air. For the most part they work from their imaginations, conjuring up visions of a lost world.

"I'm basically a city person and most of the things I learn about nature I learn from the media," says artist Michael Zwack. "I don't think I've ever seen a real rainbow. I've seen them really on television." Zwack, who lives and works on the fringes of New York's Chinatown, is known for lush, moody landscapes based on photographic images from magazines. His *Purple*



In his *House and Thicket*, 1987, Gregory Crane evokes a world in constant motion.

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Heart evokes a faded snapshot rather than the living world. "My tourism takes place inside my house," Zwack explains. "I sit here looking at magazines."

David Deutsch, who divides his time between upstate New York and Manhattan, similarly believes that nature can no longer be experienced directly. One need only take note of the tape recorders, transmitter towers, and other electronic devices tucked between the trees in many of Deutsch's landscapes to know that his meticulous pastorals are not exactly Eden. Deutsch is known for paintings which are long, narrow, and bent into a concave arc so that they actually stand away from the wall. The format reminds him, the artist says, of childhood afternoons spent gazing at the dome of a planetarium.





Has nature lost out to technology? Mark Dean would answer in the affirmative. His *Elephant Rocks* is a small dreamlike painting that shows about a dozen boulders lying in a parched orange desert. It could be a prehistoric scene or a field decimated by radiation; it could be the moon. The painting was inspired by a trip Dean's family once made to a geological park in Missouri. "It struck me as a strange middle-class pilgrimage," he says of the outing.

While Mark Dean and others look to nature primarily as a symbol of loss, a handful of artists still believe a century of industrialization hasn't sapped nature of its vitality. Gregory Crane, who visits southern Vermont, occasionally ventures out-of-doors to sketch the local scenery, but the paintings he undertakes back inside his studio bear little relation to his surroundings. Crane's landscapes abound with whimsy and appealing sentiment. Clouds do somersaults, leaves dance in circles, tree branches leap upward like flames. The wind is always blowing. "I like things to move," Crane says. "Everyone has their own sense of realism and that's mine—that things are alive and relate to each other and blow around."

Chuck Connelly would surely agree the woods are abuzz with action. His rich agitated way with paint, reminiscent of Chaïm Soutine, can impart high drama to even a patch of grass. In *Mailman*, thick, thrusting strokes of green pigment swarm uphill toward the figures, threatening to engulf them. Menace lurks everywhere.

Of all the landscape painters at work today, surely none is more conservative than April Gornik. She is known for pictures that evoke the panoramas of the Hudson River school. Yet Gornik, unlike her predecessors, has no interest in celebrating the grandeur of nature; she wouldn't agree with Frederic Church that God can be found under every leaf. Gornik specializes in vast quiet spaces rendered with hallucinogenic clarity. In *Light Passing*, a wall of clouds forms behind a flat pasture, creating a vault of empty space. Gornik's landscapes belong to an imaginary world where people are nowhere to be found and the sense of isolation is almost surreal.

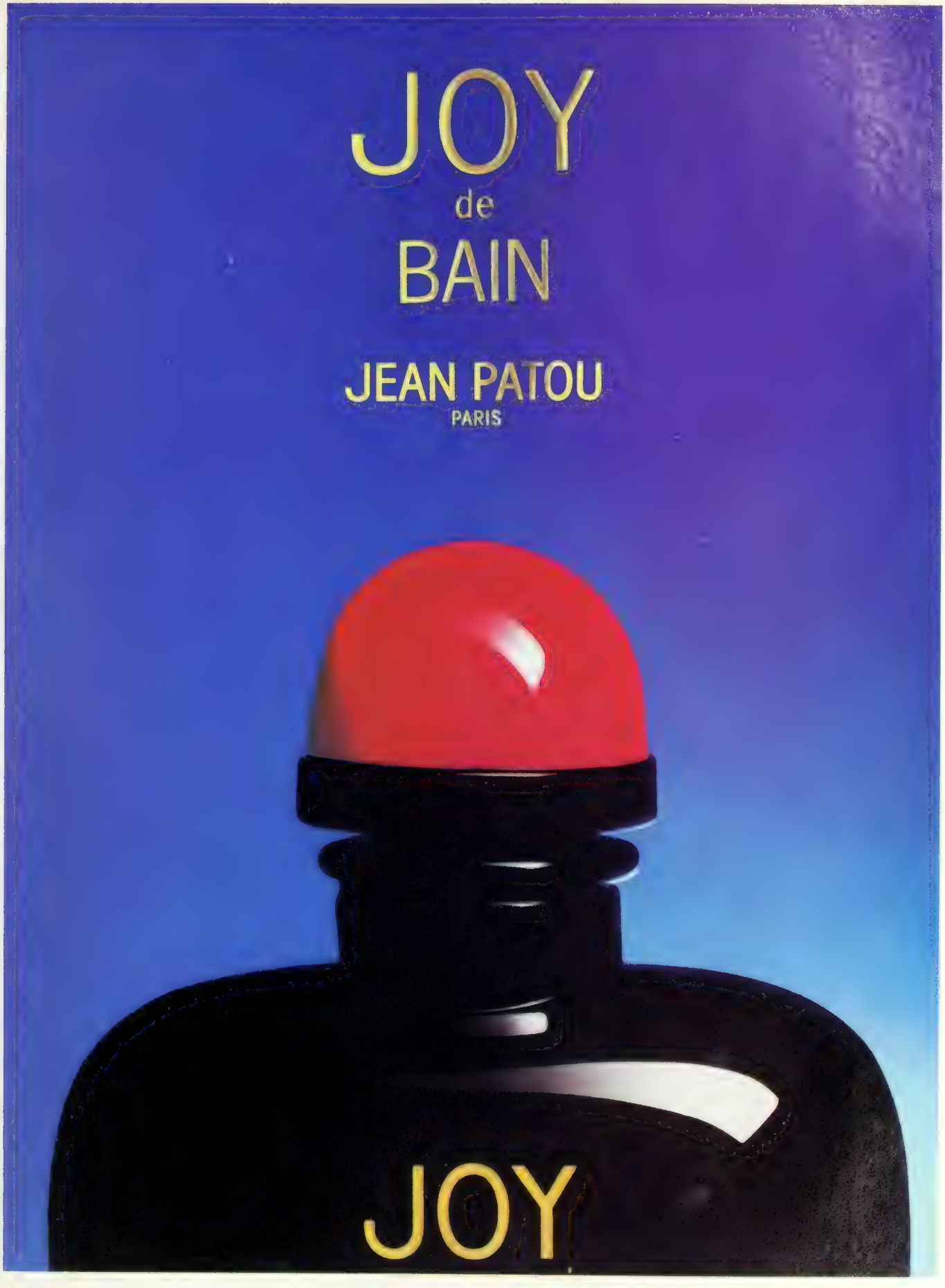


The new landscape artists don't make up a school but bring a heightened, highly personal approach to nature. Michael Zwack's 1987 *Purple Heart*, top, looks more like a faded snapshot than a living world. Center: David Deutsch's pastoral *Untitled*, 1985, painted on curving paper and canvas, is not exactly Eden. Above: Panel from Mark Dean's *Search for Strange Formations: Our Journey to Elephant Rocks*, 1984, was inspired by a trip to a geological park.

Like many of her colleagues, Gornik came of age in the 1970s, when Conceptualism prevailed and artists were forsaking oils and canvas in favor of more impersonal materials. "The last thing I imagined," she says, "was that I'd ever be painting recognizable landscapes." Yet over time she came to see that light and space were her true subjects, and that landscape offered a convenient vehicle with which to explore them.

The resurgence of interest in landscape painting doesn't necessarily mean that the artists producing it are eager to have their work examined within that context. As David Deutsch says, "I'm uncomfortable showing with landscape painters, and I don't like the label. It's always been associated with the picturesque, with mindless, nonthinking Sunday painting." Why does the stigma still persist? Perhaps that's a question for academics to ponder. The rest of us might simply content ourselves with the welcome revival of one of art history's most venerable—and underrated—traditions. **Deborah Solomon**

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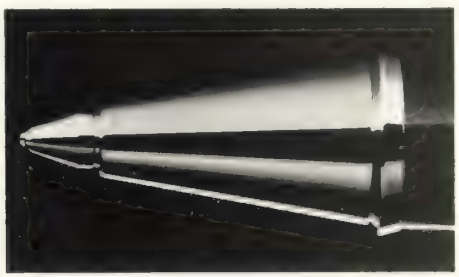

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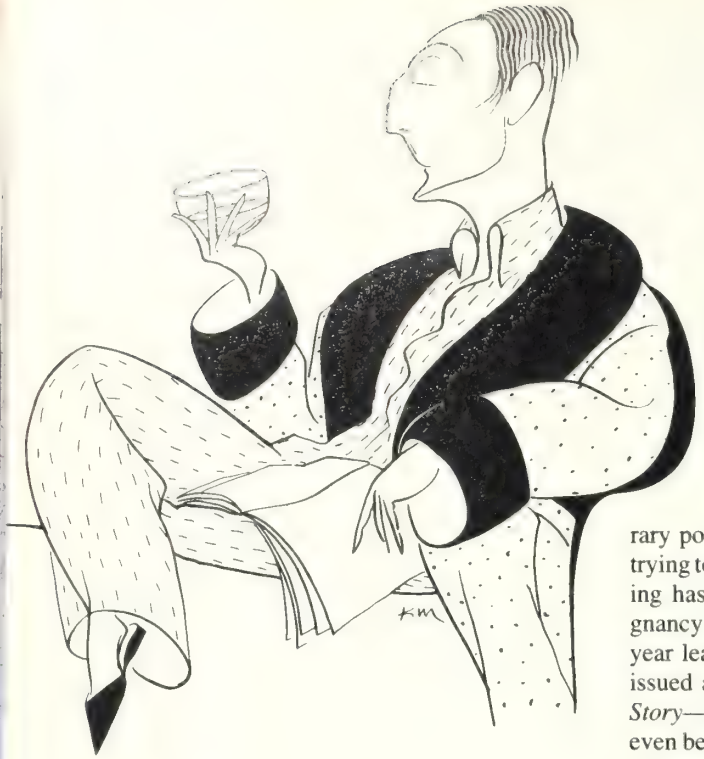


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Paying the Price

Buying his first house. **Stephen McCauley** learns there's no such thing as a good deed

I knew, even as I was signing the papers to purchase my house, that I was making a big mistake. I wasn't cut out to be a homeowner the way I wasn't cut out to be an astronaut or a figure skater. I grew up in the suburbs where everyone I knew, and wanted to rebel against, owned a house—my parents, all their friends, my relatives. My ambition as a child was to live in a rented apartment. My godmother lived in a rented apartment. She was tall and thin and read racy novels and smoked cigarettes without exhaling. According to my mother, her diet consisted exclusively of blueberry muffins. At one Christmas dinner she'd sat in silence listening to another of my father's lengthy war stories and then stubbed out her Tareyton and said quite loudly, "Oh, please." With those two words she became my secret childhood idol. When asked why, upon the death of her husband, she'd sold her house and moved into a studio apartment with a fold-out bed and a tiny kitchenette, she'd answered, "I have better things to do with my time than worry about the gutters and the goddamned lawn."

"Oh, boy," I thought. "Me, too."

In the fourteen years between moving out of my parents' house and buying my own, I rented apartments with a vengeance. Close to a dozen of them. There isn't one I don't think of with some degree of fondness, no matter how run-down and shabby. I loved moving into each of them, taking complete temporary possession of all that empty space and trying to put some personal stamp on it. Renting has all the fleeting sweetness and poignancy of a brief doomed love affair. A one-year lease is a little like the death sentence issued at the beginning of that novel, *Love Story*—the end is acknowledged before you even begin.

I don't own much in the way of furniture or anything at all that might, even generously, be labeled "art." But as long as I was renting, that didn't matter. The walls themselves were always different, so what I hung on them seemed to change character from year to year. How exotic an antique bedouin shirt looked in the living room of an apartment under a funeral home in Burlington, Vermont; how chic in a bedroom looking out over West End Avenue; how warm and homey in the painted kitchen of a roomy apartment in Cambridge shared with two no-nuke lacto-ovo-vegetarian political organizers.

A house is supposed to do its job (provide shelter) in dignified silence. This one was making too many demands

I enjoyed all those brief doomed love affairs, was temporarily devoted. Worry about the gutters and the goddamned lawn? Surely you must be joking. Exploding toilets, bursting pipes, peeling paint, and collapsing walls could all go barely noticed. And then it was simply a matter of calling the person who had the misfortune of owning the building and getting him to fix it.

But fate conspired against me. Two years ago I moved into a wonderfully dark and gloomy basement apartment in Cambridge, a delightful pit of a place with inadequate heat and zebra-striped wallpaper on every vertical surface. It was (owing to a string of personal disasters) my third move in eighteen months. On my tenth day of tenancy I was awakened by the sound of a stake being driven into the ground above my bedroom. I climbed on a chair to look out the window and saw a grinning, uniformed Century 21 realtor pounding a FOR SALE sign into the lawn. Shortly after, the building was sold and I was evicted.

I went looking for an apartment in a spirit of defeat and, of course, was defeated. Economic prosperity had turned Massachusetts into a renter's nightmare. In Boston, condo conversion was the rage. Apartments were scarce and expensive. I was past thirty. The glamour of sharing housing with strangers, cooking a weekly meal for six, living with people who actually slept on futons, had faded long ago. A realtor friend (a notorious optimist) sat me down with a calculator and a pad of paper. "These are the figures," he said, "the facts." For less than the average monthly rent, I could be paying off a mortgage on my own house. "Equity," he said. "Investment. Security."

"The gutters," I thought. "The goddamned lawn."

In the end I was done-in by reason. I swore off the promiscuity of renting. I needed one stable element in my life—why not a house? Why not a gray clapboard Victorian with gingerbready brackets, bay windows, and a screened porch?

The day of the closing (never was an event so appropriately named), I walked to the lawyer's office with the realtor friend. I went to the bathroom to wash my hands and saw a woman draped in blue and bathed in an eerie light perched over the soap dispenser. I fell to my knees. In return for an earthquake, a heart attack, one well-timed and well-placed lightning bolt, I would go back to the Catholic church, give my money to Saint Jude, never look at, let alone covet, my neighbor's anything.

It wasn't enough. The vision faded. I went

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and signed the papers and was helped out of the building.

Taking possession of all that empty space seemed ominous now. True, there was no chance of eviction, but neither was there a lovely, touching one-year lease, a legal option to leave. The rooms seemed unsatisfied with my paltry furnishings. An antique bedouin shirt looked just silly in every room. Suddenly, I was tired of seeing it.

But there were other considerations, more profound than aesthetic ones. The house was built in the 1860s. An inspector with an attractive haircut had declared it sound. I found it to be otherwise.

There was a rainy morning when I went into the dining room and noticed that the paint on the walls was oddly puckered. I touched my finger to one of the bubbles, and it burst open. Water poured out. The roof was leaking, and rain was seeping down inside the walls.

If I were renting I would find the house charming. And the landlord would find the plumber

I called to get a service contract on the oil burner. The person who came to look at it doubled up with hysterical laughter and left without explanation. Two days later there was a peculiar rumbling in the basement, and the house was unusually cold.

The bathtub faucets turned into water-jets, the soil started washing away from the foundation, the front steps were rotting.

"Take it easy," the optimistic ex-friend realtor advised. "Assign yourself a project a week."

I'm not skilled at household projects. A house is supposed to do its job (provide shelter) in dignified silence. This one was making too many demands. I didn't trust it. I fancy myself a writer, a person with better things to worry about than a house. But I didn't have time to worry about anything but the house—the funny noises that indicate something's amiss and the terrifying silences that hold the potential for the ravages of insidious decay such as gnawing carpenter ants, corroding pipes, loosening mortar. This house has its pleasures. There are beautiful hardwood floors in the living room and the kitchen, an ancient bathtub standing on clawed feet, and views, from the top floor, of the Boston skyline and the roads and bridges surrounding the city. If I were renting, I would find it all charming. And the landlord would find the plumber.

I keep hoping the subway will come through my neighborhood and transform it into a more desirable one. Then I'll be able to sell. (Investment.) But there are no signs of that happening soon. Not long ago I heard that a 24-unit apartment complex is going into the postage stamp–size lot which abuts my property. I was concerned about the loss of privacy, the noise, the congestion. The developer told me not to worry. As planned, the building will not face my house. I will see only a forty-foot blank brick wall.

I could rent the place to someone else, but I know quite well I'd still cringe every time it rains, thinking about the downspouts. I want a divorce, not a trial separation. I want long, languid afternoons in a rented apartment with time to worry about nuclear war and the greenhouse effect and my lack of ambition rather than afternoons and mornings and evenings spent tearing out my hair over the lawn, the lawn and the goddamned gutters. John Glenn is an astronaut, Debi Thomas is a figure skater, and my parents and all their friends and my relatives are homeowners. I knew that I would never make the Olympics or fly to the moon, so I never even tried. How foolish to attempt to make it as a homeowner.

Last month I saw my godmother for the first time in a very long time at the funeral of a great aunt. She's quite old now and has lost a good deal of her jaunty style. She was forced to give up cigarettes and she eats normal meals, claiming she can't stand the sight of a blueberry muffin. I was surprised to discover that she's no taller or thinner than any number of other women in my family. I don't know if she still reads racy novels, but she told me that she'd given up on my very unracy novel after the first fifty pages because she found it "disturbing."

We talked for a while about subjects that seemed appropriate to the occasion, and then I asked her about her latest apartment.

"Wonderful," she said, "like the rest of them."

Then she told me she was dating a man who lived "down the hall" and was ten years younger than she is. "What about you?" she asked.

I told her I'd bought a house.

She frowned.

"Equity," I said. "Investment. Security."

And then she looked at me with some of the old spirit I remembered and said, "Oh, please," and I knew what had to be done. ▲



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Paper Palaces

Lewis Grossberger looks beyond the lush photographs of the newest style books and what he finds is not a pretty picture



Polly Adler, in her wisdom, instructed us that a house is not a home. This left open the question of what exactly a house is. Now at last we have the answer.

A house is a book.

At least it seems that way. Gradually, inexorably, our planet is being taken over by growing mounds of books containing large glossy pictures of houses and the furniture therein.

After purchase the books themselves go inside houses and *become* furniture. Their job, as best I can figure, is to sit atop coffee tables and look as exquisite as possible along with the rest of the decor. It's hard to see what other purpose a house book could serve.

To generate decorating ideas? This would be the cliché answer, the glib answer, the easy answer. I reject it. Look, by the time you've accumulated a large enough number of house books to work with, you've probably spent your whole decorating budget. These books are *priced* like houses, too.

Maybe the real appeal is a kind of vicarious breaking and entering. The voyeuristic reader can slip inside a lot of richly appointed dwellings she ordinarily would not be invited into and ogle the fabric to her heart's content. She, because I assume, not sexistly, I hope, that more women read house books than men. Perhaps they do so in revenge against husbands who sit around poring over all those innumerable books on baseball statistics.

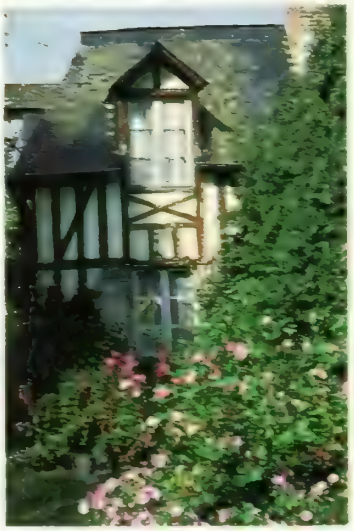
It's also possible that house-book readers may be frustrated tourists because there's a strong travelogue element here. You can read Italian houses, English houses, Irish houses, French houses. Just how far will this trend go? When they use up Europe, will the house writers and photographers start casing the yurts of the Gobi, the cellars of Saskatche-



The drawing room, below, of a Georgian house in Dublin, from *In The Houses of Ireland*.



The photographs in these books are relentlessly dazzling, picturesque, vivid, and unforgettable. Left: A spiral staircase from *Laura Ashley at Home*. Above: The terrace of a villa, in Conci dei Marini, from *Italian Country*.



A 17th-century manor house, from *Pierre Deux's Normandy*.

The blue-washed threshold to a summer house on the island of Seriphos, from *Greek Style*.



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wan, the gazebos of Madagascar, and the vestibules of Transylvania?

I wouldn't be surprised. These are adventurous people. As Walter Pfeiffer confesses in **In the Houses of Ireland** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45), "Drawn by a desire to know the secrets of hidden places, I have succumbed to the temptation to follow a winding lane, to ignore a 'no trespassing' sign, and wonderful images stay with me."

Very interesting. Does that mean Walt goes creeping in windows to learn the secrets of hidden places? Does he ever get caught ignoring those no trespassing signs? He never says.

Maybe the real appeal of these books is a kind of vicarious breaking and entering

But if the houses have secrets—two I personally would like to be let in on are why so many of those Irish houses contain marble busts and why so many of the busts have been deposited in fireplaces—so do the books about them. There seem to be a lot of unwritten rules in this peculiar branch of literature.

The no-human rule, for instance. Now obviously somebody lives in all these houses. But rarely are we permitted to glimpse them. Oh, occasionally they're mentioned in the text, or there's a teeny little snapshot in a corner. Why is this? Page after page of unpopulated rooms leaves you feeling empty, as though you went from restaurant to restaurant and never got any food.

Leafing through them is like inspecting the photo album of an invisible family. The writing, subordinate to the photographs, is essentially captions. House-book writers must spend most of their time describing things and therefore possess a vast supply of glowing modifiers. In **Greek Style** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35) by Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch, for instance, we are constantly in the presence of the dazzling, the picturesque, the unforgettable, the vivid, the lush, the verdant, the romantic, the spacious, the luxurious, the unique, the noble, the charming, the glorious, the beautiful, the simple, the warm, the inviting, and since this is Greece, the whitewashed. It gets to the point where finally you yearn to see a little of the sleazy, the shabby, or the squalid.

But I keep fixating on those lost residents. They become mysterious, like the Aztecs or other vanished civilizations. Where in God's name *are* they? Did the tyrannical photographer order them out of their own house? Are they hovering nervously just off camera, worrying that the klutz will knock the turn-of-the-century Venetian amber candlesticks off the marble-topped Louis XV gold-leaf console? Or do the perpetrators break into the houses and do their dirty work when the occupants are on vacation?

A corollary to the no-human rule is the no-life rule. Just as you seldom see humans, you see little evidence of their existence. These are houses without telephones, TV sets, microwave ovens, chests of drawers, or closets. Bathrooms hardly exist, and if you see a kitchen, it's insanely neat—no spills, no dirt, no muss of any kind. Not a child or a dog anywhere in sight nor a doily out of place. Never.

Obviously this is a fantasy world. Everything is perfectly gorgeous. The colors are radiant, and the photos are all impossibly beautiful. The houses are more like museums than actual lived-in dwellings. So what's wrong with that? Nothing much, except that the effect is so soporific it's hard to stay awake. Maybe the appeal is to frustrated homemakers who dream about how lovely their home would look if they could just eliminate the husband, the pets, and the kids.

For me house books would be more interesting if I could see the inhabitants getting up in the morning, running around in their underwear, taking showers, brushing their teeth, arguing, washing the dishes, changing the wallpaper, or whatever it is people do in these overdone edifices after the photographers depart. Wouldn't that be more fun than staring at the walls?

"On Sunday night," we read about a "densely accessorized but not overwhelming" sitting room in **Pierre Deux's Normandy** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35). "Friends come to have coffee here in front of the fire before they return to Paris." Well, come on—don't just tell us about it. Let's see who these caffeine suckers are. It's a *picture* book, for crying out loud. Show us.

The one form of life we do get a strong sense of is former life—that is, history. In house books old is good and the past is summoned up as often as possible.

"The appeal of the central Italian landscape—its gentle brown hills sprinkled with stone farmhouses, long rows of cypresses, and fortressed hilltop cities that turn golden at sunset—is just as intense today as it was when Giovanni Boccaccio extolled its languorous splendor in the *Decameron*," writes Catherine Sabino in **Italian Country** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35.). A couple of pages later she says, "Today many parts of Tuscany appear the same as they did in Goethe's time." (Sabino is better than most on showing people, and she likes to work in food, too.)

History can be highly entertaining as well as enlightening. In **The Town House** (Bantam Books, $34.95), by Chippy Irvine and Joe Viesti, I learned where the name Seattle came from. It was from an Indian chief, Sealth. The early citizens, who had been calling the place Duwamps (no wonder they wanted a change), had to pay royalties to the chief for using his name—even though they never got it right.

The Town House bops all around the country, stopping at everything from a Victorian Painted Lady in San Francisco to Bauhaus contemporary in Chicago to a Greek Revival row house on Beacon Hill. What do we learn from all these far-flung domiciles? That no matter what city or century you go to, you will find houses. People just can't seem to live without them.

Of course, you have to keep in mind that the history in house books is mainly a history of the rich. Their housing lasts longer than that of the poor, which tends to be bulldozed for shopping malls.

History lessons are not the only extraneous information found in house books. The authors toss in all sorts of other trivia, from recipes to design tips to pretentious literary references. And there are controversial opinions, too. Reading Tricia Guild's **Design and Detail** (Simon & Schuster, $35), I learned that the "imaginative use of pipings and trims can add contrast, humor and definition to a color scheme." This forced me to confront the startling fact that I'd somehow managed to spend my entire life without ever having allowed the subject of pipings and trims to enter my mind, a lapse I now deeply regret.

But then Tricia Guild is more given to practical advice than the average house-book writer and leads you through the house room by room, explaining why she chose this fabric instead of that one, when to cover a floor with coir or sisal matting and, of course, how to lay piping. I plan to start as soon as I can get a load of piping delivered.

In two books that I examined, not only did I encounter houses that are books, I met people who are stores—namely Laura Ashley and Pierre Deux. I was amazed to discover that Laura Ashley had been a real person—I'd always thought she was a Madison Avenue invention like Betty Crock-



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er or the guy on the Quaker Oats package.

But if you assume from the title **Laura Ashley at Home** (Harmony Books, $30) that you're going to be reading about one adorable little house, you are sadly mistaken. Laura had houses everywhere. She and her family lived in Wales, in France, in Belgium, in the Bahamas, and elsewhere, and wherever they settled, you could always count on Laura to redecorate the place. The woman simply could not leave a room alone.

Leafing through these books is like inspecting the photo album of an invisible family

The book is a kind of houseography, documenting the results of her mad compulsion to decorate. "Why not live with swags and tassels?" was an important element of Laura Ashley's philosophy, and indeed it's a question every bit as pertinent today as it was the day she said it.

I will not attempt to shield you from the stark truth that Pierre Deux is really *deux* men named Pierre. *Pierre Deux's Normandy* represents the second stage in a scheme to produce a Pierre Deux house book about every corner of France, and at this point there is little we can do to stop them. But the Pierres range farther afield than most of their competitors, giving us the outside of Normandy as well as the inside. You get to see all sorts of odd French things—cows, humans, snow on the ground, monks hanging around abbeys, weird Norman headdresses, and also *faitages*, which are elaborate ceramic ornaments cunningly fashioned in shapes such as animals, fruits, and geometric forms and then stuck up on the roofs where no one can see them. I have never understood the French.

Visually I would say that the book is sumptuous and beautiful except that it would be redundant because all house books are. Is this because only sumptuous and beautiful houses are chosen? Or because only champion photographers are chosen? Or is it just that any time you send a decent photographer into a house where vast amounts of money have been spent, you automatically end up with exquisiteness? I'll have to think about that one for a while.

But the more I think about this whole unlikely phenomenon, the clearer it becomes that what's really going on here is some unhealthy pathology involving furniture. Furniture and bric-a-brac are obviously the core of these books no matter how the authors try to disguise it by dazzling us with history, geography, food, and piping. Let's face it: we're dealing with furniture porn. These are people who get just a little too excited at the sight of an overstuffed Victorian chintz ottoman that also functions as a bathtub.

In *In the Houses of Ireland*, Walter Pfeiffer describes the case of a woman obsessed with restoring a big old house in Dublin: "The house comes first; money that might otherwise be spent on holidays and other luxuries is swallowed up by the house's appetite not only for timber, plaster, and other basics but for finer things—porcelain, chandeliers, paintings."

Sure, blame the house.

OK, it's all a little sick, but I'm an open-minded guy—and anyway we all have our dark little secrets, don't we? Tell you what: as long as the house bookers don't try to force their way into my place some night and turn it into someone's coffee table, I won't call the cops. I'm willing to close my eyes to this whole nasty business. ▲



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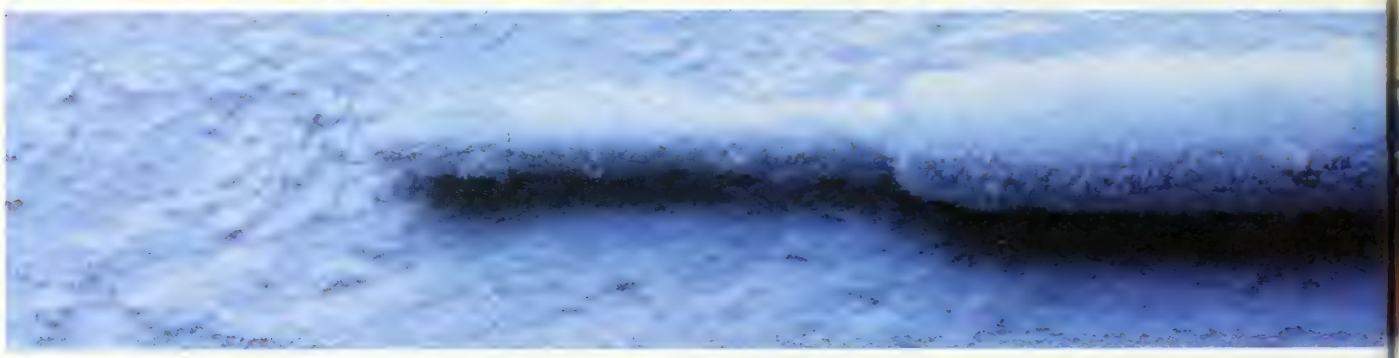
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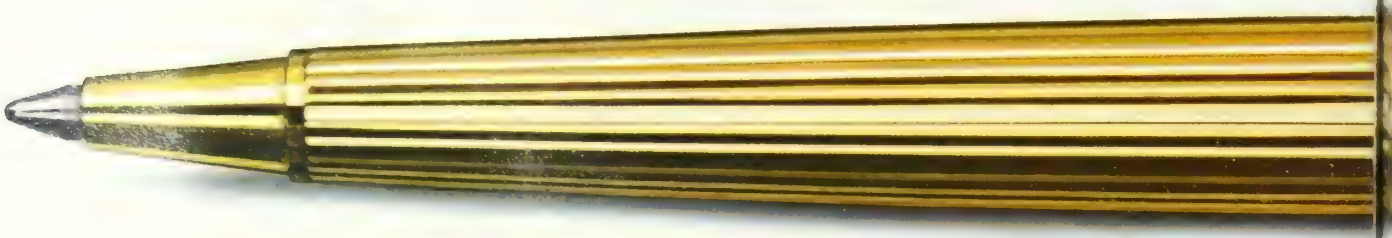


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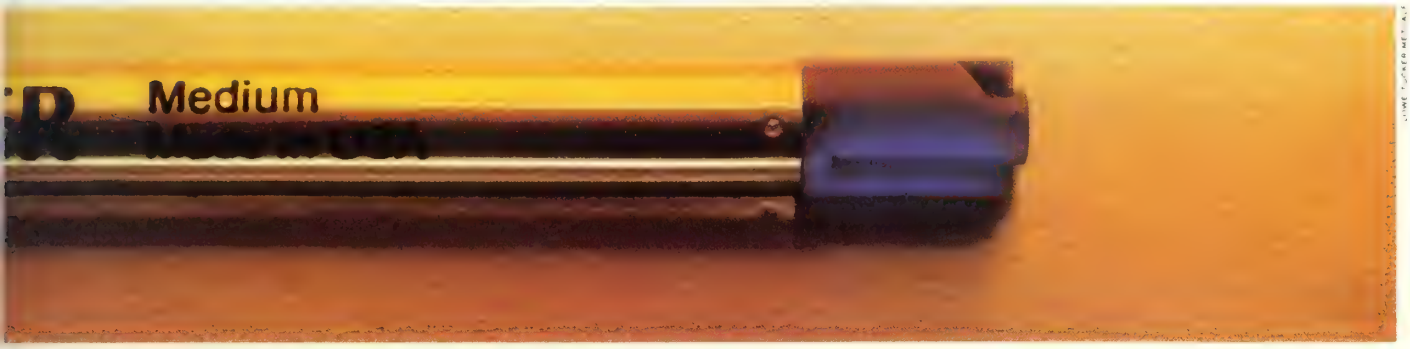
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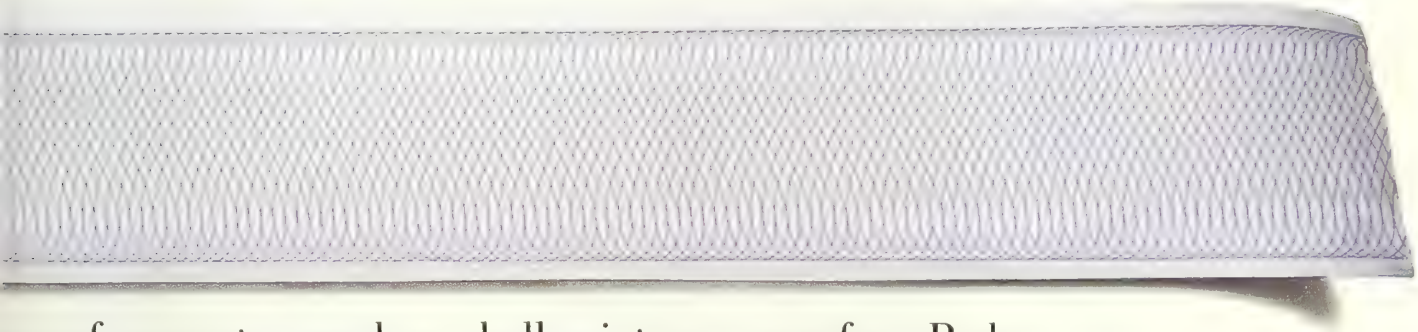
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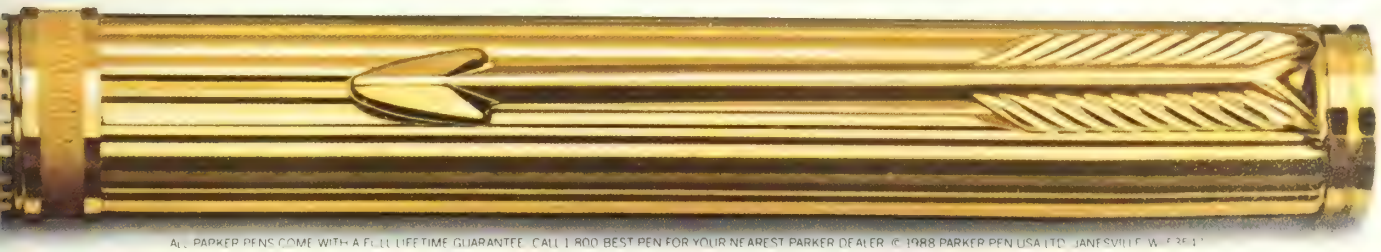


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Plastic Passions

Unlikely collectors are lending cachet to some outrageous artifacts of the 1950s—plastic purses. **James Reginato** reports

"Look at this!" shouts Robert Gottlieb gleefully. "What demented mind produced this?" Gottlieb, editor in chief of *The New Yorker*, is not referring to some unsolicited manuscript that has crossed his desk but to one item in his five-hundred-piece collection of—believe it or not—plastic handbags.

Just when you thought everything possible had been subject to collecting mania, plastic handbags have, it seems, arrived. Yes, we're talking about those clunky hard-edged models that enjoyed a brief but truly dazzling flowering in the 1950s.

"They're so bizarre, so unlike anything else, beautiful in such a ridiculous way," Gottlieb explains. Although he first purchased one nearly a decade ago, several years elapsed before the bag bug really bit. His epiphany arrived one morning when he came upon a group at a flea market. The variety here, he realized, was infinite—practically.



As he would eventually learn, a handful of manufacturers, located almost exclusively in New York and Miami, produced hundreds upon hundreds of different styles each year throughout the fifties. Materials, colors, shapes, designs, ornaments, and manufacturing methods evolved with the passing of each season. As the decade wore on, the bags became increasingly complex and even outlandish. In what Gottlieb interprets as "desperate attempts at novelty," the bags became ever more encrusted with a variety of materials—rhinestones, colored glass, shells, pearls, mirrors, metallic objects. Shapes grew equally varied: there were bags that suggested camel saddles, guitars, reliquaries, lunch pails, pagodas, bow ties, even coffins—Gottlieb owns one complete with fake flowers under its clear dome. Some offered snappy built-in compacts and cigarette cases; others matching radios, shoes, and belts.

But by 1959—which Thomas Hine, author of *Populuxe*, which takes a look at life in America during the 1950s and '60s, calls the "high-water mark of craziness"—many of these styles had become somewhat impractical, and thus began what would be a very quick end. As Gottlieb sees it: "With how many outfits could a woman carry a gray coffin? With overspecialization came decline."

What on earth could have inspired such delightful lunacy? In postwar America old-fashioned was out and modern was in. "In 1950 sporting a plastic pocketbook was an easy, highly visible way for a woman to look up-to-date, even fashionable," says Gottlieb.

Robert Gottlieb's bedroom, left, holds the world's largest collection of plastic handbags. Below: Frank Maresca, at left, and Gottlieb.





Felicia de Chabris, left, clutches part of her collection of 1950s purses. Below: Cloth daisies are embedded in the clear plastic handbag she found at a Chicago flea market.

According to Hine, "They relate to the decade's celebration of artificiality. They were an avant-garde statement of plastic as plastic. Before, the material generally masqueraded as something else."

"They reflect an energetic design moment when anything could be tried—not by 'artists' but by craftsmen and merchants," Gottlieb explains. But the most touching thing about the bags, he feels, is that they were used: "At one time each of them was a highly personal, even intimate, domestic object."

Although the claim hasn't exactly been certified, there is little doubt that the world's largest collection of plastic handbags is housed—enshrined, really—in the bedroom Robert Gottlieb shares with his wife, actress Maria Tucci. There, from floor to ceiling, wall to wall, thin glass shelves are lined with nothing but handbags, all arranged loosely, according to color: there are rows of chartreuse, pistachio, amber, and pink, with more sober black and white.

This extraordinary collection, however, might never have reached its current proportion had it not been for a chance encounter

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several years ago at a New York Pier Show where a dealer had the good sense to introduce Gottlieb to Frank Maresca, a fashion photographer, a dealer in American primitive art, and probably the only person whose passion for plastic bags equals Gottlieb's.

Within five minutes the two agreed to join forces; eventually, as Gottlieb puts it, their collections merged. "Bob conned me out of my bags," Maresca explains. "But he does have visiting rights," counters the editor, who adds sternly, "What he *doesn't* have is separation rights."

This month the duo is revealing all in *A Certain Style: The Art of the Plastic Handbag, 1949–1959*, a volume for which Gottlieb has produced the introduction and Maresca and Edward Shoffstall the photographs (not quite coincidentally, it's published by Knopf, where Gottlieb was recently editor in chief). To celebrate, Barneys New York will have an exhibit and sale of a number of the prized purses, through October 22.

For both men the thrill here has come from charting new collecting territory. "There are no experts in this field," Gottlieb says with satisfaction. "So I suppose that what we say goes. No one is saying a Vermeer is better than a Rubens here." Maresca adds: "There are no price guides, either. Prices change virtually every week, in fact."

Although Gottlieb prizes the bags largely for their kitschiness, Maresca adores them for their formal qualities. "I look at them as pure forms of sculpture," he says, "judging them by their shape and color. They were so inventive for their time, even more so than cars. The 1950s, from a moral point of view, were very conservative, but these objects are so outrageous and innovative. It's almost as if handbags were the focus, the outlet of the period's energy." Indeed, he concludes, everything "came to a point with the bags. They're icons of the fifties."

"Like all '50s things," says Barbara Johnson, "they're incredibly ugly and strange"

If any greater authorities than Gottlieb and Maresca exist on this subject, none are stepping forward. Such an honor has been gained only by dint of diligent research: ransacking the New York Public Library's files of *Handbags & Accessories*, the industry trade magazine ("Fount of much of our knowledge," Gottlieb writes), and even flying to Miami to interview Morty Edelstein, whose company, Patricia of Miami, produced some of the most inspired creations.

From twenty paces Maresca and Gottlieb can easily distinguish a Patricia (really bizarre, generally mottled or marbleized green or yellow with a curlicue clasp) from a Wilardy (the classiest—very ornate, almost baroque) and from a Lewsid Jewel (the "most demented"—frequently they resemble weapons, in weight as well as look).

Boldly, the two collectors proclaim they will not stop until they have one of everything. In the sphere of plastic bags, however, it's not easy to draw that line. "But then there's the joy of finding the same bag in five colors," says Gottlieb, who exposed his strong acquisitive streak even as a child when he collected everything from stamps to *The New York Times*—stacks and stacks of them. Nowadays he gathers almost anything that might loosely be termed popular culture—"Don't call it kitsch around me," he warns—everything from Scottie dog lamps



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and ashtrays to videotapes of American movies from the 1930s and '40s. His office is adorned with a nearly life-size portrait on satin of Joan Crawford.

To some it might seem peculiar that the editor has selected his bedroom—in his Manhattan town house—as his bags' venue. To Gottlieb, it makes perfect sense: "I'm a person who lives in bed. I do all my reading there. Maria, on the other hand, gets up in the morning and is off and running." This is fortunate since, as her husband understatedly writes, she "doesn't totally grasp the charm of this collection." "They do leave me a bit bewildered," Tucci confesses, "but I have my blue-and-white china downstairs."

Felicia de Chabris, a designer of jewelry and interiors, who has collected forty bags over the past few years, takes a slightly less museological approach. Although her bags are also displayed on shelves in her bedroom, along with hats and Barbie dolls from the sixties, she routinely carries hers, frequently to great effect. "Strangers stop me on the street all the time and tell me they look great."

For de Chabris it all began while accompanying her husband, sculptor Peter Reginato, on one of his hunts for fifties furniture, lunch boxes, and George Nelson clocks, which fill the couple's SoHo loft. She was smitten the moment she spotted the black Wilardy, whose top was encrusted with pearls (faux), shells, and glitter—all probably applied, she later learned, by the bag's original owner, who would have received a kit "to finish" the purse. De Chabris feels that this lends the piece a folk quality.

"I thought it was just so bizarre I had to have it. I said to Peter, 'Isn't it great?' "

"It's hideous," he replied.

Since then her husband has come round—he's even bought her a few. Her collection now boasts most of the big names: Patricia of Miami, Llewellyn, and Rialto. On a recent shopping trip she was thrilled, however, to discover a bag marked TANO OF MADRID—MADE IN SPAIN. "I thought they were all made in America, but since the label was in English, it must have been made for export to America." De Chabris buys many of her bags to coordinate with particular outfits.

At this point, de Chabris has no trouble discerning a cheap model from a prime example. "I can tell by the catch," she divulges. "On the expensive ones they were much more thought-out." Aside from the obvious value the bags have to her wardrobe, she says there's a simple reason she collects them. "I've always liked plastic. It's what you grew up with—and it never ages."

Occasionally, Barbara Johnson, probably one of the country's busiest collectors, turns her eye to plastic handbags. "It's my frivolous side," she explains. Although she's best known for her top-ranked folk-art pieces, she has also acquired everything from John Lennon's T-shirts to George, a 188-year-old tortoise owned by Queen Victoria.

"Like all fifties things," she says of the bags, "they're incredibly ugly and strange." She does concede that the decade produced a few beautiful objects, like Thunderbirds, a 1956 model of which she owns. As for bags, says Johnson, who came to this country as a student from Switzerland in the early sixties, "the uglier the better. They have a perverse charm, especially when out of their natural environment. I wear them with really elegant modern clothing and they look fabulous. The contrast is great."

Although opinions over use and appeal clearly vary, one thing everybody agrees on is that plastic handbags aren't getting any less expensive. Chabris, who began collecting



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with a $7 ceiling, now generally pays $30, usually at a flea market.

Gottlieb and Maresca pay an average of $50, though they will go over $100, sometimes considerably so. Gottlieb confesses that whenever he travels, he scours antiques malls, vintage clothing stores, flea markets, and garage sales in whatever city he is in.

Although Felicia de Chabris has never met Gottlieb and Maresca, she has recently become intrigued with the duo. "All the dealers I visit, when they explain why their prices are going up, say, 'Well, there's a book coming out on these, you know.' " What's more irksome is that the two continually manage to hit

"With how many outfits," asks Robert Gottlieb, "could a woman carry a gray coffin?"

sources she finds first. "They're always one step ahead of me," she says ruefully.

Many dealers report that the most frequent purchasers of plastic bags today are women under thirty. "They think the fifties were great because they weren't there," believes Barbara Blau of Philadelphia's Two by Four. Betty Lopez, at Pasadena's Holly Street Bazaar, concurs. "To the girls today the fifties are an ancient time—like the 1890s. They like the bags because they're what their mothers carried."

Ironically, Robert Gottlieb does not recall seeing plastic handbags while the 1950s were actually happening. Certainly, he says, *his* mother never carried them. Thomas Hine surmises that they might be like the Philco Predicta TV set—the model that exposed its tubes. "It was a great commercial flop, but today you see one in every book on the period and in every 1950s shop. Plastic bags may be one of those things that seem more important to us now than they were then."

Joan Kron, editor in chief of *Avenue* magazine, who remembers carrying one of these curiosities—"It looked like a breadbasket"—as a newlywed in Philadelphia, argues that she and her peers did recognize their import: "In the 1950s, plastic was an exotic material. Plastic handbags were a part of the promise that all our lives were going to be better through chemistry."

Robert Gottlieb at this point declines to speculate further: "I have no aspirations to profundity on this subject. They're just charming." ♠



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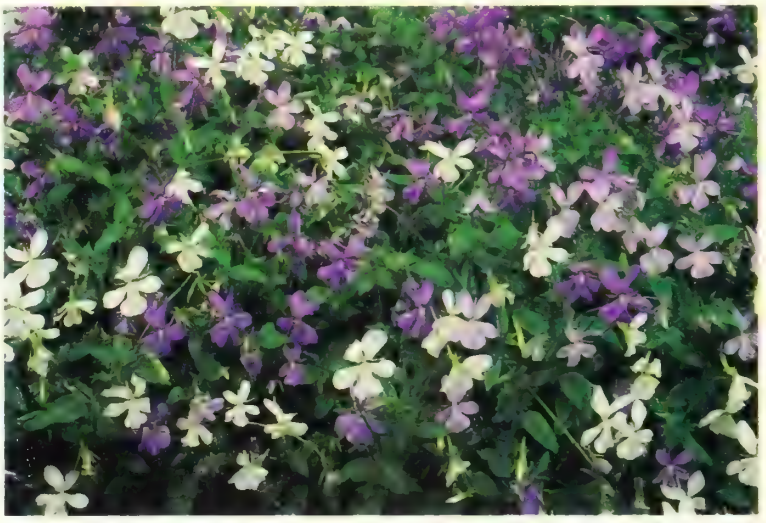
Seeing Violet

That harbinger of spring, the old-fashioned viola, can also bring charm and color indoors this winter, says **Katherine Whiteside**

Legend has it that Zeus created violas as food for his lover, Io. He had changed the poor girl into a heifer to conceal their affair from his wife. Perhaps it is this deceit that began the tangled web that enmeshes the names connected with this genus.

Strictly speaking, violas, violets, violettas, and pansies are all violas. As one botanical scholar tried to explain, "The difference between a pansy and a viola is a question that puzzles many a garden lover who is not enlightened by the statement that while all pansies are really violas, not all violas are suitable for classification as pansies."

Two major species existed before the frenzy of viola breeding that occurred just after the turn of the nineteenth century: *Viola cornuta* arrived from Switzerland in 1776 and *V. tricolor* is the ancient Johnny-jump-up or heartsease, native to Europe.



Viola cornuta is easy to grow and blooms from April until frost.

Before 1800 violas were not considered ornamental, but a British naval officer, who left active duty under a cloud and practiced gardening for therapy, was soon to change this. Lord Gambier turned to flowers for solace, but all credit for successful flower breeding on his estate rightfully belongs to his gardener, T. Thompson. In 1835, Thompson crossed the native *V. tricolor* with another wild viola to create 'Iver Beauty', the first show pansy. This blue-faced flower immediately stirred Victorian sentiment, and a fad was soon in full force.

By 1841 there were four hundred named varieties of show pansy, and the Hammersmith Heartsease Society arranged its first show. The English had very strict rules guiding one toward breeding perfect show pansies, and it was this rigidity that perhaps led the Belgians to develop the fancy pansy. The French were not far behind. Soon a pan-European passion for pansy breeding was uncontrollable. Blooms grew so enormous that the flowers could no longer hold their faces out of the soil, and pansies became suitable solely for the show table.

At this point, a younger generation of gardeners began clamoring for flowers with better garden effect. Dr. Charles Stuart of Berwickshire commenced crossing show pansies with *V. cornuta* to start a new garden-worthy race. He named them tufted pansies, but for some obscure reason the gardening world simply refused to call Dr. Stuart's creations by the name he preferred. Much to his chagrin and everyone else's confusion, these plants became generally known as violas.

When one feels like giving up on growing violas, etc., for fear of never being able to find the way through such a confusion of names, it is time to take advice from a confident Yankee. In 1885, Elias Long wrote "*Viola cornuta* and *Viola tricolor* are hardy plants of highest attractiveness . . . easily grown, very ornamental, and inexpensive."

V. cornuta has been called horned pansy and horned violet. It seems that this name confusion will rear its ugly head again and again, so perhaps it is best to call this flower *V. cornuta* and nothing else. These sweetly scented, long-spurred flowers—pale blue, mauve, and white—were praised by William Robinson for their wonderful habit of "waving everywhere like thousands of little banners." This alpine native will bloom intermittently from April until frost. It is easy to grow, and if protected by shade will make a ground cover by producing verdant mounds of leaves.

V. tricolor is the pansy Shakespeare said was for thoughts (probably from the French *pensée*). Old Johnny-jump-up has more than two hundred common names, including heartsease, herb trinity, three-faces-under-a-hood, love-in-idleness, pink-of-my-Joan, kiss-me-at-the-garden-gate, and tittle-my-fancy. *V. tricolor* also holds the record for the longest folk name, meet-her-in-the-entry-kiss-her-in-the-buttery.

This dainty plant has combinations of yellow, purple, blue, cream, and white on its small flowers. The dark lines on the face, called honey guides, recall Milton's "Pansy freakt with jet." *V. tricolor* is a short-lived perennial, best grown in rich soil and cool shade. Rotate plants every few years to avoid root disease; otherwise, just deadhead for continuous bloom. Johnny-jump-up makes a wonderful houseguest. Before the first frost simply transplant him into a pot and place on a sunny windowsill. The plant will bloom intermittently throughout the winter. ♠

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Meet Me in Miami

Old folks home or hip resort?

Charles Gandee hits the beach



Miami's South Beach boasts the largest collection of Art Deco buildings in the world

For a long time when I thought of Miami Beach, a certain poignant image would come to mind. I saw an army of little old ladies in sneakers heading determinedly up Collins Avenue to take advantage of Wolfie's Early Bird dinner special: 4:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M. nightly; $5.95 to $10.95; soup, entrée, beverage, and dessert included.

Prompted by rumors of what people with money invested in a place invariably call a renaissance, I decided to test my mental picture of Miami Beach against the real thing. I booked a room in a hotel that some trendy friends recommended—figuring that if trendy friends are good for anything, it's to give advice on such things as hotels—and headed south to south Florida.



An uncharacteristically tranquil moment on the beach that doesn't close until midnight.

What I found was that the little old ladies in sneakers are still there, all right—just as I knew they would be. (As a young desk clerk rather callously explained, "They're like barnacles, they hang on.") Except for periodic excursions to the drugstore and the delicatessen, however, they seem to maintain a low profile along the beach, preferring to watch the traffic go by from neat rows of aluminum folding chairs set out on the terraces of dusty old hotels advertising LOW MONTHLY RATES

But nowadays in Miami Beach, watching the traffic is more interesting than it sounds, because, in addition to the twelve courtesy vans from Mount Sinai Medical Center that cruise the neighborhood, there are shiny new BMWs, Porsches, and Jaguars, as well as many of the goods and services that tend to follow such upscale motorcades.

Miami Beach is perhaps the only resort in America that has staged more comebacks than Peggy Lee. Although public response to earlier efforts has been a consistently underwhelming "Is that all there is?" this time around Miami Beach may just have another hit after all.

The Miami Beach that is the object yet again of developers' attentions and tourists' affections is in fact only a very small wedge of the island between 1st Street and 15th Street, from Ocean Drive to Bay Drive. It's called South Beach, and it's easy to recognize because unlike the area to the north—where kitsch fifties dinosaurs such as Morris Lapidus's incomparable Fontainebleau Hilton Resort reign—it is made up of modestly scaled, but outrageously ornamented, Art Deco hotels built in the 1930s. The 400-plus period pieces lining South Beach's streets form the largest collection of Art Deco architecture in the world—a distinction that caught the eye of the National Register of Historic Places, which designated the area a Historic District in 1979.

History and the current renaissance notwithstanding, there are entire blocks in the Deco District, as preservationists like to call it, that have that painful long-suffering look of neglect—like an abandoned Art Deco amusement park that still seems to echo with the slightly eerie sounds of some long-forgotten summer.

But never mind. Signs of life can also be heard. A fair number of the old hotels and apartment houses have been hosed down and painted up to welcome the current influx of European tourists as well as a decidedly hipper version of those infamous snowbirds from the north, and there are a host of new

The candy-colored Beacon Hotel on Ocean Drive was designed in 1936 by architect Harry O. Nelson.



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restaurants and clubs to feed and entertain them. There is also Miami's spectacular beach where the only problem is the occasional wayward Frisbee that unexpectedly sets down on some bathing beauty's blanket.



The Clevelander's poolside bar is a popular watering hole.

If it's luxury you're in the market for, stick to Palm Beach. South Beach is funky, not fancy. But if you're looking to slow down—and I do mean slow down—this could be the place. For those of you who are in the mood for a few sleepy days in the sun and who do not, as it turns out, have a trendy friend to turn to for advice, the following guide, however abbreviated, should come in handy.

There may be literally hundreds of hotels in South Beach, but there aren't twenty that you'd want to spend a night in. Stick to the ones along Ocean Drive—which, true to its name, faces the ocean—and, above all, trust your eye. A good rule of thumb: if you wouldn't want to sleep in the lobby, you wouldn't want to sleep upstairs since things tend not to get better as you ascend.

At the present moment the hotel of choice is the **Cavalier** (1320 Ocean Drive). Managed by Don Meginley of Art Deco Marketing Corp., this 44-room hotel is frequented by a slick New York fashion crowd as well as by a fair number of French and German travelers. But except for the bottle of Evian in every room, don't expect luxury. You'll carry your own luggage, get your own ice in the basement, and they seem not to have even heard of room service. The rooms to ask for are the ones with the oceanfront views: 202, 203, 302, 303. A double is $95–$125, a suite is $135–$165, and a ten percent service charge is added on (for reasons not entirely clear). Bring a few rolls of quarters because the Cavalier doesn't provide parking, and the Miami Beach meter maids are more than generous with their $10 tickets.

Three hotels adjacent to the Cavalier have recently been taken over by Art Deco Marketing Corp., so if the hotel management organization continues its pleasant and relaxed standards of service and decor, you'll do just fine at either the 43-room **Cardozo** (1300 Ocean Drive), the 14-suite **Carlyle** (1250 Ocean Drive), or the 44-room **Leslie** (1244 Ocean Drive). Room rates vary, but expect to pay $80–$105 for a single or double room and $100–$265 for a suite, depending on the season and the view.

Farther down the drive, **Waldorf Towers** (860 Ocean Drive) also looks perfectly respectable. Although the clientele isn't quite as hip as at the Cavalier, sometimes not-as-hip is not a bad thing. A double room goes for $50–$80, a suite $100–$150. **The Clevelander** (1020 Ocean Drive) also appears to be thriving. It draws a Fort-Lauderdale-during-spring-break-style crowd, has a noisy outdoor bar, and boasts weekly rates of $150–$200. As my mother always said, "You get what you pay for."

For those with a little more money to spend, $60–$120 a night, the recently reopened **Park Central** (640 Ocean Drive) is worth your attention. The 51-year-old hotel has just undergone an extensive renovation, and owner Tony Goldman is even considering offering room service from the popular in-house restaurant, **Lucky's**.

In terms of physical sustenance, South Beach runs the gamut. On the modest side there's **Mappy's** (1390 Ocean Drive), a great little Cuban greasy spoon that serves a sensational breakfast for $2.15 before noon, as well as the best 75-cent café con leche in town. On the not-so-modest side there's a host of restaurants offering fancier fare. Along Ocean Drive you could do worse than **Café des Arts** (918 Ocean Drive). This tiny little oasis offers the option of alfresco dining, and the food, though not cheap, is first-rate. A few blocks away, **The Strand** (671 Washington Avenue) has been a hot spot since it opened in 1986. Catering to a chic, artsy clientele, it's one of those see-and-be-seen sort of places. The food is OK, but the lavatory is the best-designed this side of Philippe Starck's Café Costes in Paris.



Café des Arts, perhaps the best alfresco dining on the beach.

Though it's a little hot in Miami for heavy Italian food, if you're in the mood **Osteria del Teatro: Ristorante Arte Deco Italiano** (1443 Washington Avenue) is the place. An enormous presentation of desserts greets you at the door, old-world waiters suggest the veal chop—you get the picture.



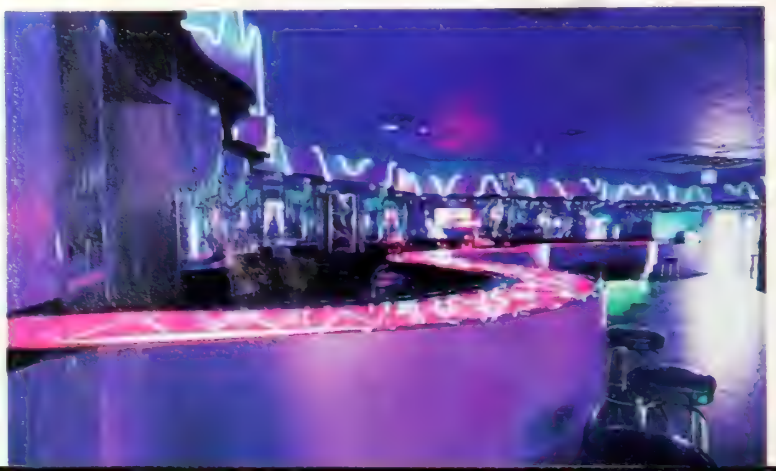
Hervin Romney designed the new Burger King in an updated Deco style.

Joe's Stone Crab at the tip of the beach is a venerable local institution that dates back to 1913. It's only open from October to May, and during the season you can expect to wait on line—they don't take reservations.

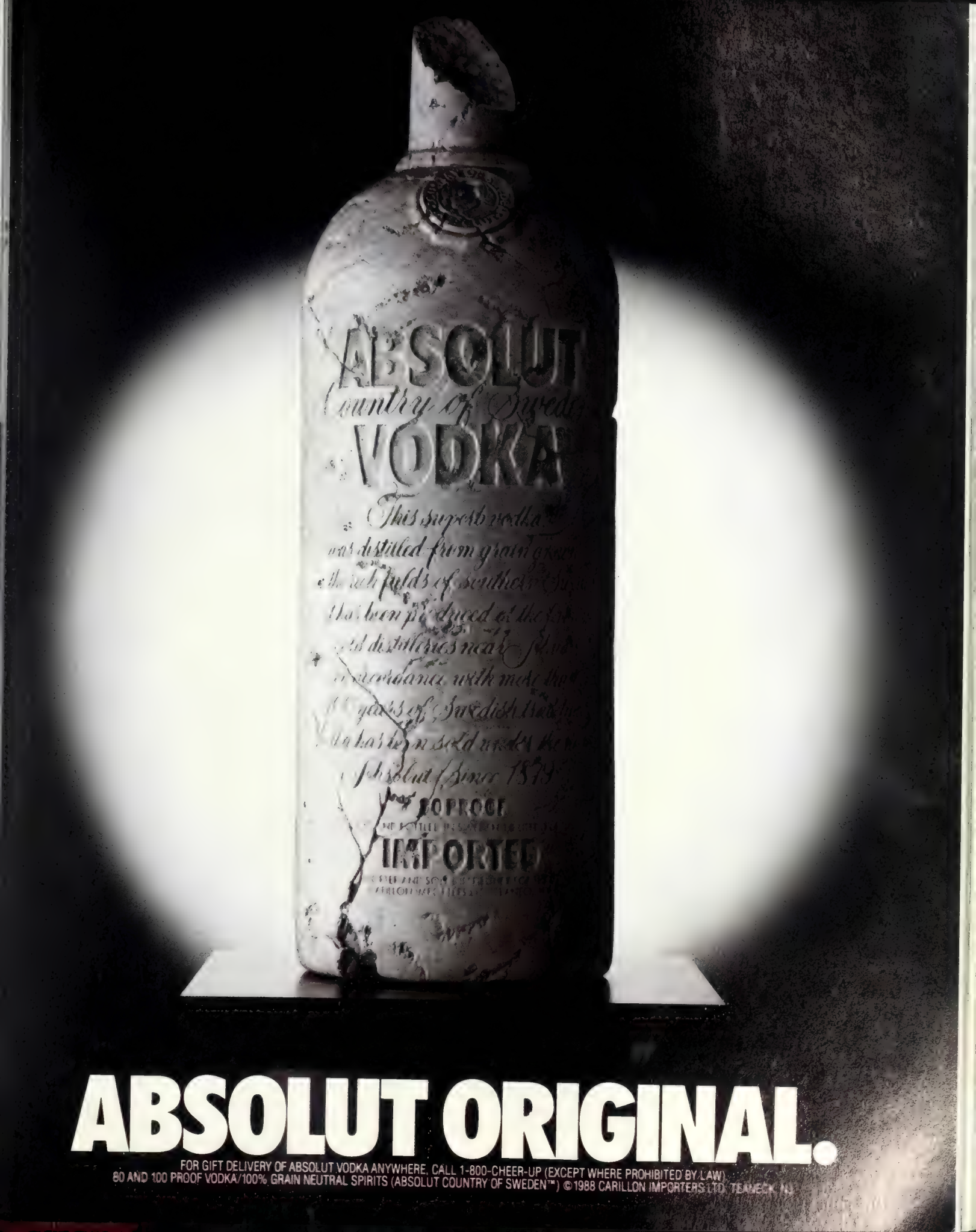
The current star of the South Beach restaurant scene is **Scratch** (427 Jefferson Avenue). Housed in a former Rolls-Royce garage, the trendy eatery is a little bit of L.A. brought to Miami. In addition to a sinuous concrete bar that picks up steam as the night wears on, Scratch also offers that nuisance of luxury—valet parking. Order the Tequila Monster Shrimp, and walk.

If you're on a budget or just in a hurry, there's always the **Burger King** a few

Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood has a hit with Woody's, his trendy nightclub on Ocean Drive.



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enough to drive wielding passports as their IDs. But don't be discouraged, they'll let you in even if you're only young at heart.

The best-known late-night entertainment on the beach is **Woody's** (455 Ocean Drive). Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood owns the flashy club designed by Barbara Hulanicki, and though it's a little heavy on the neon, the crowd doesn't seem to mind. According to the word on the street, big-name performers occasionally drop in to play a set or two, although when four different people independently mentioned the same Bo Diddley performance, I got the impression that this didn't happen every night.

A short hike up the beach is another popular hot spot called **Club Nu** (245 22nd Street). You can't miss it because the exterior is covered in Kenny Scharf–style graffiti. Inside, the place has been decorated in something called the Mysteries of Atlantis, which changes every four months. What doesn't change is the sweaty dance floor and the staff's uniforms: one-size-too-small boxer shorts for the beefcake waiters, more exotic wear for the I'm-with-the-band-style waitresses (lots of lace but little else). Tipping seemed undeservedly heavy.

Disco didn't die, it just packed up and moved to **1235,** an old Deco movie palace (1235 Washington Avenue). On a hot night some 2,000 merrymakers can be seen shaking their booty here amid lasers and strobes. Ah, to be a dancin' fool. It's loud and it's rowdy, but if you're in the mood it's great. A word of caution: to avoid embarrassment, would-be John Travoltas are advised to call ahead. The week I was there, Thursday night was reserved for the under-21 crowd; Friday night for the gay crowd. Who knows what the agenda will be when the club's new owners reopen its doors on October 27?

Paris Modern (550 Washington Avenue), the latest addition to the local scene, got off to an inauspicious start last July when the Miami Beach fire department moved in and moved the opening party out onto the street. The situation is under control now, and Paris Modern is off and running with its small downstairs dance floor illuminated by a bank of video monitors and upstairs lounge where there's a lot of come-hither posing.

Compulsive shoppers will have a hard time with South Beach since there's almost nothing to buy. There is one lively little shop called **Wham Bam of Amsterdam** (437 Washington Avenue). Originally it was just Wham Bam but people misconstrued the name. It specializes in posters and postcards and also features a satellite branch of artist Keith Haring's New York City Pop Shop. Other than that, you're pretty much limited to decking yourself out for the topless beaches, which, as it turns out, is an easy enough affair. For women this means a trip to a place called **Chocolate Bikinis** (119 Fifth Street); for men this means a trip to a place called, believe it or not, **Beach Balls** (129 Fifth Street). The unisex swimwear of choice, for better or for worse, is a very small triangle of fabric with lots of straps attached. Locals call it a tonga. Use your own judgment. ♠





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Heaven on Wheels

With the newest luxury models, reports **Jon Etra,** you may be more pampered in your car than at home

Americans have always cared about their cars almost as much as their lovers. Sometimes more. Understandably so. Considering the time spent in a car in certain parts of the country, it's obvious who's really living with whom. And once you concede that a truly beautiful car need never lose its looks, be taken out to dinner at Lutèce, bought the latest Saint Laurent, or talked down from a screaming Bolivian Marching Powder fit in the restrooms of M.K., it's no great feat of ratiocination to conclude that a Jaguar XJ6 is a wonderful thing.

Car manufacturers have not been oblivious to this. They have done their best to make the automobile just about as close to heaven as possible, figuring, quite correctly, you'll be more than happy to pay the extra few bucks now for a little nirvana on wheels while you're waiting for the more encompassing stationary version some years and astral planes hence.

Jaguar, while we're on the subject, is working on a D.A.T. (digital audio tape) system. The only major drawback at present is the poor selection of D.A.T. tapes. Once there's a good supply you can bet Jaguar will be ready. Most in-car air-conditioning controls do nothing about the humidity. Cooling takes the moisture out along with the heat. Jaguar restores a natural amount of ambient humidity—there's a choice of three levels—to the cooled air, preventing your pores (especially if you've got that rain-caressed British skin) from drying out.

Rolls-Royces have separate air-conditioning for upper and lower parts of the car

Of course, if you are indeed British you will probably want your feet warm even as your head is cooled. In that case you had best get a Rolls-Royce. Rollses have separate air-conditioning for the upper and lower part of the car for any exigency of climate or preference. Owners seem more than happy with this arrangement and rarely suffer the air inside to be contaminated from without. Drivers in fact became too comfortable. A sensor that flashes at potential icy conditions had to be installed to alert occupants of the cold, hard realities of the world.



Peugeot addressed this very problem by providing an AM/FM stereo cassette system that picks up the local weather band—as well as TV channels. And because you are probably off to the mountains for winter sport, the front seats are electrically heated and the rear center armrest (on the 405 S and Mi 16 models) conceals a trapdoor to the trunk. Skis, poles, indeed anything long and slim (Daryl Hannah) fits right in.

The Mercedes stereo system has other features. A circuit remembers and restores the last tone setting used on AM, FM, or tape. And as the car goes faster the sound level increases to compensate for increments in wind and road noise.

For gadgets, the BMW 750iL is the winner. It comes with a hands-free cellular telephone. Program in the names and numbers of the people you want, then just tell it to get you Trump and you're ready to wheel and deal. The climate controls can be set separately for each side of the car (driver and passenger) and the ventilation system can be programmed to operate while the car is parked. For instance, it can turn on half an hour before you plan to be back. No more opening the door to hell in the summer-time. When the reverse gear is engaged, the right outside mirror automatically tilts downward to provide a view of the curb for parallel parking. Don't you wish you had that when you took your driver's test!

Simplification may be the next great outcry. Nissan designed a Sony CD player to be compatible with the space configuration and cubic volume of their cars. Thirty-four graphic equalizers are tuned automatically, eliminating all the little levers they found nobody ever got exactly right. Toyota put the most frequently used buttons—for temperature and fan—on a little drawer. Settings less often utilized—low, medium, high, defrost, etc.—are tucked away inside.

In their FXV-II car, actually built and working, a personalized card will set the seat and steering-wheel position, radio and CD player to predetermined preferences. The entire roof is glass impregnated with liquid crystals which can go from clear to opaque as desired. Transparent ceramic conductive film in the glass defogs, defrosts, receives radio and TV signals.

Scotty, beam me up. ▲

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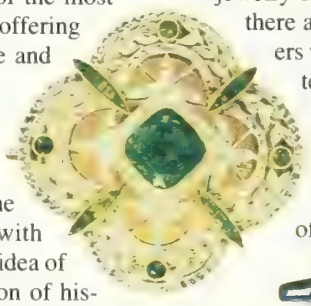

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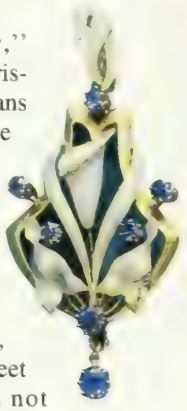
Glittering pieces of history are about to go on the block, says **David Lisi**

Even in this season of unprecedented interest in jewelry at auction, many budding collectors remain daunted by the salesroom and its twin obstacles of expertise and expense. Yet which of us has not already begun his own personal collection—be it with a wristwatch or a diamond? Indeed, jewelry has emerged as one of the most popular areas of collecting, offering something to tempt every eye and every checkbook.



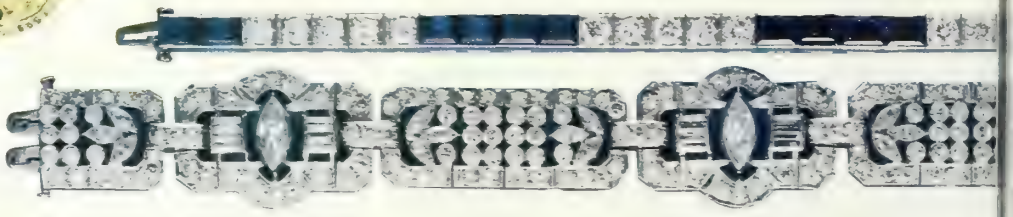
It was the $50 million sale of the Duchess of Windsor's jewels, in 1987, which is widely credited for reviving the popularity of jewelry sales with private buyers, rekindling the idea of fine jewelry as a representation of history and romance. Since then, several important records have been set at auction, most notably for diamonds. In the shadow of last fall's stock market crash Sotheby's New York sold a 54.99 carat diamond, the Porter Rhodes, for $3.85 million, followed by Christie's next-day sale of a 64.83 carat D flawless stone for $6.38 million, topped yet again in April by another, smaller Christie's diamond at $7.48 million and an 85.91 carat diamond at Sotheby's for $9.13 million. More important, however, record prices and renewed interest have brought exceptional examples of past craftsmanship to the block from private consignors and estates at prices that are still a bargain relative to contemporary jewels bought at retail.

"The market is strong right now," says François Curiel, head of Christie's jewelry department. "Americans have not stopped buying despite the stock market crash a year ago. There are many people who are jewelry lovers, but of course, there are also those customers who think of jewelry in terms of investment. I hate to think that way, but I have yet to meet a client who does not have this at least in the back of his mind."





From top: Opal horse brooch with diamond and ruby bridle; garnet and turquoise bow brooch; enamel and sapphire pendant; emerald and diamond brooch; diamond and sapphire bracelet; diamond bracelet; platinum watch; opal, pearl, and diamond necklace.



"Buying top-quality jewelry is often the best value," says John Block, director of Sotheby's jewelry department. "I don't recommend buying jewels as an investment. The market can fluctuate radically. It's not a sound way to invest money, but then, you can't wear municipal bonds to dinner." Both men agree that buying jewelry is a personal affair, and the best rule of thumb is to buy quality, buy rarity, and buy what pleases you. They also point to areas that, even in today's active market, seem undervalued. "I prefer 1940s pieces," says Block. "Different colors of gold were used in the designs rather than platinum, which was a rationed war material, so they created interesting jewelry with different types of gold and small precious stones or large semiprecious stones. The 1950s jewelry has recently been rediscovered and hasn't been exhibited or written about. I also recommend for serious collectors Renaissance jewelry, which is rare but also important as small pieces of design history."



Curiel, meanwhile, cautions that although bargains are increasingly hard to find, rare old Golconda diamonds from India are the gems to buy—because they will probably be impossible to locate in another ten or fifteen years—as well as much estate jewelry that comes up every season at auction. "You must not be afraid to buy at auction," says Curiel. "If dealers

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city, and they do, you know you will have to pay at least five percent more than them."

"We have some great pieces that can be had for less than what you can find from a dealer," says Katherine Tuttle of Christie's East. "Our best buys are in single-stone diamond rings and antique settings. For someone looking for old European-cut stones, I don't think there is really anywhere they can go but at auction, and personally I feel that some of these pieces are superior to the work produced today. The old European-cut and mine-cut stones are more brilliant to my eye and have a character and charm you don't find in contemporary pieces." These sales also offer assistance for buyers,with experts providing the same services they do for major sales. "If I were buying," says Tuttle, "I would only buy at auction. There are often lots that are overlooked which turn out to be great buys." Tuttle points to watches, especially old Rolex and jeweled pieces, as an area where private collectors can benefit at auction.

"When I speak to collectors, I tell them to attend as many of our sales as possible because you never know where that special piece will appear," says François Curiel. "Even if you are only looking for something below $10,000, you should not ignore the larger sales because we try to divide them in terms of style, not value." Of course, those wishing to sell through Christie's or Sotheby's can write or call either Curiel or Block with a description or an old appraisal or even a photo of the piece. Both will arrange an appraisal free of charge.

November Sales

Christie's
502 Park Ave, New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
November 1–2: Prints
November 9–10: Contemporary art
November 14: Goetz Collection of Impressionist and Modern art
November 15–16: Impressionist, Modern art
November 18: Books and manuscripts from the estate of John F. Fleming
November 21: Latin American art

Christie's
8–10 King St., St. James's, London SW1Y 6QT; 839-9060
November 1: Russian objects of vertu
November 3: English furniture and carpets
November 9: Japanese art and jewelry
November 15: Important watercolors
November 23: Musical instruments
November 28–29: Impressionist, Modern art

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
November 1: Photographs
November 2: Heeramaneck Collection of Indian sculpture, paintings, and textiles
November 3–5: Prints
November 7: Jewelry West (Beverly Hills)
November 10–11: Contemporary art
November 11–12: Impressionist, Modern art
November 21–22: Latin American art

Sotheby's
34–35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA
493-8080
November 1: Chinese export porcelain
November 3: Drawings and watercolors
November 4: 19th-century decorative arts
November 11: English furniture
November 17: Silver; British watercolors
November 24: Jewelry; musical instruments
November 29–31: Impressionist, Modern art

Swann Galleries
104 East 25 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 254-4710
November 10: Modern literature
November 17: Rare books
November 21: Fine books from the John Fleming inventory: 16th–20th century literature

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
November 2: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings
November 9: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings
November 16–17: Provident loan sale: jewelry, watches, and silver
November 16: Modern and European paintings
November 30: Americana

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94103; (415) 861-7500
November 8: Antique and modern silver and jewelry
November 9: American and European paintings; General Custer memorabilia and American Indian art
November 10: Furniture and decorative arts

Butterfield & Butterfield
7601 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 850-7500
November 7–8: Furniture and decorative arts
November 8: Antique and modern silver and jewelry
November 9: American and European paintings

Skinner
Route 117, Bolton, MA 01740
(617) 779-5528
November 3: 18th-, 19th-, and 20th-century American and European paintings
November 18: Discovery sale: estate pieces




"Understand, this wasn't exactly an everyday thing for me. I mean, for...what? twenty-some years now?... I've been worried mainly about who needed new soccer shoes or what the orthodontist was going to say. But now...now to see a gorgeous gold bracelet and be able to say, 'Yes. Yes, I'll take it,' well...doing that for myself was just the strangest feeling. The strangest wonderful feeling."
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Amazing Glazing

Dukes, duchesses, and blind earls have prized Worcester porcelain for centuries. **Stuart Greenspan** joins them

The quest for porcelain and the secrets of its production obsessed all of Europe from the fifteenth century onward when the first examples, exquisitely translucent and painted in a blue-and-white palette, arrived from China. Intent on breaking the Chinese china monopoly, European courts began pouring money into clay and kiln experimentation, prompting a heated competition that at times became vicious: each factory's achievements—or, more often, lack of achievements—affected the glory of its royal patron to such an extent that jealous kings were known to smash entire services manufactured by one of their rivals.

In 1710, after years of costly and frustrating experimentation, the Meissen factory near Dresden did succeed in approximating Oriental porcelain. For this, Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and Meissen's Maecenas, is remembered today rather than for his other notable accomplishment—fathering 350 children. In France true porcelain—as opposed to faience, a traditional glazed earthenware heavier and cruder than porcelain—did not appear until somewhat later at Saint-Cloud, Vincennes, and finally at Sèvres under the generous patronage of Louis XV—or, more accurately, the royal mistress and tastemaker, Madame de Pompadour.

Most English factories had less regal origins. The earliest were founded in 1744 by businessmen interested not so much in prestige as in the prices they might charge. Secrets of production were sold or stolen from one workshop to another, though only a handful managed to flourish. Few in England or even on the Continent surpassed the Worcester factory in skillfully balancing extraordinarily beautiful decoration and function, which is, after all, the primary purpose of porcelain.

Still in operation, making it Britain's longest-lived manufacturer of porcelain, Worcester was established in 1751 in central England, after its directors bought the stock, effects, and secret manufacturing process from Benjamin Lund in Bristol. Boosted by Lund's experiments, Worcester was a success from the start, thanks primarily to the Cornish soaprock used to produce a glaze uniquely impervious to boiling liquids—in other words, Worcester pots don't crack. (Like all other porcelain they do, however, chip.) The factory's emphasis on useful wares also gave it an edge.

The early years at Worcester, 1751–83, are frequently known as the Wall period, named for John Wall, a physician and one of the original partners, whose stint as director of the factory actually was only four years, 1772–76. Still this was Worcester's golden era—a period of innovations and peerless workmanship—before standardization robbed the product of some of its freshness.

The initial shapes of Worcester pieces



A vignette from Aesop's fables ornaments a rare basket, above, c. 1770, from Earle D. Vandekar.



Apple green vase and lozenge-shaped dish, above, from the Marchioness of Huntley service, c. 1770, from Leo Kaplan. Left: A pastoral scene painted on a jug, c. 1765, from Art Trading.



Japanese-inspired vases, above, c. 1770, Quorum Antiques. Left: Tea set, c. 1765, from Leo Kaplan.



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were inspired by contemporary silver and Oriental porcelain. To satisfy the demand for Rococo and chinoiserie ornament, the factory produced countless pieces molded with leaf designs, intricate rocaille motifs, and full landscapes in low relief. Decoration in underglaze blue and brilliant lacquer colors was either copied directly from Chinese models or inspired by the Meissen factory's versions of Oriental themes. Designs ran the gamut from simple motifs of flowering branches and swooping birds to busy Japanese Imari and Kakiemon abstractions.

The influence of Sèvres is apparent in the magnificent range of ground colors that Worcester made its own. Yellow, ranging in tone from pale to a brilliant sulfur, was the first and rarest, joined at the end of the 1760s by convincing equivalents of Sèvres's apple green, claret, and turquoise. Color was applied either in solid masses or in delicate fish-scale patterns, sometimes further embellished with gilt.

Today some of the most coveted Worcester productions come from the so-called named dinner services that were either made for or have come to be associated with specific personalities. The late-eighteenth-century Duke of Gloucester service is reputed to have been designed for William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, third son of the Prince of Wales, who was clearly a naturalist at heart. His seventy pieces crawl with insects offset by peaches and plums painted with such accuracy one can imagine a farsighted duchess poking her fork into the china.

The sometimes offhand manner of dubbing a pattern—a practice of later scholars, not of the company itself—has led to some amusing mix-ups. The famous Blind Earl service was named for the Earl of Coventry, who is said to have enjoyed running his fingers over the lovely leaf-molded surface he could no longer see. Still in production, it was introduced at Worcester in the 1750s—more than twenty years before the hunting accident that caused the earl's blindness. Similarly, the gilt-laden service named for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu came into being years after she was around to enjoy it.

The passion that greeted porcelain upon its arrival from the Orient is nevertheless very much alive. Of all English ceramics, American dealers unanimously point to Worcester as the most popular. Not only has Worcester maintained the highest standards, it also exists in abundance, unlike the work of so many other early factories. Even eighteenth-century examples—distinguished by the superb quality of their detailing—are easy to come by at auctions and antiques shops.

Except for the rarest pieces, Worcester remains relatively affordable: a c.-1765 blue-scale coffee cup, teacup, and saucer painted with Japanese flowers can be had for $650; a 1770s apple green vase patterned with exotic birds is in the $3,500 range. Few examples are priced over $5,000, although a pair of plates from the Duke of Gloucester service recently went for $38,500 at Sotheby's. Still going strong, Worcester remains the embodiment of the English temperament, sturdy, useful, elegant but never ostentatious—and it knows how to hold its tea. ♠

Editor: Sarah Kaltman

Worcester Porcelain

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1065 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028
(212) 772-1230

Art Trading
305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 752-2057

Bardith
901 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 737-3775

Belgravia House Antiques
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Leo Kaplan
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Lucullus
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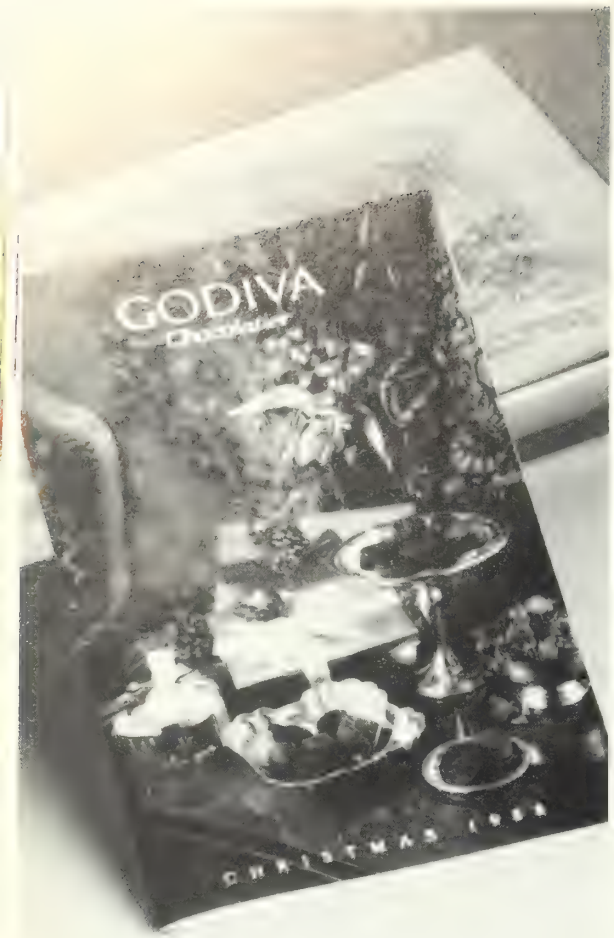
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NOVEMBER 1988

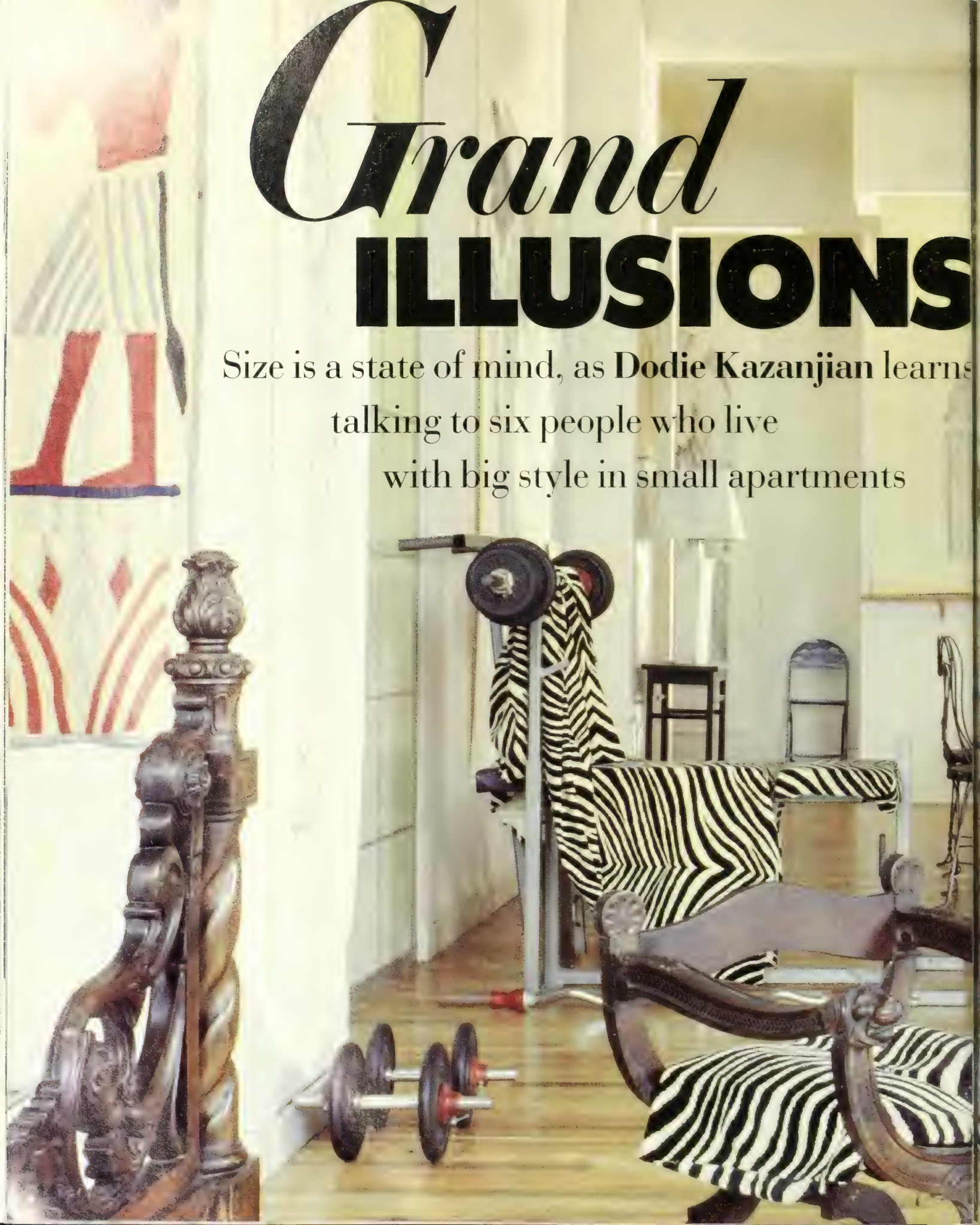
Nowhere is the late 1980s interest in decorative detailing more evident than in one of its particular realities of living—the small apartment. Where ten years ago the response to limited space was pared-down and sleekly modern design, today's solution is richly accented with objects and effects that all but mask restrictions in size. To be sure, there's a certain restraint—merely, perhaps, to keep the spaces navigable—but the well-fitted cabinets and squared-off furniture of the recent past have given way to more personal expressions of style. In Grand Illusions, this month's lead story, we feature six people—from a photographer to an interior designer—all visual by profession, whose small apartments reflect this cavalier new approach to space. What makes these apartments interesting for us all—even if our own circumstances mirror those of auctioneer Bruno Chambelland and his splendid French château, shown on pages 200–211—is the discernment with which each piece of furniture, every object, has been chosen. In a sense the limitations of size have made these living places microcosms of current good design.

In this small apartment a ...or in the living ...m adds a glint ...f gilt amid the ...sually draped furniture.



Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief

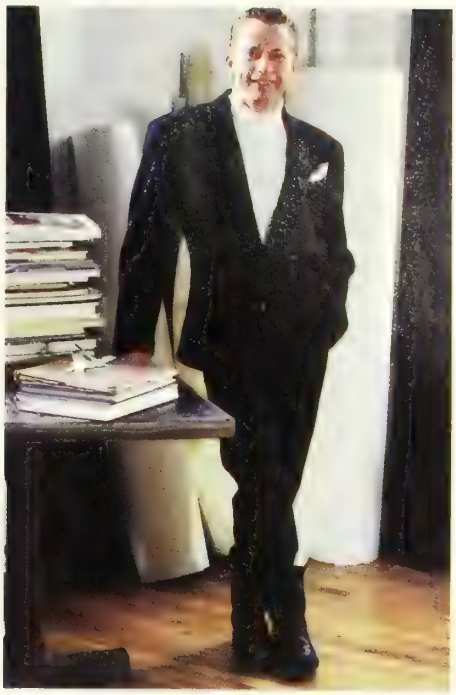


Grand ILLUSIONS

Size is a state of mind, as **Dodie Kazanjian** learns talking to six people who live with big style in small apartments



A turn-of-the-century Italian carved chair is covered in secondhand zebra-patterned velvet, as is Smith's barbell bench. An early American twig table is topped with a brass statue base. The tourist-trade Egyptian wallhanging was bought on London's Portobello Road. The chest of drawers is a trompe l'oeil work in progress.



Graham "Cracker" Smith leans on an old wood-and-steel restaurant table. His small loft is a mix of antiques, secondhand pieces, and objects found on the street.

It's nice to have things that are very simple, or so extraordinary they're amusing, or so beautiful they're wonderful to look at.

—Graham Smith


LUSIONS



Living largely in a small space is an art—it takes style and imagination and sometimes luck. But city life often requires ingenuity. It's the way you deal with such a space that shapes the quality of your life.

Graham "Cracker" Smith, an English painter who lives and works in an 1,100-square-foot one-room loft in downtown Manhattan, always requires a big table and a big bed. "Those are the essentials for me," he says. "You have a place to entertain and a place to sleep. Then everything else happens around that."

It helps that his ceilings are 13 feet tall and there's an alcove for the bed you don't see when you enter. And he made the windows seem tall and elegant by starting one piece of blue linen at the floor on one side and then twisting it around an ordinary café-curtain rod—"I wanted it to look like a knitting needle through the top"—ending up at the floor on the other side.

"If you have big blousy curtains, it reduces the space," says Smith, who moved into his apartment at the beginning of this year. "But long thin ones make the windows taller, and they don't fill up the space. When I first walked into this apartment, I realized that was the kind of feeling I wanted—long and thin."

Smith is an all-purpose painter: "I paint canvases. I do large drawings. I do trompe l'oeil work. I paint textiles. I do furniture—I work with Mark Hampton on furniture a lot. I do decorative painting on walls. I paint anything." His versatility leads to frequent shifts and changes in his own living space. "I like the idea of things not being static," he says.

Aside from the table and bed and two bulky Edwardian club chairs, his furniture is light and airy: "I wanted there to be only sticks of furniture—so the space was always there." Old American ice-cream parlor chairs surround the table because "they're functional and pretty and you can see through them." A large papier-mâché light bulb, mounted on a small leggy table, divides the dining and sitting areas.

An English Victorian oak bed, left, is flanked by damask-covered screens. The painting is by Smith. Far left: An engine-turned steel lamp from Second-hand Rose, NYC, sits on a junkyard table. The collage is by Sue Curtis.

OBERTO GILI



A painted and varnished floor canvas by Joseph Melland, above, in front of two Edwardian velvet armchairs from Margot Johnson Gallery, NYC.



An American folk-art chair, above, from Kelter-Malce, NYC. Below: A Victorian marble and cast-iron lamp and an 1834 book of Chippendale designs.





Everything in Richard Lambertson's apartment serves a dual function. The 19th-century fainting couch easily becomes a guest bed. The coffee table is a turn-of-the-century alligator suitcase on a Japanese tea tray.



MICHAEL MUNDY

Smith surrounds himself with basic accessories: hotel silverware, white cotton sheets and napkins, and white plates. "I can't bear anything that has design on it or is fussy or pretentious in any way. It clutters the mind as well as the space."

Uptown a little from Graham Smith, on Park Avenue South, Richard Lambertson has made a "convertible" out of his 350-square-foot apartment.

"When I want to entertain, I pull it all out, clear the surfaces, move stuff away, and I entertain," says the 37-year-old creative director for Geoffrey Beene.

Everything is functional and has a dual purpose. The side chairs become dining chairs. The console table, with a leaf, seats eight in the middle of the 13-by-14-foot leopard-carpeted living room. The nineteenth-century fainting sofa collapses and becomes a spare bed.

Does this convertible lifestyle make Lambertson nervous? "I'm used to it. It's New York. I choose to live where I live. So you learn to live within that. I could live in New Jersey and have eight, nine, or ten rooms and probably pay less for rent. But it's a matter of sacrifice."

There's a place for everything. His clutter is imaginatively organized. A Directoire-looking chandelier rests on the floor under the console table as a piece of sculpture, and Fiesta ware plates in the kitchen cabinet stand in what looks like an old record rack, making them easier to retrieve.

Lambertson uses textures and graphics—dots, stripes, and plaids—as well as large and small pieces in his apartment. "People sometimes think they have to get small things for a small place," he says. "I did a combination."

There's an empty frame on the wall, and the frame of a three-paneled Louis XVI screen. Is that to give the illusion of space? "I have a hard time with art. I like these frames as pieces of sculpture. In a small space, if the art isn't really good, it's horrible. And I can't afford good art."

Lambertson has made his tiny 10-by-11-foot bedroom a place where anyone would love to be. "It reminds me of a bathhouse in the summer in Lido," he says. "In the morning the light pours in and you see stripes and you wake up feeling like you're in a cabana."

Gregory Richardson lives in a 12-by-18-foot room where the ceilings are the standard 8 foot 3 inches high. But he has managed the space in a way that gives this



Lambertson leans on an eccentric French leather-and-wood chair from the 1940s. The leopard-print carpet is from Einstein Moomjy.

Nothing is precious. Everybody sits on the sofa. But I can make it very precious, put out all my delicate things and just enjoy it on my own.

—Richard Lambertson







Lambertson's attention to detail is exemplified by the Hermès scarf pillow cover, far left, which he had quilte in Geoffrey Beene's workrooms. Left: The paint and gilt cherub are flea market finds; the Louis XVI chair is from Tepper Galleries, NYC. Above: Lambertson's still life inclu objects from fruit stands a flea markets: 19th-century British tartan boxes and napkin rings; a mahogany and-ebony box from Berg Goodman; apples purcha on a recent trip to Japan.

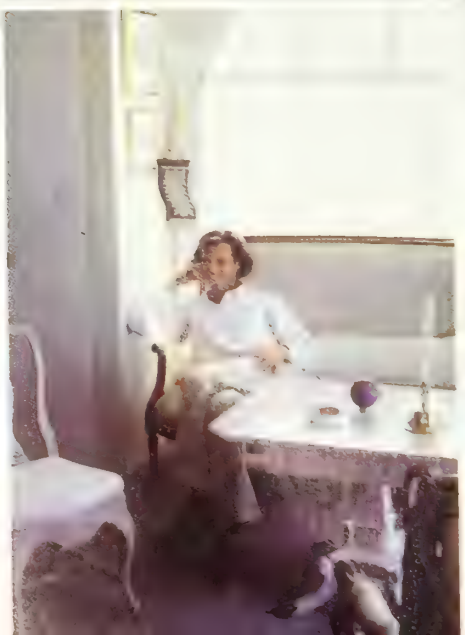






The 19th-century boxes—one of tortoiseshell and two of porcupine, ebony, and ivory—and a red-and-gold chopstick rest from Japan, far right, sit below a watercolor dated 1805. The twig table is from Cynthia Beneduce, Antiques, NYC. Right: French Directoire chairs in the bedroom beneath a photograph of Vizcaya in Florida and an antique Italian cherub.

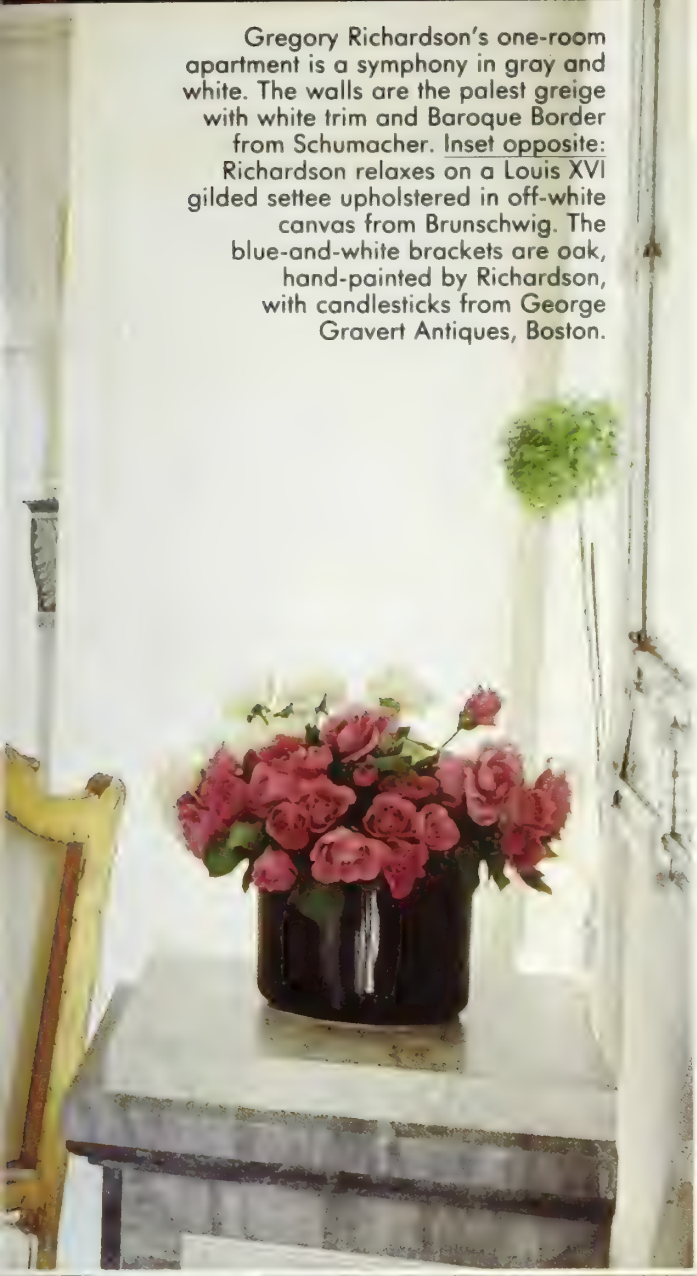
MICHAEL MUNDY



You have to control color in a small space, or it quickly becomes a rainbow.

—Gregory Richardson

Gregory Richardson's one-room apartment is a symphony in gray and white. The walls are the palest greige with white trim and Baroque Border from Schumacher. Inset opposite: Richardson relaxes on a Louis XVI gilded settee upholstered in off-white canvas from Brunschwig. The blue-and-white brackets are oak, hand-painted by Richardson, with candlesticks from George Gravert Antiques, Boston.





Arched windows give an illusion of spaciousness. Above: A 1930s console painted by John Andersen. Below: Two 18th-century Swedish side chairs and an 18th century–style bed from John Andersen & Co., Boston.



MICHAEL MUNDY

room a sense of importance. It helps that the room has four handsome arched windows on three of the walls and that it's on the top floor of an apartment building on Beacon Hill so all the windows reveal wonderful views of Boston. "The problem was making this one tiny room do all the things a living room, bedroom, and dining room do," says Richardson, the 31-year-old senior decorator for William Hodgins in Boston.

The entire apartment, including kitchen, bathroom, and closets, comprises 300 square feet. "Greg's apartment is about as small as you can get if you want to live attractively and not feel like a crazed person," says Hodgins.

Hodgins thought Richardson was absolutely mad to buy a four-poster almost half the size of the room, until he saw it installed: "It was when he bought the bed that the room started taking shape." It has moved all around the apartment. Wherever it sits, Richardson says he "can lie in bed and reach into the fridge for a drink."

He painted the walls the palest, palest greige and chose a slate gray flat weave carpet. He painted the ceiling a slightly grayed white. "I wanted to eliminate the walls, floor, and ceiling to make the room seem limitless, nothing stopping your eye, ethereal. I wanted to make the objects and architecture of the windows what you see."

"If I were working at home all day, I would get claustrophobic," says Clara von

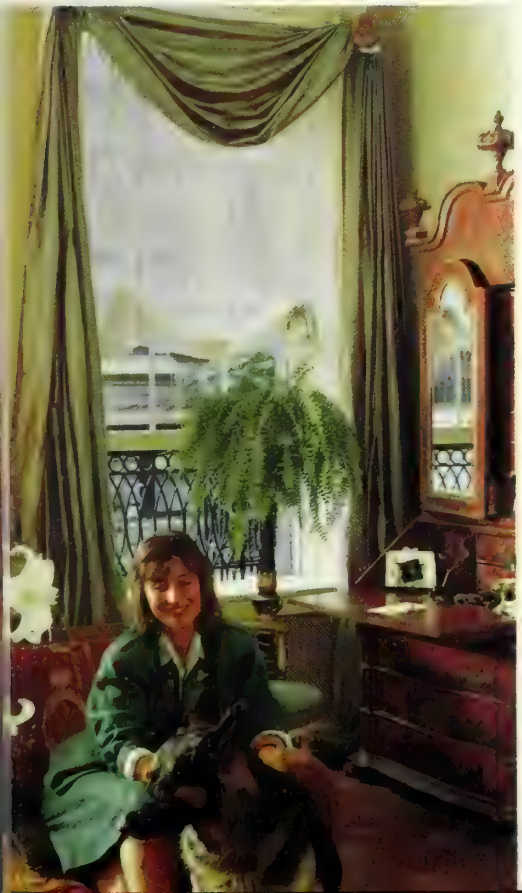


Clara von Aich has transformed a 19th-century ballroom into the perfect living room. A mirror made from an 18th-century Hungarian picture frame rests on the mantelpiece flanked by two 19th-century gilt candelabra. The 19th-century Viennese pageboy globe lamp was bought at auction.

You really need another place to be all day in order to live here.

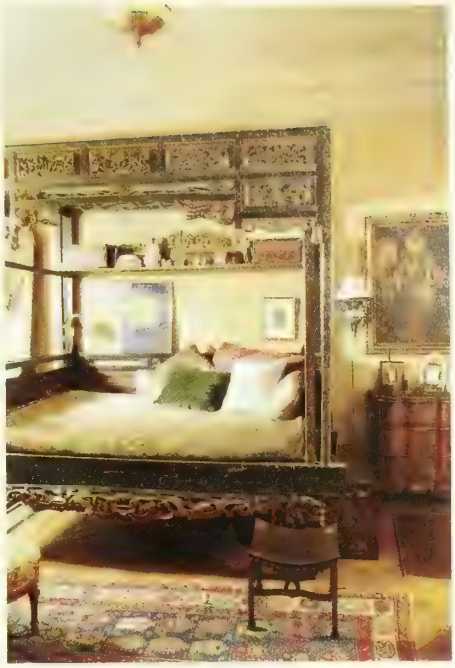
—Clara von Aich

Clara von Aich, below, and her German Shepherd, Betyar, next to an early-18th-century Venetian secretary from William Doyle Galleries, NYC. Right: Flowers abound in an heirloom oil painting and a side chair in its original velvet upholstery.





Aich's apartment has the feel of a Venetian palazzo. The Victorian velvet settee and chairs came from Phillips, NYC. A vase from Pottery Barn sits on a turn-of-the-century Italian-style coffee table from Rose Cumming. The curtains are Thai silk with gilt tiebacks. The 19th-century plant stands are wood and gilded plaster.



An 18th-century Chinese opium bed from Djakarta is covered with pressed velvet from Christian Schlumberger. The carpet is a Bukhara.

Aich, referring to her grand but small one-bedroom apartment off Fifth Avenue on the Upper East Side. "You really need another space to be in all day in order to live in a small place."

A Hungarian-born photographer whose first job was with Hans Namuth, Clara von Aich spends her days either on location or at her large downtown studio. For the past four years she has spent her weekends at a close friend's 160-acre farm.

Her flat is about 900 square feet, but it was once part of the ballroom of a Stanford White building and has a marble fireplace, 14-foot ceilings, and all the moldings you'd expect in such a room. "This was originally the grand ballroom, which is the *bel étage*, as they say in Europe," says Aich. "The first floor is always the most elegant, so I was lucky."

She decided now was the time to use her enormous Chinese opium bed, which had been sitting in pieces in her studio for the past three years. Since the bed filled most of the bedroom, she elected to cut an opening into the dividing wall and added two large vintage French doors found on the Lower East Side.

"I wanted a Venetian palazzo here on a small scale. My friend Ronald Grimaldi at Rose Cumming and I found a couple of terrific artists at the Manhattan firm of EON. We got the walls the broken rust color of an

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Off-white curtains, left, in Cowtan & Tout fabric complement the cantaloupe walls of Justine Cushing's living room. The furniture is covered in chintz from Lee Jofa and draped with traditional American quilts from Quilts of America and Thomas K. Woodard, NYC. The sisal carpet is by Stark. Above: Cushing beneath a 1961 Richard Avedon photograph of her sister Lily Kunczynski.

In an apartment this size you can have your favorite objects around you and feel very queenly.

—Justine Cushing



A glint of gilt appears in a delicately carved mirror and the lining of a marble fireplace. The clock, candlesticks, vases, and andirons were family possessions. The Dutch delft jars are from R. Brooke, NYC.



Family heirlooms mix with modern pieces in Cushing's foyer, which doubles as a dining room. A photograph of a mural by her grandfather, Howard Gardiner Cushing, hangs above the antique dining table; the dining chairs are from Swaim. The gold-washed bowl is from Gordon Foster, NYC. The straight-backed chairs against the wall are also family possessions.

old faded palazzo. Then we chose the sky," she says, referring to the Rococo cloudlike ceiling.

Thinking big, as she was told to do, she purchased an enormous eighteenth-century red-lacquer secretary at the William Doyle auction house, where "prices are still somewhat affordable." Then she got up her courage to bring in her huge velvet Victorian sofa.

But what can make any small room seem grand, she says, is a charming entry approach. In her case it's the sweeping marble Stanford White staircase that leads to her front door. It's public space, but she thinks of it as *her* stairway.

Justine Cushing lives and works in a two-bedroom apartment on the second floor of a four-story Upper East Side brownstone. It's a family building. Her aunt, the artist Lily Cushing, lived on the third and fourth floors in the 1940s and '50s. Her cousins Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Mrs. Anthony West lived there. And Justine lived in the building with her mother and sister. But since 1970, when she started out as an interior designer, she's had the second floor to herself. The rooms are small but the ceilings are high.

"The sitting room is square, very classical, very simple, and balanced," says Cushing. She had no dining room, so she placed the dining table in the foyer and turned the second bedroom into her office.

"Small spaces are wonderful, because you can make them like a little jewel. You can have everything just as you like it. It can be as fancy as can be. That's why I think it's wonderful to move from a big ancestral house to a little space."

She wasn't afraid to use color on the walls in her small apartment. Except for her foliage-papered blue bedroom, she had the entire apartment stippled orange: "It gives me such a lift. I wish I made the whole place the same color."

Of course, small is relative. "My place is certainly not small by New York standards," says George Shackelford. "But by the grandee standards of Houston, I live in a small space."

Shackelford has been in his apartment in the Southampton section of Houston since 1984, when he left Washington, D.C., to become assistant curator of European paintings and sculpture at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts; he is now curator.

"I wanted my apartment to have an open, not terribly cluttered feeling," says

MICHAEL N



A restful mood in the bedroom is established with shades of blue. The walls are papered with a foliage pattern. The curtains and bedhangings are Havering Stripe from Cowtan & Tout. Stars quilts are from Thomas K. Woodard, the chinoiserie box from R. Brooks.



George Shackelford in front of a 1760 series of mezzotints by Thomas Frye which hang in his dining room.

I like a somewhat open feeling. As Elsie de Wolfe says in The House in Good Taste, *never be afraid to store ornaments.*

—George Shackelford

MICHAEL MUNDY



In the bedroom 19th-century furniture and rich colors establish a stately mood. The sideboard is American Empire, the vase and silhouette, 19th century. Beneath the sideboard is a marble-top tabernacle





In the living room the furniture is draped in white. The gilt mirror is American Empire from McGregor & Co., Houston; the mezzotint is of Queen Charlotte of England by Thomas Frye. Inset opposite: A late-19th-century English ebonized-wood and glass screen and a rush-seated armchair complement a pair of painted and gilded Art Deco chairs..

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A tasseled tablecloth over the arm of the sofa adds color and a sense of luxury.

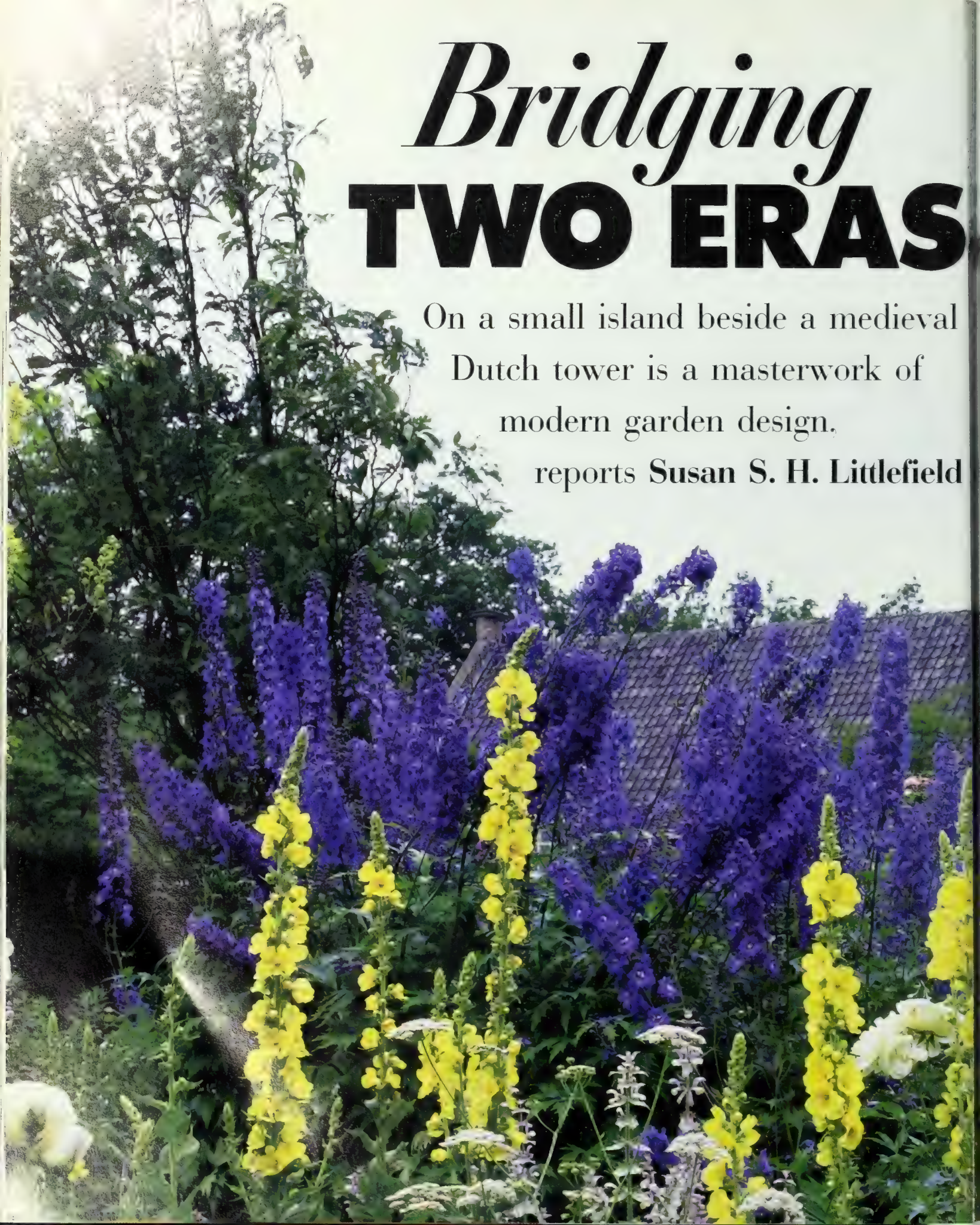
Shackelford. He took up the carpet that was there and painted the walls a pale pearl gray that's nearly white. He sought a sense of empty rooms with relatively few objects. "I keep all my books at my office in order not to have bookshelves everywhere."

His nineteenth-century furniture and Neoclassical pieces were obviously created for much grander spaces. "I simply pulled them out of context and put them into *my* context. Physically they fit just fine," says the 33-year-old curator.

It's not that Shackelford doesn't appreciate the opulent Denning and Fourcade look. "What I didn't do was use wallpaper and lots of curtains and load all my furniture into one room and make a very nineteenth-century manor environment out of it. I like that kind of stuff, but to have done that to an apartment like this would have been absurd. So I've kept it relatively simple and put things out to their best advantage in a way that pleases me."

A lesson to anyone confronted with the prospect of living in a small space. ▲

Decorating Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet, Amicia de Moubray, and Carolyn Sollis

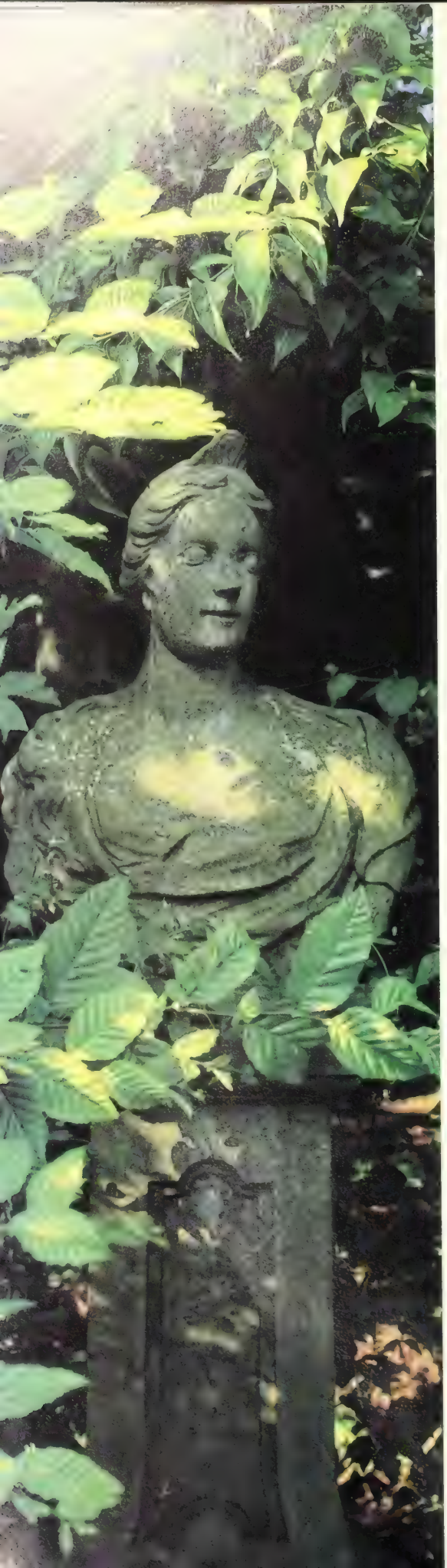


Bridging TWO ERAS

On a small island beside a medieval Dutch tower is a masterwork of modern garden design, reports **Susan S. H. Littlefield**



A 13th-century tower rises above spikes of delphinium and verbascum in the nursery garden. Old-fashioned roses bloom throughout the garden.



The landscape around Utrecht is linear and quintessentially Dutch: low and level, cross-hatched by a network of fields and tree-lined canals. Buildings need not be tall to provide a striking counterpoint—the tower at Walenburg is just three stories, but that height and a venerable history make it a dominant feature in the local landscape. The tower is one of six built in the thirteenth century to defend the village of Langbroek.

In 1964, after generations of neglect, its picturesque silhouette caught the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Canneman. She was a garden architect, he an architect, and together they had restored houses and shaped gardens throughout Europe. He was drawn to the crumbling tower; she to the land—two small water-rimmed plots, one barely large enough to hold the tower and an attached house, the other a bit larger and ideal for a garden.

The place suited the Cannemans perfectly. They arranged a long lease from Count van Linden van Sandenburg—whose family had owned the land since the eighteenth century—and set to work on what would prove to be a complicated and far from restful retirement project.

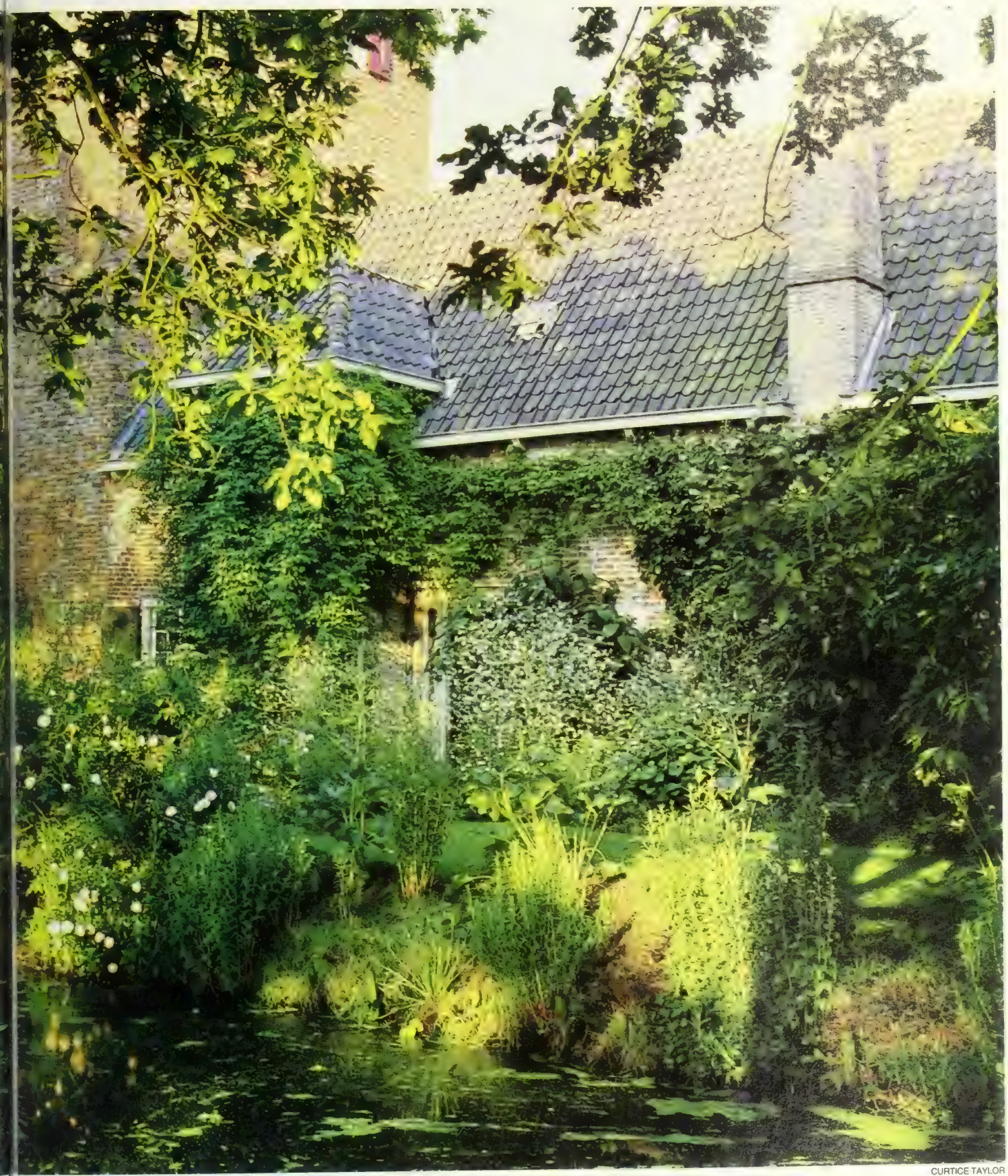
Mrs. Canneman's challenge was to create a garden that would complement the medieval tower that her husband was restoring and successfully weave the two plots into one coherent plan. She began with a traditional four-square pattern set around a central axis leading from the base of the tower. Hedges that transform the squares into rooms provide protection and a pleasing sense of privacy in the otherwise open landscape and create distinct spaces that shelter a rich variety of plants.

The plan's primary lines are evergreen—yew hedges punctuated with conical uprights. The secondary lines are deciduous, marked with sheared beech. The central axis squeezes between broad borders brimming with campanula, astrantia, Japanese anemones, and coarse rosettes of bergenia.

Diana, left, set in a leafy bower becomes the focal point of a garden view. In midsummer her pedestal is hidden in a mantle of pink clematis. Right: A footbridge leads across the moat to the vine-covered house.



A bridge covere



CURTICE TAYLOR

ith lichen provides a passage over the moat


ERAS

Seen from the tower, the velvety evergreen of yew accents the central axis. Flowers and vibrant gardens give to the left rose and flower gardens to the right.

JOE TAYLOR



Two bursting borders contain flowers from all over Europe



Shrubs add interest in spring and fall. The path opens to a round room where four elms (*Ulmus minor* 'Wredei') provide shimmering yellow accents against the deep greens of the grass and hedges. Three cross axes are terminated by Classical busts; the fourth is anchored by the tower.

The nursery garden, near the tower, is filled with herbs, roses, hollyhocks, and delphinium. In the white garden four viburnums (*Viburnum plicatum* 'Mariesii') around a circular bed echo the garden's overall plan. The rose garden contains a rich collection of old-fashioned species and varieties grouped by type.

The fourth room is a broad lawn flanked by delphinium, allium, thalictrum, and true geraniums blooming between drifts of roses and clematis. Here Mrs. Canneman's design is particularly effective: rather than repeat the pattern of contained rooms, she broke the yew hedge and opened a view to the low wing of the house. This simple omission ties the entire island garden back to the house and tower. Because of its structure and Mrs. Canneman's brilliant eye for texture and colors, the garden maintains a cohesive unity—despite the six hundred varieties of disparate trees, shrubs, and perennials she combined on a site of less than one acre.

The Cannemans devoted nearly twenty years to the transformation of Walenburg, and in an effort to ensure the garden's success, they helped establish the Netherlands Garden Foundation before their recent deaths. Now that Count and Countess van Linden have moved back into their restored property, they are maintaining the garden to the exacting standards set by Mrs. Canneman. Each year, in association with the foundation, they open the garden for several days, sharing the scent of old roses and a glimpse of garden genius with admiring visitors. ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

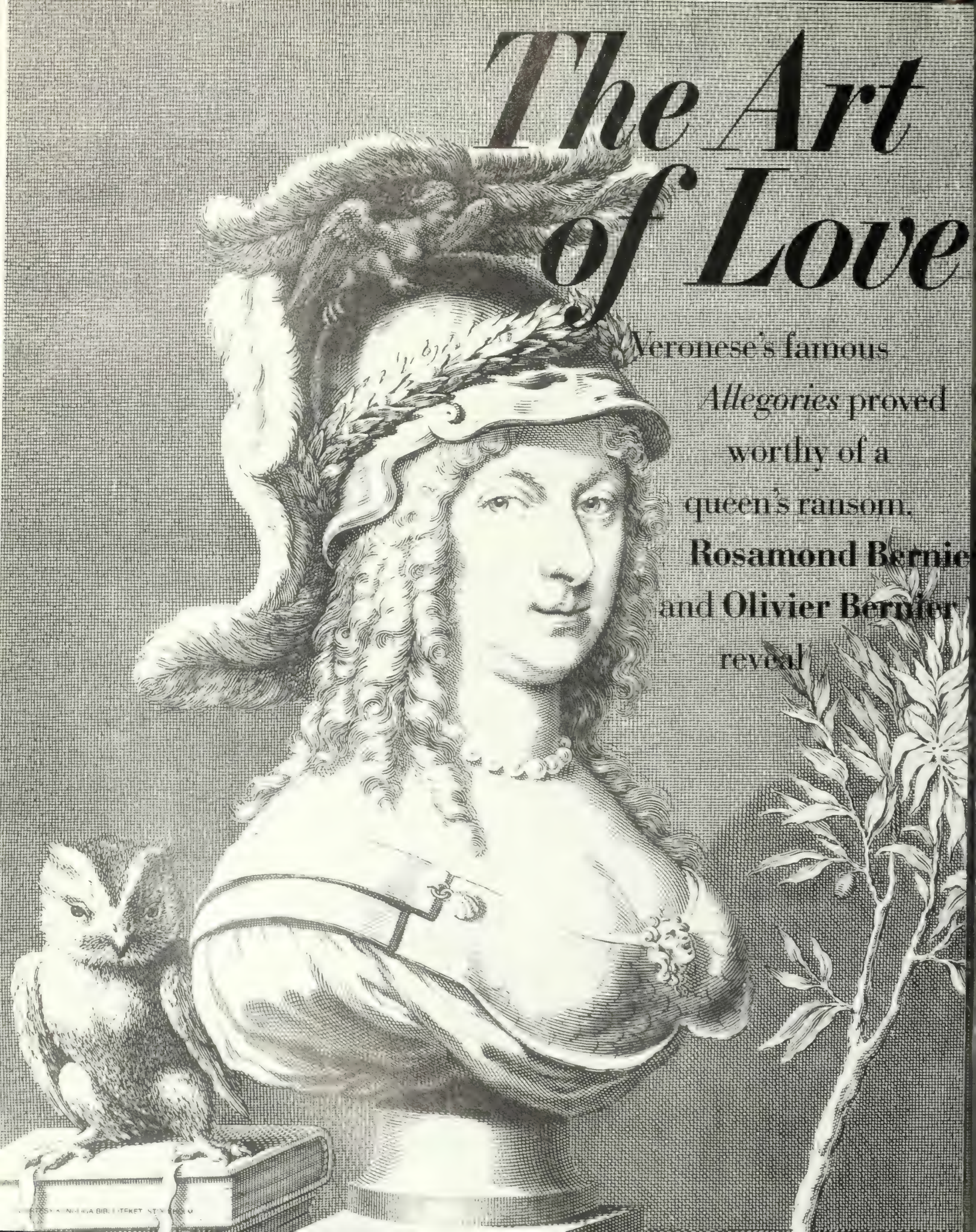
Campanula-filled borders, above left, line the central path. Left: Delphinium and roses lead to a building that bridges the moat. Right: A stand of feathery aruncus marks the transition from the border to trees beyond.

CURTICE TA



The Art of Love

Veronese's famous *Allegories* proved worthy of a queen's ransom. **Rosamond Bernie** and **Olivier Bernier** reveal



KUNGL. BIBLIOTEKET STOCKHOLM



Christina of Sweden, opposite, monarch, art collector, and later staunch Catholic, depicted as Minerva, goddess of wisdom, in a 1649 engraving by Jeremias Falck. This page, Veronese's Venus and Mars, c. 1578, once in Christina's collection.



She knew just what she wanted—paintings by the great Italian masters—and she had no scruples. If looting was easier than buying, then instructions went out to her generals. "Take good care to send me the library and the works of art," Queen Christina of Sweden wrote when her troops stormed Prague in 1648, "for you know they are the only things of importance to me."

Today great international exhibitions have replaced these more robust transfers, but there can be no doubt that Christina would approve anyway. "The Art of Paolo Veronese, 1528–1588," on view at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., from November 13 to February 20, 1989, was organized to mark the four hundredth anniversary of the great painter's death. It will not only gather just the kind of masterpieces that most thrilled the royal collector but will also include three paintings she owned.

That Christina should have so loved Paolo Veronese's work is no wonder: in it the golden light of Venice and a feeling for sumptuous, harmonious color come together with the most appealing kind of sensuality. Following in Titian's footsteps, yet master of a distinctive and highly seductive style, Veronese was also familiar with northern Italian Mannerism. It was from Giulio Romano and his work at the Palazzo del Tè in Mantua that the young artist from Verona (hence his name) learned about startling effects of perspective, bold composition, and the importance of the figure as an architectural element. That, together with the use of a shallow space, which pushes the figures toward the front plane, make Veronese very much a man of his time. His originality, however, comes from his ability to combine all this with a typically Venetian taste for the good life and all its pleasures.

All through his work colorful brocades and sumptuous velvets, made more dazzling still by gold embroidery, jewels, and pearls, remind us that the Most Serene Republic knew just how much fun luxury can be. In a city where more was often better and splendor was the order of the day, art was expected to contribute to the pleasures of the senses. In Titian's case rich diffuse color pleases the eye. But with Veronese there is a dramatic shift in palette: clear silvery tones and the brilliant light reflected on fabrics and human skin define a universe in which youth and beauty are the norm.

There is nothing boisterous in all this: Veronese's world is always refined, aristocratic. The lush blond beauties who look at us from his canvases never let us forget that they are patricians. Neither as distant as Giorgione's Dresden *Venus* nor as boldly inviting as Titian's nudes, the women in Veronese's work are often splendidly dressed; even when they are not, their golden complexion and their self-assurance invite respect as much as lust.

This can be seen clearly in the four canvases of the *Allegories of Love*, now in the National Gallery, London, and the *Venus and Mars* at the Metropolitan Museum, which all belonged to Queen Christina. We do not, in fact, know just what is going on in the *Allegories*. The titles first appeared in an eighteenth-century inventory. What is more certain is that the series was ordered by the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, that it was designed to fill the four corners of a ceiling—hence the slightly skewed perspective—and that it was meant to be pleasingly erotic.

Whether it is the young woman, holding hands with one suitor while she is receiving a note from the other in *Infidelity*, the bare-bosomed observer in *Disillusionment*, the lovely reclining nude in *Respect*, or the splendidly dressed patrician in *Happy Union*, the figures are indeed sensual and inviting. That the emperor should have ordered these paintings and that Queen Christina should have yearned for them is wholly paradoxical. Neither of these august figures was given to anything like loose living; both, in fact, appear to have stayed away from sex altogether.

This small peculiarity did not prevent Rudolf II from being the most enlightened collector of his time. The head of the Austrian branch of the house of Habsburg, he lived in Prague and surrounded himself with one of the most spectacular collections ever assembled. Although his taste in contemporary art was a little odd (his two favorite artists were the ultra-Mannerist Spranger and Arcimboldo, who made portraits out of accumulations of fish, flowers, and vegetables), there was nothing he did not like when it came to great paintings:

from Dürer to Titian, Cranach to Raphael, he yearned after every masterpiece. He was also a singularly ineffective (and childless) ruler. By the time of his death in 1612 he had become a recluse in his own palace; his vast dominions were governed by a more conventional brother.

That, too, was something he had in common with Christina. She found she so disliked the constraints and obligations of a ruler's life that she renounced the crown. That the young queen hidden away in the frozen north, like the emperor in his Prague palace, should have longed for the light and sensuality of Venice is hardly surprising. Indeed, unlike Rudolf, Christina cared nothing for German or Netherlandish painting. Typically, upon receiving her booty from Prague, she wrote to a Roman correspondent: apart from thirty or forty paintings of Italian origin, "I discount them ALL." More astonishing is the fact that this child monarch, who was brought up in a primitive country, turned out to be one of the most brilliant and civilized people of her time.

Although she was only 27 when, in 1654, she left her throne and Sweden, she had already made a name for herself as one of the most unusual people alive. There was her peculiar appearance, for one thing. It was not just that she dressed unconventionally, wearing a man's coat over a woman's skirt, a man's wig, and unusually heavy makeup. She also shifted in the most bewildering manner from majesty to amiability, from deep philosophical conversations to terrifying outbursts of rage. She refused to marry and announced that she had fallen in love with one of her ladies-in-waiting, the beautiful Ebba Sparre, but treated it all as a joke. Then there was her extraordinary intelligence. When she realized no one in Stockholm could keep up with her, she brought in the great French philosopher René Descartes and exhausted him by both her quickness of mind and her habit of getting him out of bed before dawn to discuss Aristotle. No wonder she was called the Minerva of the north and was often pictured with the attributes of the goddess of learning and philosophy.

Most important, of course, there was the collection. She bought avidly, anxiously, throughout her life, always worrying lest someone else would get the paintings she coveted. Unlike her throne, there was no question of giving up her collection. When she left Stockholm, her Italian paintings went along. Even when on occasion she found herself penniless, Christina always refused to sell even a single work of art.

It was quite a while, in fact, before she settled down with her ten Veroneses and proceeded to buy four more. First, she wandered around northern Europe, stopping to see another famous collection, that of the archduke Leopold Wilhelm in Brussels. Then she moved on to France, startling the young Louis XIV and his court in the process. She could, it was immediately clear, be the best of company. She spoke perfect French, was immensely cultivated, and could shine in any conversation, but she also had a savage side the French found difficult to accept. It was in France in 1657, after returning from a stay in Rome, that she had one of her envoys, the marchese Monaldeschi, killed because she considered he had betrayed her. Thereupon it was intimated to her she had better move on. That was all right: having already converted to Catholicism before her first trip to Rome in 1655 and having been received by the pope with all the deference due a monarch, she decided to settle there.



Renting the Palazzo Riario, she finally had her collections uncrated. The four *Allegories of Love* were set in the ceiling of her most splendid room, the Sala dei Quadri. The other Veroneses joined them—two of these, *Hercules and Wisdom* and *Virtue and Vice*, are now part of the Frick Collection—and so did her Titians, her Correggios, and other assorted masterpieces, displayed throughout her *(Text continued on page 230)*

Legend has it that Veronese included a self-portrait, inset detail, in a 1561 fresco in the Villa Barbaro, Maser, Italy. Right: Detail of study in pen and brown ink for the *Allegories of Love*. Opposite: The Palazzo Riario in Rome, home to Christina and her art collection after her abdication in 1654.

COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF DRAWING, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
INSET: ART RESOURCE



Veronese's four *Allegories of Love*, c. 1576, were most likely commissioned by the Habsburg emperor Rudolf [illegible] the Hradcany Castle in Prague. Above: *Allegory* [illegible] (Unfaithful)

His clear silvery tones, the brillian

skin, define a universe in whic



Queen Christina took possession of the *Allegories* in 1648 during the Swedish invasion of Prague, part of the Thirty Years War. Above: *Allegory of Love II (Disillusionment)*

ght reflected on fabrics and human

outh and beauty are the norm



After Christina's abdication the *Allegories* hung in the Sala dei Quadri at the Palazzo Riario. Above: *Allegory of Love III (Respect).*

The women are often splendidly dresse

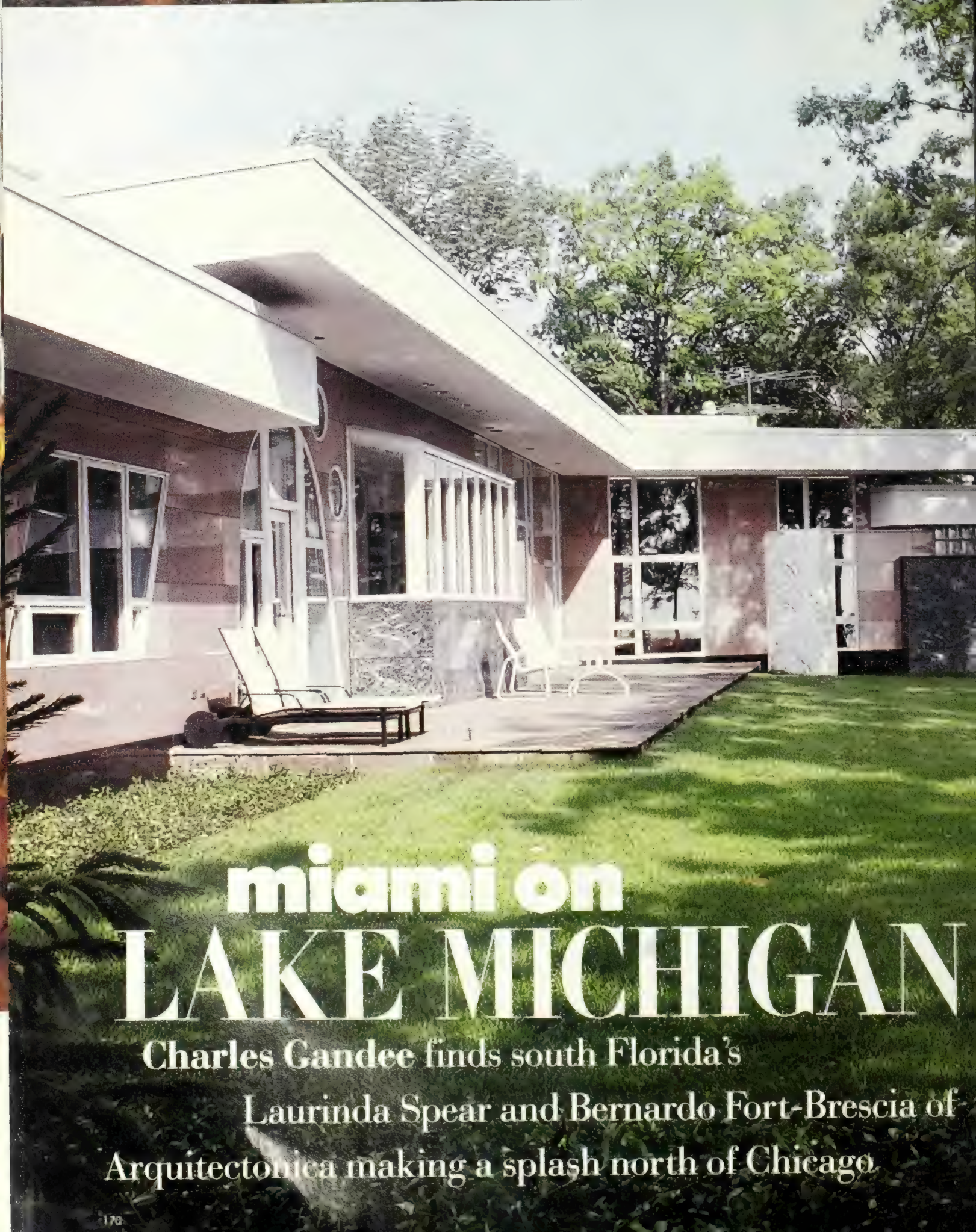
complexions and self-assuran



Cardinal Azzolino inherited the *Allegories* after Christina's death. The paintings were eventually acquired by the National Gallery in London. Above: *Allegory of Love* (*Happy Union*).

ut even when they are not, their golden

vite respect as much as lust



miami on LAKE MICHIGAN

Charles Gandee finds south Florida's Laurinda Spear and Bernardo Fort-Brescia of Arquitectonica making a splash north of Chicago



Miami's hottest architects, Laurinda Spear and Bernardo Fort-Brescia, right, cool their heels in Biscayne Bay. Above: The dynamic duo's Walner house on Lake Michigan.

TIM STREET-PORTER

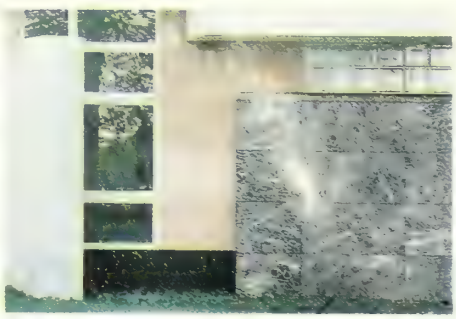




A slip-and-slide roofline and an anything-goes assortment of windows, above, help ward off the potential boredom of a one-story house, according to architects Spear and Fort-Brescia.



The master bedroom is housed in a flip-top glass box, above, reminiscent of a vintage Dairy Queen. Left: The indoor pool is situated in a simpler stucco box adjacent to the main entrance.



Although the exterior, right, is primarily clad in Carolina pink granite, various panels and planes of black Marquina, green Tinos, and white Fantastico marble have been utilized to animate the façades.

Architect Bernardo Fort-Brescia is trying to be modest, but he's failing. Miserably. "We have no pretensions about creating a movement of any sort, we're just humble followers of Modernism." Laurinda Spear, Fort-Brescia's wife, partner, and, by his own admission, the more talented designer of the two, snaps out of her characteristic languor and bursts into peals of laughter. "Oh, Bernardo," she gasps between guffaws. Fort-Brescia hesitates, looks stricken, grins a guilty caught-in-the-act grin, then shrugs as if to say, "You can't blame a guy for trying."

It's heartwarming, somehow, to watch Bernardo Fort-Brescia fail at something—even if it's only at being modest, because in the eleven years since the Peruvian boy wonder with the ebullient personality and killer business instincts hit Miami like a hurricane, he has refused to relinquish his viselike grip on success. The vehicle for Fort-Brescia's vaunting ambition is Arquitectonica, the architecture firm that he, Spear, and three friends who subsequently went their own way founded in late 1977.

Although young architects tend to start slow and build small, Arquitectonica started fast and built big. After making a stop-the-presses debut with a sizzling pink house for Spear's parents, the partners designed a trio of flamboyant high-rise condominiums they erected in rapid-fire succession along Brickell Avenue, forever changing what was once a lackluster Miami skyline. The best of the three is the Atlantis, a surreal reflective glass tower with a full-grown palm tree, watermelon-red corkscrew stair, and brilliant blue Jacuzzi situated in a giant square void carved out of its heart. (If you can't quite picture it, tune in to *Miami Vice* Friday nights—the building is featured in the opening credits.) Always in a hurry, Spear and Fort-Brescia designed the Atlantis on a paper napkin one evening over dinner at a kitsch Cuban restaurant called Versailles in Miami's Little Havana. Fort-Brescia and Spear were both thirty. When the architectural press reviewed the young duo's handiwork, the glowing article was entitled "Rich and Famous."

Arquitectonica's meteoric rise caught architecture's old guard off guard. Retaliation was as swift as professional envy is powerful. "Of course, they're successful," sniffed old-enough-to-be-their-parents competitors. "Fort-Brescia's family owns Peru!" (It's not true, of course. Fort-Brescia's family doesn't really own Peru—at least not all of it.) In addition to the personal assaults, the firm's work naturally received its share of criticism. After all, at a time when Postmodern historicism reigned supreme, who knew what to make of Arquitectonica's daredevil rendition of anything-goes Modernism? "Cheap thrills" was a particularly popular response; "pure sensationalism" was another. One desperate-to-be-clever critic even went so far as to explain: The difference between Arquitectonica's architecture and serious architecture is "the difference between a Twinkie and a truffle." To the architectural intelligentsia, the difference between a Twinkie and a truffle may be important, but to most developers and clients it is not. Fort-Brescia and Spear themselves have never addressed the criticism, personal or professional—preferring, as they do, building to talking.

TIM STREET-P



"It violates a lot of conventional thinking about a house on Lake Michigan," confesses Fort-Brescia

A monolithic marble fireplace acts as an anchor for the open-plan living room where seating options include Mies van der Rohe's classic Barcelona chairs from Knoll and Torso chairs from Atelier Internationol. Arquitectonica patterned the carpet after a Lego grid, complete with doodles in honor of owner Harvey Walner, an ar



A pair of shark-fin windows look down on the entrance to the Walner house, above, where a black marble wall with a jagged white marble crown ushers visitors through the sandblasted-glass double doors depicting scenes from outer space. Below: The wall continues inside where it helps shield the living area from view.



It will undoubtedly come as sad news to Arquitectonica's detractors to hear that Spear and Fort-Brescia are more successful now than ever, thank you very much. In addition to a bustling home office in Miami, the firm has established outposts in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco and employs 65 designers who currently toil on buildings in twelve states and, not surprisingly, Peru. So much for the flash-in-the-pan theory.

The latest project to be completed by Spear and Fort-Brescia is a house on Lake Michigan for Harvey Walner, a personal-injury attorney, and his wife, Barbara, an inveterate art collector. Arquitectonica beat out 25 other firms culled from the nation's A-list for the job. "We wanted to build something fabulous," explains Harvey Walner, which explains the choice, since fabulous is what Arquitectonica does best.

"It violates a lot of conventional thinking about a house on Lake Michigan," confesses an unrepentant Fort-Brescia, who can't remember whether it was he or Spear who first drew the Z-shaped line across the 2.9-acre lakefront site that became the big idea, as architects like to say, behind the Walners' house. And he's right. Conventional thinking would tend not to produce a zig-zag-zig plan, a series of one-size-too-large flat roofs, and an I'll-take-them-all approach to window options. Although to many the effect of Arquitectonica's aesthetic antics is a somewhat nostalgic return to the racy architecture of the late fifties, Spear bristles at the suggestion. "We don't especially like the fifties," she says in that decisive tone of voice that effectively ends all discussion.

To ensure that their sculptural composition—whatever its vintage may be—appears dynamic, rather than static, Spear and Fort-Brescia animated the house's façades with discrete volumes and planes of varying materials that add an extra visual punch. "We didn't want it to be boring," dryly notes Spear, as if there was ever a chance. "We wanted it to appear to be moving," adds Fort-Brescia, though to make sure that it doesn't, Arquitectonica clad the house in a quarry's worth of pink granite.

In the true Modern spirit, the Walner House interior is open and free-flowing. Arquitectonica's insouciant furniture and carpet designs provide a spirited foil to the owners' more sober collection of Modern furniture classics by such masters as Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe. An additional dimension to the house's interior is provided by the Walners' wall-to-wall collection of contemporary art by, among others, Francesco Clemente, Gilbert & George, Nancy Graves, Sol LeWitt, Robert Mapplethorpe, Mimmo Paladino, Philip Pearlstein, Larry Rivers, and Ed Ruscha.

As I was making my way out of Arquitectonica's Coral Gables office, Fort-Brescia, who had been quite animated up to this point, assumed a rather meek disposition. Perhaps he was fearful that he'd been too aggressive, too self-important, too wildly enthusiastic about Arquitectonica's work—which, of course, he had. So he decided, wouldn't you just know it, to take one last stab at modesty: "It's just a plain Modern house." Spear smiled. ▲ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*



Artist Francesco Clemente supplied the rough-hewn medicine cabinet in the powder room. The hand-carved marble pedestal sink is from Sparta Marble.



"We didn't want to be boring,"
notes Spear—as if there
was ever a chance





The children's television room features a pair of roly-poly Solo chairs from Ligne Roset against a backdrop of confetti windows.



In the breakfast room, above, Warren Platner's wiry side chairs from Knoll complement a vintage fifties dining table by Isamu Noguchi. Left: A medley of one-of-a-kind windows enlivens the indoor pool.

TIM STREET-PORTER



Portuguese angels hover over the archway in the Chantry's front hall, papered with grand military motifs.

In Perfect HARMONY



Anthony and Violet Powell, left, on their terrace. Above: The view from Violet Powell's study window. The Powells built the slate-top table using old stairway balustrades as legs.

A gimlet eye for detail and a rich appreciation of history distinguish the English country house shared by writers Anthony and Violet Powell. **John Russell** pays them a call

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

When I first went to stay with Anthony and Violet Powell, rather more than thirty years ago, they had only recently left London and gone to live in the country. It was known that they'd found a pretty house, built in the 1820s, with a nice bit of land, an artificial lake, and some grottoes. But where exactly was it?

Bent over the Ordnance Survey map of the region in question and delighted by the perfection of its engraving, I soon became aware that this was inmost England—an area in which English place names took on their full and wayward sublimity. In what other country could one pass in an hour or two from Stoke Trister to Compton Pauncefoot, from Fifehead Magdalen to the Devil's Bed & Bolster, from Cricket Farm to Murder Combe, and from Vobster to Upper Vobsten?

The British railways at that time had not yet been streamlined. Trains nosed their way through the landscape in conversational style, pausing at stations now long extinct. There were hours therefore to look forward to the weekend ahead. Then as now, Anthony Powell and his wife were delicious companions, ever ready to act upon a principle he later set down in his memoirs—that "one of the basic human rights is to make fun of other people, whoever they are."

Which of them is the better at this pastime it would be difficult to say. But it is often evident that he measures the innate absurdity of this person or that against the dictates of the novel form. "Simply extraordinary!" he always says of some bizarre coincidence in human affairs. ("Extraordinary" on such occasions seems to run to sixteen syllables.) "But of course one could never get away with that in a novel. No one would believe it."

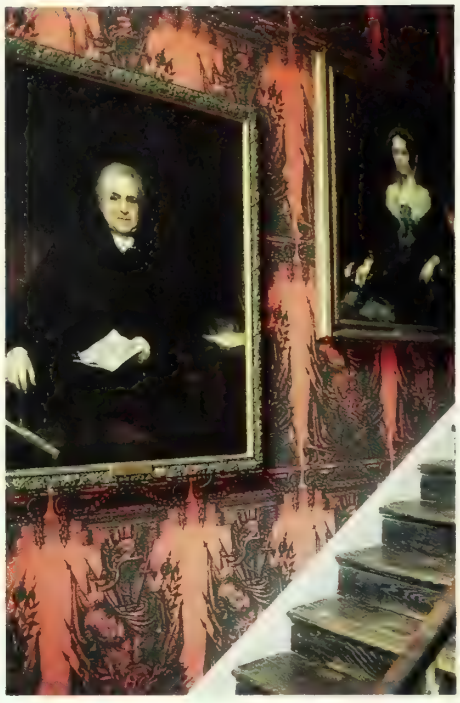
I also had time aboard that unhurried train to remember the day—indeed the exact moment—when I became addicted to



In the library, family portraits hang prominently against striped-and-dotted wallpaper. Though his identity is subject to some dispute, the young man above the fireplace may be Violet's ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough.













the novels of Anthony Powell. In the spring of 1947 I passed the night in the little harbor town of Newhaven on the English Channel coast. In my pocket was a ticket for the steamboat that left for Dieppe the next morning. The hotel was grim, the dinner absurd, the bed penitential.

Before going to sleep I opened a copy of *From a View to a Death*, a prewar Powell that had been recommended to me by one of the author's sisters-in-law. Something in the completely original tone of voice in which it was written made me banish all thought of the 25-watt lamp by which I was trying to read. And at the perfectly contrived climax of a lengthy, circuitous account involving a horserace, I laughed so much that I fell out of bed.

Anthony Powell at that time was not yet the author of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, the twelve-volume series of novels that was to give me along with countless others, an auxiliary life, no less real than my own, to slip in and out of at will. For years I have never let those books out of my sight.

When I saw something of the Powells, in the London of the early 1950s, the first volume of *Dance* was doubtless in full germination (it appeared in 1951). At that time they both seemed quintessential Londoners. He was born in London, by his own account, "on 21 December 1905, the winter solstice (''tis the year's midnight, and it is day's'), feast of the sceptical St. Thomas, cusp of the Centaur and the Goat." He also tells us in his memoirs that for a long time after his marriage in 1934 to Lady Violet Pakenham, they looked on ex-

Clockwise from top left: Lady Violet Powell's dressing table with a violet theme. Portraits of Powell ancestors John and Margaret Nixon. Anthony Powell's dressing room, with an Empire bed and quilt sewn by Violet; among the rows of pictures, a Max Beerbohm and several Charles Conders. A collage by Anthony Powell covering the entire cloakroom. Powell's portrait by Augustus John above the dining-room sideboard. Right: A visitor's bedroom at the Chantry with portraits and miniatures of Powells and Pakenhams on the wall.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON S





istence anyplace else but London as exile. Living at number 1 Chester Gate, on the edge of Regent's Park, they had all around them the incomparable townscape that had been run up by John Nash in the 1820s.

Where practicalities were concerned, however, this period was the very nadir of life in London. Nothing worked. No one would come to fix it. Everything was in short supply, and almost everything was of wretched quality. People coughed and ached year-round and came to dread the tall staircases, floor after floor, that were integral to Georgian design.

The Powells had across the road an unspoiled and archetypal London pub, the Chester Arms, which was much favored at lunchtime by fugitives from postwar housekeeping. Still, this was an era in which the dream of a place in the country, no matter how long dormant, suddenly became compelling. In 1950 a legacy from one of Powell's aunts made it possible for them to think seriously of leaving London. After seeing candidates by the discouraging dozen, they settled on a house called the Chantry, not far from Frome, in Somerset.

Though *(Text continued on page 228)*

In the billiard room, right, World War I German and French helmets rest on *The Boy's Own* annuals from the 1910s and copies of *Burke's Landed Gentry*. Above: Sheep graze near the Chantry's front entry.


In Perfect HARMONY

Trivial Disputes

Jeffrey Steingarten confers with top international food experts to solve conundrums of cuisine from pasta to pots to paella

Two or three times a year, large slices of the food world convene to chew over the crucial issues of our day. For those of you too distracted to attend this year's Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery or the Conference on Gastronomy of the American Institute of Wine and Food in New York, here are the eleven most important things I learned.

Q. Did Marco Polo really introduce pasta to Italy from China?

A. Don't be silly. When the Arabs conquered Sicily in 827, they brought noodles with them, and some Sicilian pasta dishes still bear Arab names. Marco Polo did not travel to China until the thirteenth century. Jane Grigson, cookery writer at the London *Observer* and author of many terrific cookbooks available in this country, told the AIWF Conference on Gastronomy that the Marco Polo canard was probably hatched in the 1920s or '30s in an advertisement for a Canadian spaghetti company.

Los Angeles food writer and linguist Charles Perry, whom I met at Oxford, has found traces of pasta in ancient Greece, in two Latin words borrowed from the Greek, and in the Talmud. Are noodles leavened or unleavened? He concludes that Italy knew the noodle long before the Arabs arrived.

How strong is the scientifically ideal cooking pot? If your pot is not stronger than 1,000 newtons, it will deform when you drop it. If stronger than 1,000 newtons, it may deform your foot when you drop it

Q. How did people cook before the pot was invented?

A. The subject of this year's Oxford symposium was "The Cooking Pot," but my secret interest was in cooking before the pot. Cooking was discovered about 40,000 years ago, but ceramics have been around for only 9,000. I have often wondered how dinner was prepared in the meantime. After some desultory research on pre-pot cooking, I provisionally decided that for 30,000 years, while mankind awaited the invention of the pot, we all simply barbecued.

As it turns out, nothing could be further from the truth. Owing to an inexplicable and near-tragic error, I was appointed chairman of an afternoon seminar on the Chinese cooking pot at the Oxford symposium where, in order to draw attention away from my ignorance on the subject, I posed my question about cooking before ceramics. Experts on the prehistoric Basques in France and Spain and on the hunting and gathering Indians of the Pacific Northwest pointed to a nearly universal pre-pot method for poaching meat and poultry. Waterproof vessels were carved from wood or woven like baskets from reeds and branches or sewn together from animal skins. These were filled with water and red-hot stones from the fire, food was added to the boiling water, and before you knew it, dinner was ready. Not surprisingly, early Chinese ceramics were given the shapes of animal skins.

Q. When was the pressure cooker invented?

A. 1680.

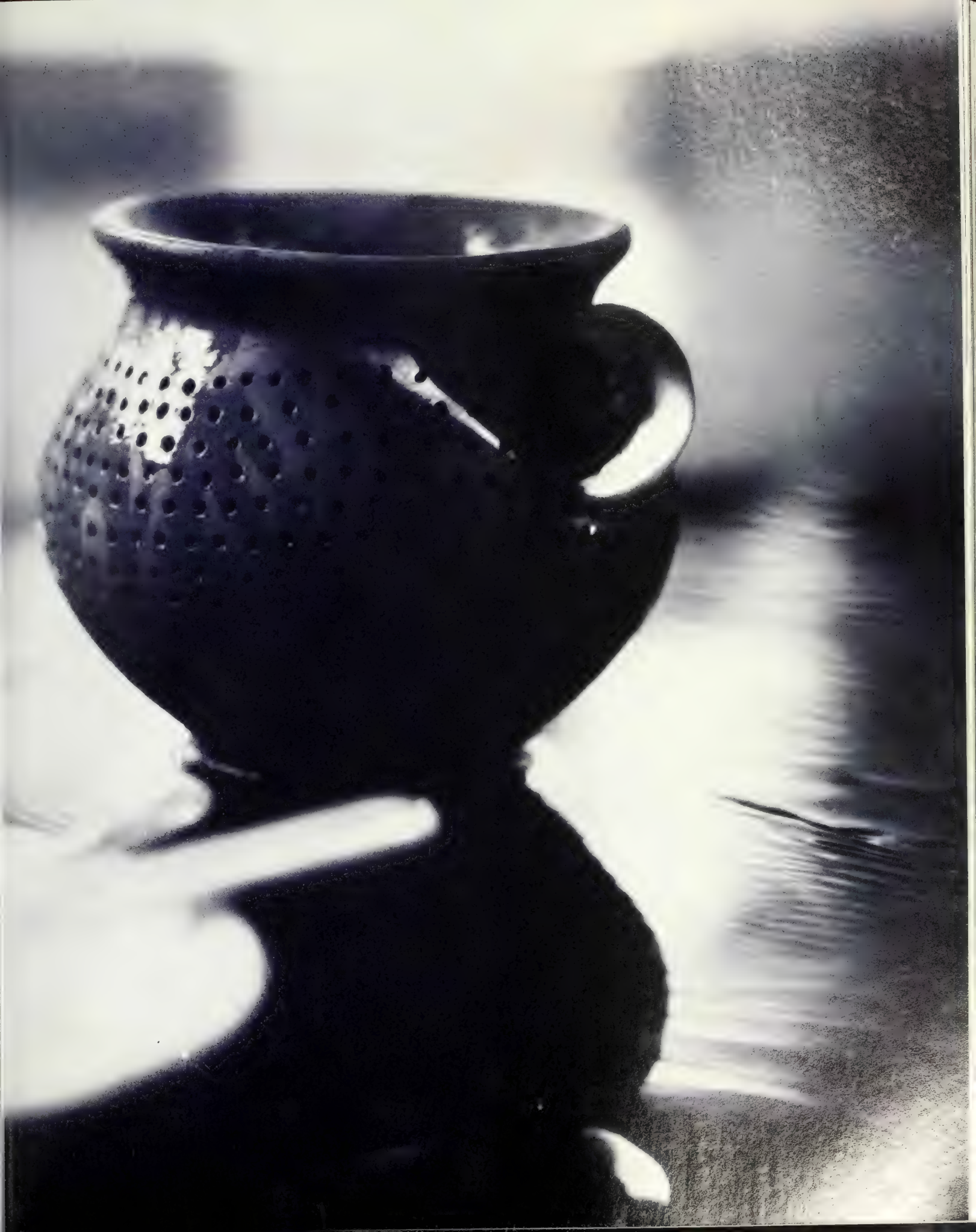
Q. How did the cantaloupe get its name?

A. New plants were often presented to the pope upon their arrival in Europe, and the cantaloupe was no exception. Cultivated in the papal vegetable gardens of Cantalupo in Sabina, this sweet orange-fleshed melon spread first among the church's monastic farms and then to the rest of Europe.

As Alessandro Falassi, professor of anthropology at the University of Siena, explained in his keynote address to the AIWF conference, the network of papal properties, with their uniform methods of farming and cooking, was one of the few unifying influences on the diverse regional foods of Italy until Pellegrino Artusi published his famous *La scienza in cucina* in 1891, the first attempt at an Italian cuisine.

Q. In the days before people had clocks, how did recipes specify cooking times?

A. An Anglo-Norman recipe from the 1200s instructed the reader to cook her chicken for *(Text continued on page 224)*







dressing up the COUNTRY

Bright colors and feminine touches have followed fashion designer Betsey Johnson from Seventh Avenue to Columbia County, reports ***Liza Campbell***

Betsey Johnson and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Lulu, in front of her 1810 house in upstate New York. Both are dressed in classic Johnson and bulky fall sweaters.

BARBRA WALZ

No man has come within two
hundred miles of this style of decoration







The living room, left, has the original 1810 floorboards, plaster walls, and beams. Sofa is covered in a favorite chintz, Marie Amelie, from Rose Cumming. Trio of turn-of-the-century paintings are flowers painted on glass then backed in tinfoil. Sponged blanket box doubles as coffee table. Winter landscape in foreground is laced with mica chips. Above left: Kitchen hutch stores collection of ceramics.



All modern conveniences, such as toaster ovens and stereos, hide in cabinets when not in use. Above right: Lavender-edged fish plate on antique spoon rack matches dining-room trim. On seeing the tinted photograph of Dutch children in national dress, the designer remarked that they "look like the lineup of my next collection." Left: The "happiest room in the house—the kitchen" uses sixty-year-old gas stove and sink.

Two years ago Betsey Johnson got sick to death of spending her weekends in New York and started looking for a country retreat. She found what she needed in a quiet corner of Columbia County near Hudson, a city that lost the competition against Albany for state capital by one vote and has since remained in tranquil obscurity.

Both Betsey's designs and her tiny dollhouse are perfectly logical extensions of her own eccentric character. Betsey has an explosion of curly maroon hair, a lightning-flash tattoo on her chest, and black bicycle-spoke eyelashes. She wears her own naughty-but-innocent dresses over white climbing boots; her impact on local farmers goes unrecorded.

The original structure, tucked behind a white picket fence in dense deciduous woodland, was built in 1810 and lived in by Dutch workers. These days, the woodwork is highlighted in mauve, and the little windmills in the garden hint that the cottage has passed into a rather different pair of hands.

"This little Shangri-la reminds me of my Connecticut roots. It's the absolute opposite of the way I live in the city where I have a very modern apartment."

When she bought the house, the kitchen was full of knotty pine cupboards and the rest of the place was a brown and beige affair complete with vinyl-tiled bathroom. "I put it all together in four months. I was crazy about the house. Now I have the equivalent of writer's block and am at a total loss—I haven't bought anything for a year." If she had, it is hard to imagine where she would put it, as the whole house is crammed to the bursting point. Betsey is like ten magpies.

The kitchen is dominated by two hutches and a large old-fashioned ceramic sink. The red Irish hutch is stuffed with painted trays and children's lunch boxes. "The shop owners tell about where the pieces come from, but I don't care about history—they're not real antiques. Nobody serious about cupboards would ever get cupboards this color," she said, pointing at her green-and-cream Welsh dresser with paint so old and cracked it looks, perhaps, as if it had been rescued from a fire. These shelves are awash with china figurines, flowery plates, and Chinese pots all collected on her whirlwind tours of local antiques shops. The floor is scattered with rag rugs and the windows, like those in the rest of the house, are hung with lace. Few of the chairs match, but the overall effect is charming and extremely feminine. No man has come within two hundred miles of this style of decoration.

BARBRA WALZ





The front hall doubles as a dining room with its lace-covered table and pea green Windsor chairs. The hall also contains perhaps the most important piece of equipment in the house: the iron potbellied stove with its decorative relief of women harvesting. The stove heats the whole house, including the upstairs attic bedroom, through a grill in the living-room ceiling.

In the living room the bouquets of dried flowers overhead are joined by a collection of birdcages. Another collection, one made up of Indian dolls, clutters the mantelpiece. "I found two at first, but as soon as you decide you want to start collecting things, they become impossible to find." The original Indian couple have been joined by several more squaws, some braves, a witch doctor, a photograph of the chief of the Peyote tribe, and a pair of firedogs in the shape of braves in warbonnets. And although there is a sofa and rocking chairs nearby, the living room is not often used. "I wanted it to be cozy with lots of things around, but I found the couch so hard you can't even sit on it; so we tend to live in the kitchen and in my bedroom, where the television is."

A black wooden staircase leads to two attic rooms, one a dumping ground for Betsey's creations and the other, the main bedroom, with gray floorboards, a brass bed covered with a well-worn quilt and cushions embroidered with roses, and a collection of children's clothes. "You'd think I had a three-year-old. I just love scaled-down things, which really sums up this house. My parents say, 'Betsey, you'll be moving out of this house, this is the first of many.' But I don't think I will house-climb to a higher status, you know. I like this place because it's where Lulu and I get to spend a little time together, quietly." ♠ *Editor: Gabé Doppelt*

A peek into the master bedroom, above, shows the flowered dresser and an early American silk painting. Left: An antique chiffon dress on door. Opposite: The guest room, once a christening room, has early American quilted chintz cover on bed, hooked rugs, and twig table. At the foot of the iron bed are Betsey's sheepskin clogs, a favorite hat, and child-size chest.

BARBER



Family trees

For nearly a century and a half the Hunnewells have tended their garden, transforming native trees into an arbor of fantasy, writes ***Alan Emmet***

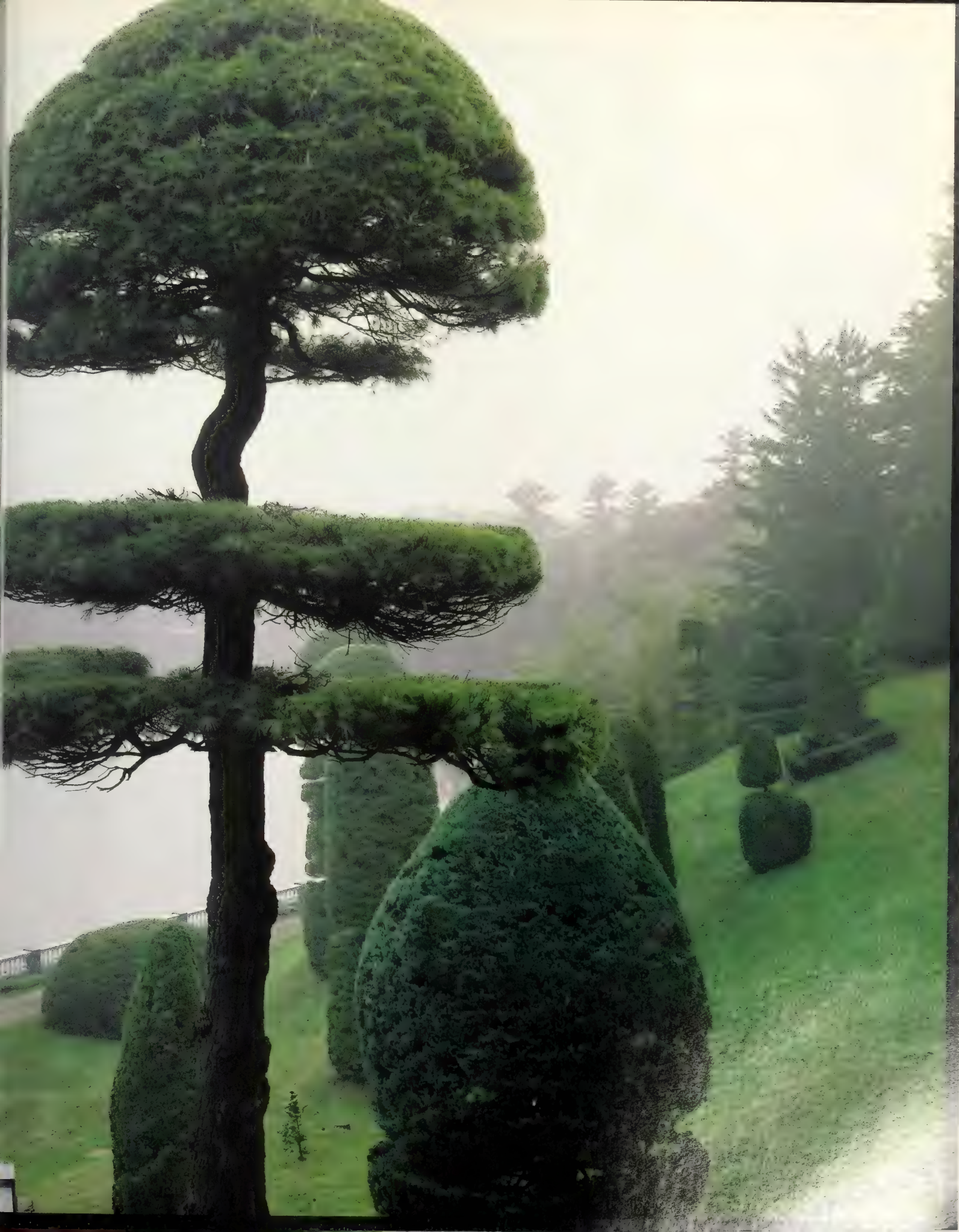
Beginning in 1844, even before he built his country estate at Wellesley near Boston, Horatio Hollis Hunnewell had a special tree planted for each of his eight children. From the beginning trees have been the most important feature of a garden that has flourished for almost a century and a half under the care of a single family. Considering changing tastes, shifting mores, and rising taxes, the survival of such a place seems improbable.

In front of the house two trees stand out, even in this arboreal Eden. One of these turns out not to be a single tree after all, but a whole family, the rooted offspring of the trailing branches of a weeping beech probably planted when the house was new. The



The native white pines on the steep bluff overlooking Lake Waban were first trimmed into their distinctive shapes by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell in the 1850s and are maintained by the family today with the aid of a rented cherry picker.

MICK HALES





MICK HALES



The garden, above, as seen in Guy Lowell's book *American Gardens*, 1902, when the topiary trees were smaller and more numerous. Opposite: A garden pavilion, part of the extensive series of walks and parapets built in the Italian style.

original tree is long gone, leaving a circular domed temple, a baptistry of beech, formed by a tracery of interlaced gray trunks and branches. The present owner, Walter Hunnewell, the fourth generation in a direct line of descent, trims the tips of the branches just enough to prevent their forming roots. The great white oak nearby, the oldest tree on the place, was there in the 1840s when Hollis Hunnewell began to turn a flat, scrubby, worn-out pasture into a garden.

"We seldom use the original name now," Walter Hunnewell explains, "since both the college and the town are called by it." Wellesley, chosen by Hollis Hunnewell in honor of his wife's family, has been the name of the college since its founding in 1875. The town took the name in 1881 as a tribute to Hunnewell, its chief benefactor.

The principal advantage of the site when Hollis and Isabelle acquired it was the view over lovely Lake Waban. With aplomb and a natural aptitude, Hunnewell himself laid out the grounds. Around 1850 he began to build his Italian garden on the steep bluff below his house. He shaped a series of terraces—seven eventually—with a flight of seventy steps descending to the edge of the lake. On the terraces he planted trees, closely clipped into geometric shapes.

Writing about the Italian garden years later, Hunnewell made it seem the inevitable solution to his landscaping problem, unique though it was in the United States. The slope was too steep for flowers, he said, and unpruned trees would have hidden the lake from view. He attributed his inspiration to the gardens of Elvaston Castle in Derbyshire, although the grounds there were entirely flat. Hunnewell's site is both more Italian and more dramatic.

The terraces in the garden have held as many as 250 trees but contain fewer now since the trees have grown. When English and Irish yews did not prove hardy, Hunnewell and his head gardener developed their own crosses with tougher yews from Japan. They pruned larch, hemlock, arborvitae, and other trees into cones, globes, and pyramids. The Hunnewells may have been the first to clip the native white pine. The pines are the most striking of the trees, the tallest with fat horizontal discs of soft glaucous green foliage encircling their trunks. Five men used to spend two months each year on long hand-held ladders clipping the trees. Today, with a rented cherry picker and all the family pitching in, the job is done in a week.

Two steep ridges form a narrow curving vale, the banks of which proved ideal for



A flight of seventy steps, closely bordered by geometrically shaped yews, descends the steep bluff through a series of seven terraces, culminating at the edge of the lake.

MICK HALES

Hunnewell's pinetum. His aim, he wrote, was to collect and plant every conifer, native and foreign, that could survive the cold New England winters.

In later years Hollis Hunnewell tried to ease the burden on his heirs by simplifying maintenance wherever he could. He forced himself to remove some precious old trees in order to preserve a view or to allow other trees to develop fully. He continued to plant additional, rarer trees: cryptomerias, torreyas, *Thujopsis dolabrata*. He struggled to develop a hardy strain of the blue Atlas cedar. He loved his trees and was pleased with what he had been able to accomplish over fifty years.

With a continuity remarkably parallel to the family succession, there have been only four head gardeners since 1850. The current one, John C. Cowles, who has held the post for twenty years, may supervise a staff smaller than his predecessors', but it is also less rigidly stratified.

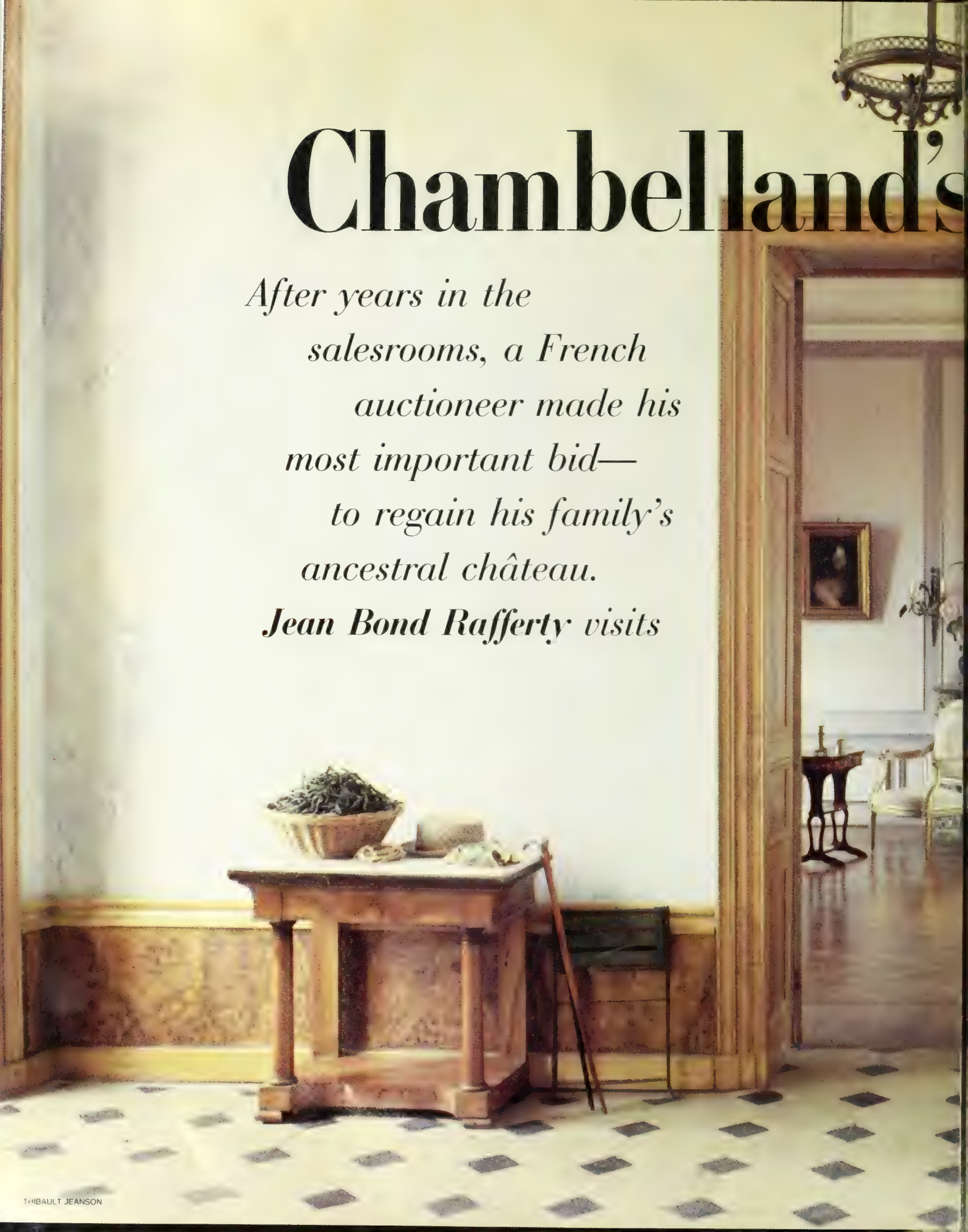
Walter Hunnewell believes that in at least one respect maintenance is better than ever. In the old days, when the walks and parapets in the Italian garden were lined each season with tender trees in tubs and century plants in pots, the terrace banks were mowed with scythes. Now a rotary mower makes a smoother greensward. John Cowles, using a rope, guides the machine along the steep banks just as though he were walking a dog on a leash.

Orchids are Walter Hunnewell's favorites among the potted plants. He and his wife, Luisa, lived and worked in Mexico and South America for many years and collected orchids in the wild. *Stanhopea oculata*, which smells to Hunnewell like the candy counter in a five-and-ten, shares a warm greenhouse with others of his finds. Cattleyas flourish in a cooler house.

The brick wall of another greenhouse is covered with the dangling pink and white bells of lapageria, a flower Walter Hunnewell's father particularly liked. Walter himself brought these plants from Chile. Along one *(Text continued on page 230)*

Chambelland's

After years in the salesrooms, a French auctioneer made his most important bid—to regain his family's ancestral château. ***Jean Bond Rafferty*** *visits*



THIBAULT JEANSON

Recaptured Past







The majestic château, left, was originally a fortress. Above: Chambelland on his tractor. Below: Baccarat crystal finial caps the newel post of main staircase.

In the midst of the Vendée, the very portrait of what French politicians like to invoke as *la France profonde*—deepest France—it's not hard to pick out Paris auctioneer Bruno Chambelland standing by his black Rolls-Royce in the station parking lot of La Roche-sur-Yon. But appearances can be deceptive. For Chambelland, buying a small château here—a region that could claim a Michelin red rocking chair for utter tranquillity—was a definite homecoming, not a city slicker's country caprice.

"It's a very old house—its origins were as the largest fortress on the Luçon plain under the Knights Templars in the thirteenth century," he explains. "The house was sold to one of my ancestors in 1409 and was in the family until 1840, when another ancestor sold it. The family had suffered badly during the Revolution, and their fortune never really recovered."

Chambelland remembers peering through the gate at the house as a child. "Both my grandfather and father tried to buy it, but it was never for sale." When the owner died in an accident in 1979, Chambelland jumped at the chance to bring the house back into the family.

"Everything had to be redone," he recalls. "It had been unlived in for thirty years, and it was beginning to rain inside the house." His decorative plan? No plan. "I wanted not to do a decoration but rather to give the impression of a family home that had always been lived in, where one finds two centuries of furniture, eighteenth and nineteenth century, and



"I wanted to give the impression of a family home that had always been lived in"



A door concealed in the gold drawing room opens onto the back hallway where the walls are trompe l'oeil stone. Like most of the furniture in the house, the Neo-Gothic banquette comes from the Hôtel Drouot in Paris



Fields of nasturtiums and poppies spill over their boxwood borders. Inset: Homemade preserves and fresh parsley are at the ready on a shelf in the kitchen. Right: Monsieur Marteau, the château's gardener, on his way to pick vegetables for dinner.









The furniture in the drawing room, above, is a mix of 18th century and Empire. The tapestry is a 17th-century Aubusson; the crystal chandelier is Charles X. An 18th-century games table is set for chess. Left: In a corner of the room, hydrangeas from the garden, a bronze satyr, an African mask, and a 17th-century painting by an unknown artist.

"In an auction, an object is sold every sixty seconds. You describe it, estimate it, sell it. One very quickly gets an eye"

even some twentieth-century pieces such as the library by Garouste and Bonetti, who are close friends. I wanted it to seem as if each generation had left its contribution of furniture and style, spiced with a touch of exotica, like my African masks, and linked, I hope, by a unity of taste—mine."

Acquiring furniture and objects when one is a successful auctioneer poses no problems. French law forbids his buying in his own sales, but the Hôtel Drouot in Paris is the headquarters for all sixty Paris auction firms. "It only takes fifteen or twenty minutes to do a complete tour of the rooms at Drouot when one is in the habit," says Chambelland. The bulk of the furnishings was acquired in three years. "It all comes from Drouot, without exception," he announces. Well, almost. Some of what he refers to as exotica was picked up on his travels, including the portrait of an Indian maharaja he unearthed in a small Indian village and carried, wrapped in a blanket, on and off trains for the rest of his trip.

To tour the house is to marvel at the multiplicity of objects that come on the block: a Régence cartel clock, a seventeenth-century Aubusson tapestry, an oversize Charles X crystal chandelier, and a mix of eighteenth-century and Empire furniture in the best French château tradition in the gold drawing room where Chambelland spends most of his time. A striking nineteenth-century panoramic decorative screen depicting an Italian scene in grisaille is the most arresting feature of the entry. A grand piano reigns in the music room under the aristocratic regard of a bust thought to be Marie Antoinette. The lacy wooden screen, which serves as the false ceiling in the billiard room, was culled from the sale of the effects of an Indian restaurant.

The dining room is so diverting it is hard to concentrate on the food. A life-size mounted wild boar standing on its hind legs offers a wooden tray holding silver cups. The chestnut-and-mocha tromp l'oeil boiseries—freshened by repainting—are festooned with stag's heads and antlers from the sale of the hunt trophy room of a château in eastern France. Two high-back cathedral chairs have been metamorphosed to incorporate serving tables. Red-patterned upholstered high-back dining chairs complete the Neo-Gothic ambience.





A guest bedroom, above left, is decorated with wallpaper and a swagged frieze from Mauny. The diamond-shaped window is called an oeil-de-bouc, or goat's eye. Above right: The music room is furnished with an 18th-century tapestry settee and chairs. A plaster relief of the duchesse de Berry decorates each of the four corners of the ceiling. A bust of Marie Antoinette ornaments the mantelpiece.

Although it appears quite special, the house's mix of styles and periods is, according to Chambelland, a reflection of a turn-of-the-century French furnishing craze: "In 1900 it was the fashion all over France to furnish the bedroom in Louis XV style, the drawing room in Louis XVI, and the dining room in Henri II."

Chambelland disclaims any exceptional mastery of the auction system in accumulating what he terms not extraordinary furnishings. Most French auctions, unlike American sales, are mixed, including fine antiques as well as bric-a-brac and personal effects. "There are really bargains," he claims. "Over 3,500 objects are sold at Drouot every day, not to mention 400 cars a week." Yes, Drouot was the source, too, of the black Rolls and a vintage Renault 4CV, which he keeps in the country.

"It's a question of eye," he says. "In an auction an object is sold every sixty seconds during which you describe it, estimate it, and sell it, all the while keeping track of what's next. One very quickly gets an eye."

Chambelland's visual prowess is also evident in a sophisticated flair for flamboyant color. Sun-gold yellow gleams from the walls in the drawing room, is echoed in an umbrella sprouting from a pale blue china stand in the entry, glistens in the taffeta curtains in an upstairs sitting room. Red-and-white candy-striped wallpaper, with its swagged frieze specially ordered from the connoisseur's wallpaper shop Mauny, brightens a guest bedroom. Royal purple upholstery sets a regal tone in the music room. Plaster *(Text continued on page 228)*



The back hallway contains an African mask, a piece of Persian armor, and a 17th-century statue of Saint Rémy.



A variety of copper pots and an antique stove in the kitchen. The rabbit is a pet brought from Paris.


Chambelland





Stone pillars and cast-iron urns, above, mark the entrance to the château. Right: Madame Pubert returns from the bakery with a fresh baguette. Far right: Mermaids ornament the rails of the main staircase, built in 1830. Below: The polished rusted-iron bookshelves were designed by Garouste and Bonetti. The spiked ball that ornaments the standards is part of the Chambelland family crest.

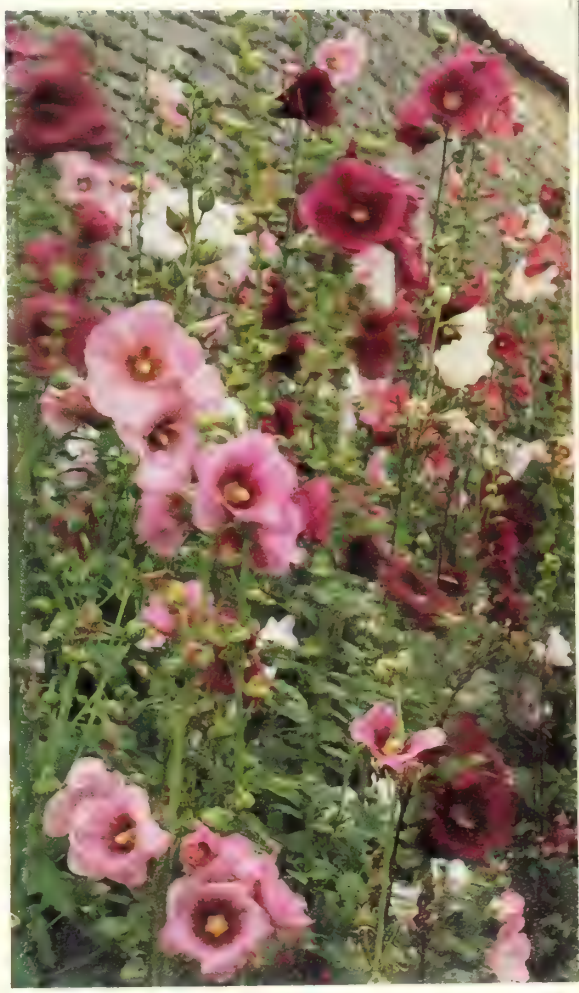








"Houseguests come in a constant current for long weekends, which is what is needed in a big house like this"





The bed in a guest room, top, is draped with mosquito netting. Above: Hollyhocks bloom against a stone wall. Left: Accoutrements of country life: hats for sun protection and sturdy shoes for walks in the Vendée.



Cowtan & Tout's Jamesington—in green and ivory and in brown and beige—on a pair of Swedish armchairs, c. 1785, from Florian Papp, NYC. All upholstery by Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC.

Linen Unfolds

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RITZ

A celebration of style and taste by

YVES SAINT LAURENT





Sackville from Clarence House on an Italian Baroque stool, early 18th century, from Florian Papp.

Eclipsed in recent years by the popularity of glazed chintz, linen is rapidly becoming de rigueur for any stylish interior, modest or palatial. Though traditionally relegated to clumsy country furniture, the cloth has recently appeared bearing full-blown flowers and scrolling vines in a subtle "washed tea" palette that adds vigor to everything from the contemporary to the baroque. The muted bouquets of the Jamesington design from Cowtan & Tout are the perfect mates for a pair of eighteenth-century Swedish armchairs embellished with gilt rosettes and acanthus leaves, and M.R.H. Cloth's Dorset Rose adds new panache to the Tumbleweed chair by Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. What's more, these linens have staying power—as well as being pretty, they're eminently durable and practical.

Amicia de Moubray



Roses by Bennison Fabrics, London, on Parler Deux méridienne chair, above, by Karges, which is available as a matching pair. Below: Green Suffolk Leaf by George Spencer Designs on a late-19th-century French duchesse brisée from Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC.







Dorset Rose by M.R.H. Cloth on the Tumbleweed chair, above, available from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Right: Andrea by George Spencer Designs, London, on the Mellon fire stool by Ronald Jonas Interiors. Details see Sources.

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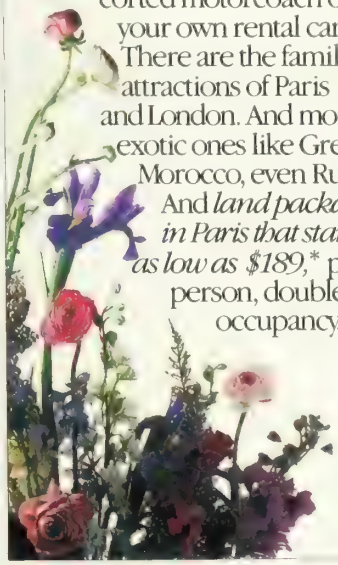
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Designers on Call

Department stores *do* have everything—from sofas and chairs to designers to tell you what to do with them

For the person who doesn't know much about interior design but knows what he likes, or the person who is unsure of what he likes, much less how to put it all together, a band of interior designers with scores of projects under their tape-measure belts and hundreds of Rolodex cards and color swatches at their fingertips is only a phone call away. Tucked away in the back corners of furniture floors of major New York department stores are interior-design studios offering reasonable rates, extensive experience, access to designer-only sources, and—out-of-towners, fear not—no New York hauteur. These designers will go as far and wide as you are willing and able to send them.

B. ALTMAN

At B. Altman, the dowager of Manhattan department stores, the furniture floor and interior-design studio are sleeping giants. The calm, even lifeless atmosphere s[illegible] over a floor of mostly traditional furnitur[illegible] real state of affairs, for the joint [illegible] jumping. "Business has more than d[illegible] in the past two years," says Tanny Far[illegible] who d[illegible]cts the interior-design studio, overseeing four other designers in Manhattan and one at the Short Hills, New Jersey, store who handles all of the Garden State.

"The spring of 1987 marked the first time in twenty years that we had model rooms, which has greatly contributed to the interior-design studio's success," says Farah. "Before the model rooms, clients were not able to see what kind of service was available or the type of setting our interior designers could create in a client's home. The interior-design studio now offers clients the use of expanded resources to interpret their design needs in a more successful way." In-house designers put together the seven model rooms using merchandise from such companies as Baker, Kindel, Kittinger, Ralph Lauren, and Hickory Chair as well as from outside the store. The looks, like the clientele, fall roughly into three categories: classic, updated traditional, and contemporary, or as B. Altman prefers to label it, transitional.





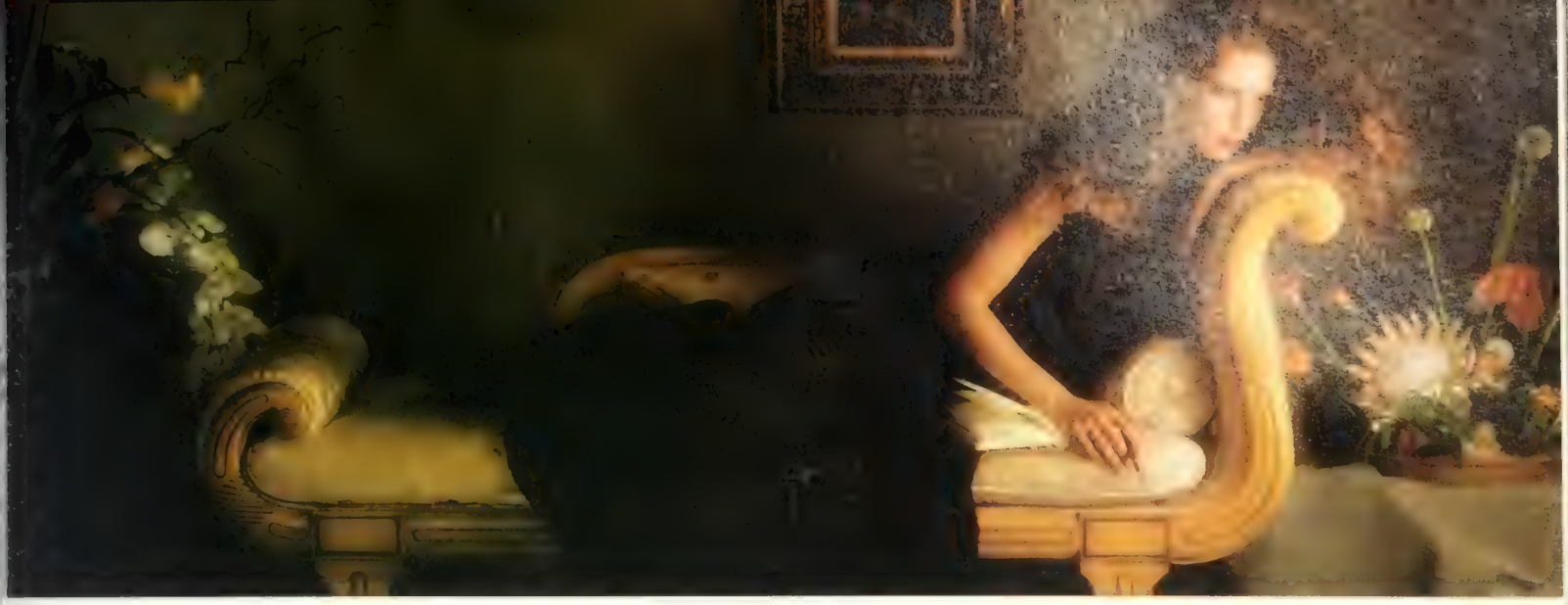
The movie *Wall Street* inspired Richard Knapple's model room, left, tied into Bloomingdales' storewide theme of Hollywood.

The model rooms that were opened at the store in October feature new furniture from the exclusive Mark Hampton Collection by Hickory Chair, Baker Northern Italian, and new fabrics from Scalamandré, Kravet, and Stroheim & Romann. To get in on the surprise action at B. Altman, a $500 retainer, with $350 applied to a minimum purchase of $5,000, will secure for you a designer who can draw from a substantial store inventory of upholstery and drapery to carpeting and accessories and lead you into fun and trouble in the showrooms outside the store palazzo at 34th and Fifth.



Modern mingles with traditional in two naturally lit rooms on Bergdorf Goodman's seventh floor, top and right.

MICHAEL MUNDY



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PARIS

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

Bergdorf Goodman makes up for having no interior-design service by presenting not only one of the most select collections of mostly small furnishings for the house but also one of the loveliest environments in which to shop for such treasures. The attractions of the seventh floor lie in a floor plan that uses a broad corridor accented at regular intervals by furnished rotundas linking a series of domestically scaled rooms. But what really reinforces the homelike environment BG strives for is a feature offered by no other department store—abundant natural light.

Through an atelier-style skylight facing east, daylight pours in to brighten the Café Vienna, a charming refuge for lunch or tea, and to highlight an area where contemporary machine-made and handmade objects are arranged. Running along the north side of the floor are a line of small multipaned windows which afford postcard views of Fifth Avenue, the Plaza, and Central Park and which admit daylight to rooms housing fine linens, a bath and scent shop, and the Kentshire Gallery selection of antiques.

Bergdorf has a top-of-the-line bridal registry, stationery department, traditional china crystal/silver and gift departments, design classics area, and chocolate and gourmet food alcove, but a few exclusives are worth a special mention: the dried arrangements and fragrance products by Kenneth Turner of London and the ultrafine paisley products by Etro of Milan.

BLOOMINGDALES

In spite of its rather obnoxious claim that "it's like no other store in the world," Bloomingdales has a point. For furnishing a house or apartment, embassy or executive office, Bloomingdales offers one-stop shopping that can't be beat and a team of designers whose professionalism thankfully counters the insipid and consumerist attitude of the Bloomingdales spokeswoman.

The scope of design on the furniture floor ranges, according to Eileen Joyce, director of interior design, from "spare modern, to elaborate traditional." In addition to carrying name brands such as Baker, Henredon, Lane, and Leathercraft, Bloomingdales produces its own lines of furniture, such as its Cherrywood Biedermeier collection, designed by the furniture design staff and manufactured in Italy, and its rattan furniture made in the Philippines.

Clients taking advantage of the interior-design studio do not, however, have to limit their selection to what is on the floor. Bloomingdales draws heavily from its close neighbor, the D & D Building, as well as from a wide range of other showrooms and sources. Though most of the projects involve private residences, the studio routinely does executive offices and model and corporate apartments from Tokyo to Colorado to the Caribbean. All that's required is a minimum budget of $5,000, which, not surprisingly, is well below the average budget, and a fee of $500, which is credited once the budget is spent. There is a $150 fee for a home visit plus travel expenses, if any, and there are higher fees for budgets upwards of $25,000.

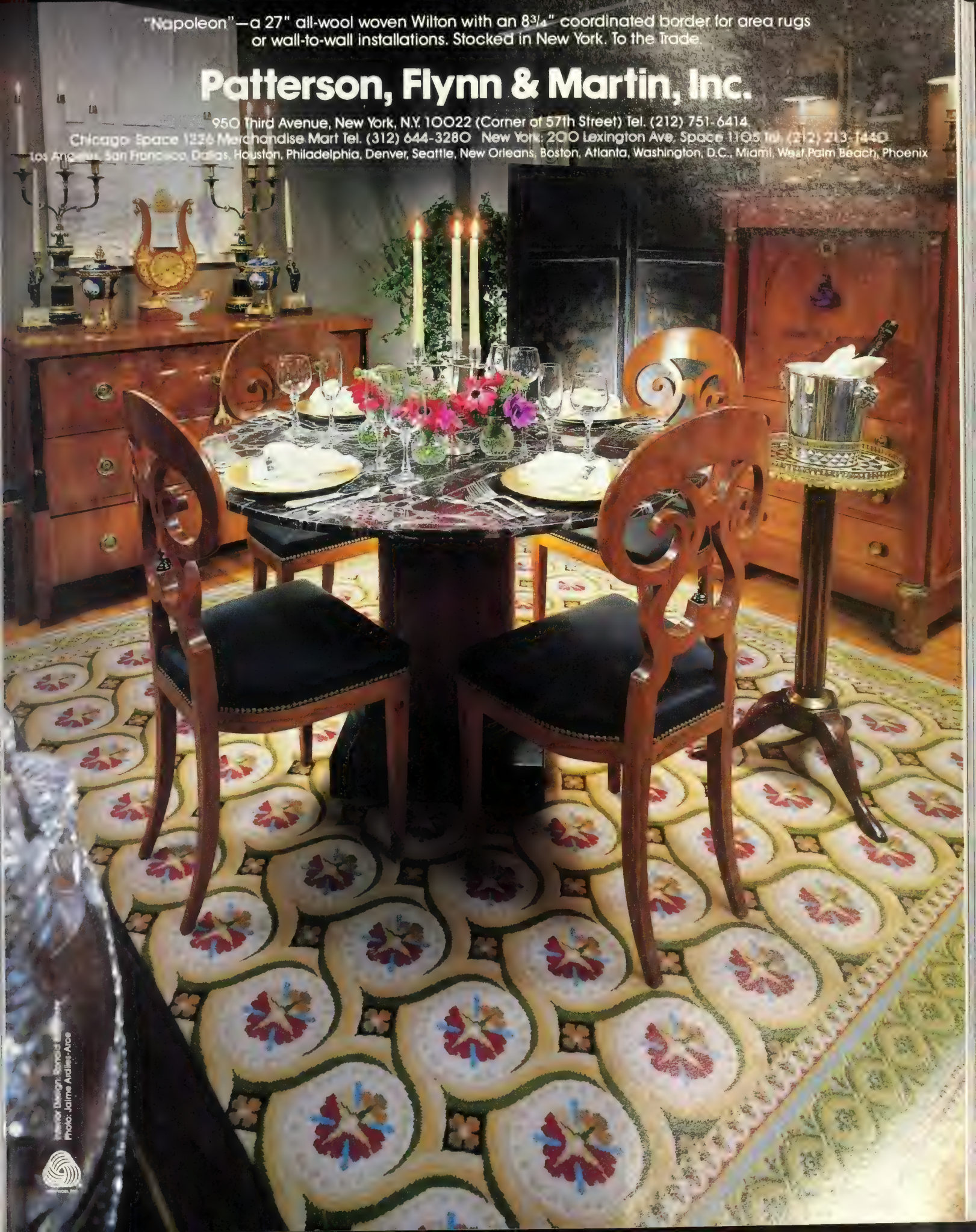
During a client's initial meeting a design coordinator will suggest a good match—in terms of style and personality—of designer to client. But the best way to get a handle on the style that is Bloomingdales is to swing by the model rooms once every six months. Executed by Richard Knapple, vice president in charge of interior design, and Barbara Deichman, in charge of the furniture floor and model rooms, the stage-set rooms are tied in with storewide themes such as Hollywood or China and, whether or not you need to redecorate, are the best theater value in town.

LORD & TAYLOR

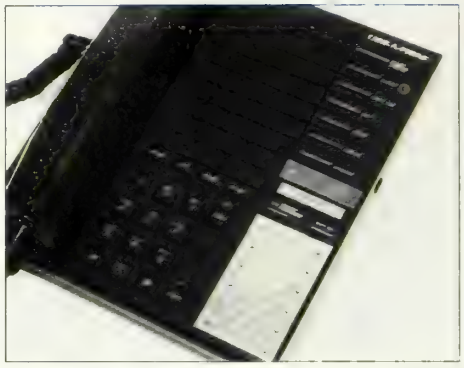
The interior-design studio of Lord & Taylor operates in much the same fashion as that of its friendly rival down the avenue, B. Altman. The studio here dates back to the 1920s and is currently made up of six designers headed up by director Mary Moore. She conducts the first meeting with the client where she tries to match the client to an appropriate interior designer. Clients sign a retainer, a $300 fee against a minimum purchase of $5,000. The next meeting between the designer and the client takes place in the client's home where a floor plan is approved. Then, depending on the way you view shopping, the fun or agony begins.

Like the other department stores, Lord & Taylor's model rooms change twice a year, guided by the skillful hand and eye of Winston Miller. What is on the floor is mainly traditional, about one-fourth contemporary with furniture companies such as Baker, Hickory, State of Newburgh, Lee, and Meyer Gunther Martini well represented. Lord & Taylor no longer carries rugs or fabrics, but its designers do have access to all outside showrooms. The best-kept secret of this store is its antiques department, which, though small, features an especially fine selection of Scandinavian and English furniture chosen by buyer Kendra Hillman. ♠

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Interior Design: Ronald Photo: Jaime Ardiles-Arce





Telephone answering devices, from left, Executyne 2010, Code-A-Phone 5890, Cobra AN-8516. Below: PhoneMate 7300.



Microchip Messages

Today's answering machines do more than just record—they actually talk to you

Nowadays having a human being answer the telephone is the exception rather than the rule. Today's answering machines do more than just take messages; in a microchip-generated voice that sounds like a polite-but-tired robot, many new machines tell you how many calls you've had and then ask if you would like to erase, save, or listen to the messages. And since the microchip has no moving parts, the odds for a mechanical breakdown are far less likely.

Practically every function the telephone answering device (TAD) is capable of performing can be executed by remote control, and in most cases the access code is something no longer assigned by the manufacturer. For example, an older answering machine might have had an access code of 5 randomly assigned by the manufacturer. Now, as a security measure—like your bank card—the TAD owner programs the two or three digit code as often as he or she likes. The problem of what to do when the phone rings and you are not near the answering machine has also been solved. Many TADs can be turned off with the press of a button on the nearest extension. Here's a selection of sleek new models:

Executyne 2010 Electra-Phone Answering System This great-looking machine has telephone push-buttons that double as function keys for TAD, extension-phone control, and message stacking—calls are played back two seconds apart, meaning no more long pauses ($199.95).

Code-A-Phone 5890 The many features include a microchip for outgoing messages and tape for incoming; time/day stamp (digital voice states time of each call), 24-number one-touch dialer, message forwarding (alerts you at another phone that you have a call), and a private-message feature that allows you to leave information for a specific caller. Caller must know the secret code to retrieve the message ($269.95).

Cobra AN-8516 This sleek and simple model uses both microchip and tape, has time/date stamp, extension-phone control, digital message counter and clock ($149.95).

PhoneMate 7300 A chatty machine, it all but talks you through your day. When you use the three-digit remote access, a voice lets you choose between erasing messages and changing your message. Also has time/date stamp, audio clock, and pad and pencil under the lid ($179.95).

Sony IT-A650 This speakerphone (not shown) has a message-alert system that notifies you at another telephone number if there is a message, as well as one-touch speed dialing ($249.95).

All available at major department and electronics stores. Prices approximate.

Gabrielle Winkel



Friday at the races in Sussex.



Observed in Philadelphia.

"Naturally, I lost my shirt. Why should this year be any different?"

"Was Enid there?"

"With her new husband, Mr. Tall and Witty."

"Did she talk about me?"

"Not exactly. But I did detect a note of tragic longing in her eyes."

"Maybe she bet as badly as you did."

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Trivial Disputes

(Continued from page 178) the time it took to walk five or seven leagues (about fifteen or twenty miles), according to Terence Scully's paper at Oxford, "Peculiar Pots in Medieval France." As I have rarely walked five or seven leagues without breaks for lunch and little naps, I am glad to have been born in an age of Duracell batteries.

Q. How can you tell Americans apart from all other peoples?

A. By their measuring cups. "Nowhere else but in these United States does an entire nation habitually and almost exclusively measure dry ingredients with a cup," announced Raymond Sokolov, *The Wall Street Journal*'s leisure and arts page editor who also writes an indispensible column about food for *Natural History* magazine. His audience at the Oxford food symposium could marshal only a few exceptions: Canada, probably Australia, and possibly Iraq, where after decades of British administration some cookbooks specified the Player's cigarette tin as a universal unit of measurement which the servants would not steal or break.

The rest of the world uses scales to weigh its dry ingredients because scales are vastly more accurate than cups for things like flour, cornstarch, and cocoa. Depending on how densely compacted it is, a pound of flour can fill up as few as three cups or as many as four and a half, which means that Americans almost never bake the same cake twice.

How ever did we get into such a pickle? Sokolov proposes the "Conestoga theory" of cup measurement—that "pioneers and homesteaders heading west did not bother lugging heavy metal scales with their weights." But early American cookbooks call for flour by weight, at least some of the time, and it was not until Fannie Farmer's *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* of 1896, when most Conestoga wagons were rusting in suburban garages, that cup measurement had been universally adopted—on the backward notion that it was more scientific. Marion Cunningham's twelfth edition of Fannie Farmer (1979) gives both cups and grams.

Q. How strong is the scientifically ideal cooking pot?

A. If your pot isn't stronger than 1,000 newtons, it will deform when you drop it. If it *is* stronger than 1,000 newtons, it may deform your foot when you drop it.

Q. Why have you never eaten an Irish cheese?

A. Because you missed the Oxford symposium this year where we sampled six Irish cheeses at lunch one day. You won't find them at your local cheese shop.

While the rest of Europe foundered about in the dark ages, the eighth century was a golden era for Ireland, Irish art, and Irish cheese. Emissaries from the great Irish monasteries were dispatched to the Continent with the secrets of cheese, which according to chauvinistic modern Irish cheeselovers gave many important European cheeses their start.

Despite this proud history, the Irish produced little cheese between 1700 and 1970. Everybody knows they had countless cows—Ireland was the largest butter exporter in the world by 1800—but nobody can quite explain the disappearance of cheesemaking. Myrtle Allen from County Cork, author of *The Ballymaloe Cookbook* (soon to be published in a U.S. edition), ascribes it to the wholesale shift in landholdings between 1650 and 1700, when the Catholic Anglo-Irish aristocracy were vanquished by Oliver Cromwell and William III and ended up landless. The new Protestant elite could not or would not make cheese, which had to await the early 1970s for its comeback. It was then that two university graduates inherited a little farm on the west coast of Ireland, decided to live there full-time and, using a Muenster-style recipe they had reclaimed from Europe, began making a pink creamy washed-rind cheese they call Milleens. Other cheesemakers followed.

Myrtle Allen brought some little wheels of Milleens to the Oxford symposium, along with the firmer and milder Gubbeens, a delicious Cooleeny Camembert—which won first prize at a Dublin agricultural show—and my favorite, Cashel blue, an unctuous veined cheese that at the time struck me and my palate as nearly world-class.

Q. Who invented surf 'n' turf?

A. Please see the next question.

Q. What is the food of the moment?

A. Catalan cuisine. All the portents are favorable. Atheneum has published Colman Andrews's beautifully written cookbook of that name. Barcelona will be host to the 1992 Olympics. And the AIWF conference devoted an afternoon and a lunch to the subject.

Catalonia is the region of northeastern Spain around Barcelona comprising four provinces and over six million inhabitants. The Catalonians, haunted by memories of their medieval Mediterranean empire, speak of *els països catalans*, which stretch from Valencia all the way to the Sardinian city of Alghero, where the people still speak and eat Catalan. The food is often monochromatically brown, deeply flavored, and very salty, its fats are lard and olive oil, and its ingredients are salt cod and shellfish, rabbit and game, garlic and anchovies, eggplants, peppers, almonds, hazelnuts, pears, and figs. If the Catalonians have a national dish, it is the ragout of chicken and shellfish called *mar i muntanya* (surf 'n' mountain), a medley traceable to the Romans, who occupied Catalonia for seven hundred years. Following the fall of Rome, the Visigoths moved in and, after them, the Moors—and these are the ancestors of Catalan cuisine. If you think the Catalonians spell Spanish words in a funny way, that is because Catalan is not a Spanish dialect but a language in its own right.

Q. What will next year's food of the moment be?

A. My candidate, admittedly a longshot, is Visigoth cuisine. The Visigoths ruled Europe from Gibraltar to the Rhone for 250 years after the fall of Rome, until the Arabs forced them out of Spain in 711. History has dealt the Visigoths an unfair hand, picturing them as rude barbarians vaguely connected with the destruction of ancient civilization. Sure they were, but consider their accomplishments. Their laws, written in Latin, strongly influenced South American jurisprudence. They became Christians as early as the sixth century, setting a fine example for the later Spanish Inquisition by forcing the Jews to accept baptism in the year 600. And most important, their sweet-and-sour cooking left its mark throughout southwest France and Iberia, especially in Catalonia. Yet you will search in vain for a Visigoth cookbook or restaurant. It is the last undiscovered cuisine of Europe and deserves an airing.

Q. Have you ever eaten an authentic paella?

A. I doubt it. There are four rules for making a real Valencian paella. It must be cooked outdoors, by a man, over a fire of vine cuttings and citrus wood. It must contain only chicken and rabbit (no lobsters crawling all about). The grains of rice must be three millimeters long, like the arborio rice you use in risotto. And you must add either twelve snails or two sprigs of rosemary but not both. Has any of your paellas met these tests?

One of the final sessions at Oxford was a seminar conducted by Lourdes March on paella, which means both the wide shallow pan and also the food you cook in it. (Lourdes wrote *El libro de la paella y de los arroces*, published in Madrid in 1985, and is collaborating on a book about olives and olive oil with Alicia Ríos.) She began with the history and etymology of paella and its symbolism as an "ancestral rite of cyclical fecundation of the earth" performed away from the kitchen and thus away from the feminine hand. Then she attacked false paellas and their jumble of



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ingredients that "have nothing to do with the well-balanced and true formula," which she proceeded to reveal.

The rest of us were skeptical on several points. Few of us had ever met a paella we'd liked. And how can two sprigs of rosemary substitute for twelve snails, we asked. As would often be the case over the next few hours, Lourdes humbled the skeptics among us. In Valencia, when you catch snails for your paella, you feed them rosemary for a few days, both to purge them and give them flavor. Herbs from the sunburned gardens of Spain are so intense that twelve snails contribute all the rosemary you need. Why bother with a fire of vine cuttings and citrus wood? Lourdes explained that as the cooking liquid evaporates from the wide surface of the pan, it mixes with the smoke and then condenses back, bestowing an indispensable flavor to the dish.

Paul Levy, a transplanted American who is food and wine editor of the London *Observer*, author of the very funny *Out to Lunch*, and one of the pillars of the British food world, lives in a seventeenth-century farmhouse ten miles northwest of Oxford with his wife, Penny, who publishes art books, and their two daughters. When the symposium was over, Paul and Penny invited ten of us back to their farm, where Lourdes March and Alicia Ríos adapted their ancestral rite of cyclical fecundation to the Oxfordshire terrain. Paul had a good supply of plump corn-fed chickens, but the only rabbit in sight was Leonard Woolf, a family pet. When Penny guarded Leonard Woolf against our offers to dress him for the pot, Lourdes settled for Paul's frozen pigeons. Paul had neither collected snails from his garden nor gorged them on herbs, so Lourdes sent one of us off to pluck some branches from Paul's pungent rosemary patch.

We gathered round as Lourdes and Alicia meticulously leveled Paul's U.S.–made barbecue so that the oil and broth would lie perfectly even in the pan and lit the fire of vines and apricot branches, and finally, in a desperate act, an old crate. For the next two hours they composed the paella, dispatching the rest of us now and then on vital errands to other parts of the garden and the farmhouse. First the fowl were browned all over in olive oil. Green beans and chopped tomatoes were added and sautéed for a few minutes, and the heat was reduced. To say that the heat was reduced is to summarize a complex process in which Lourdes made the rest of us reach into the dense billows of smoke obscuring the paella, the barbecue, and most of Lourdes to pull out some of the flaming wood. Tedious micromanagement of the fire continued throughout the hours of cooking. My slacks and jacket lost their bouquet of Valencia-on-Thames only after two dry cleanings back home.

Paprika, some broad white beans in their cooking liquid, and additional water now went into the pan. Lourdes had brought the dried beans from Spain, and Alicia had boiled them indoors before the fire was started. Lourdes and Alicia called them limas, but nobody else agreed. We argued aimlessly about whether they were really dried favas, butter beans, or broad beans, until Lourdes silenced us all with their Latin classification, *Phaseolus lunatus*, which Paul nicely translated as moon beans. When I returned to the hotel that night and opened the *Oxford Book of Food Plants*, I realized that Lourdes had tricked us, because *Phaseolus lunatus* covers all the eligible candidates.

After an hour, when the chicken and pigeon were tender, Lourdes and Alicia added the two sprigs of rosemary, some powdered saffron, and a little salt, mixed them around, and removed about two cups of the dark liquid. Vine cuttings were added to enrage the fire, and a kilogram of rice was sprinkled evenly over the broth. After ten minutes of vigorous cooking the fire was damped, and the simmering continued for another ten minutes until the rice was just al dente. The reserved broth was added in small doses as the rice swelled, just as when you cook risotto.

All of us were ravenous, but Lourdes let the dark reddish brown paella stand for five minutes as the grains of rice absorbed more flavor and loosened from one another. Our conversation, which had degenerated into a cross-cultural comparison of methods for cooking udders among the English, Romans, Mexicans, and Yemenite Jews, ceased as soon as we began to share the true Valencian paella. The rice lining the bottom of the pan was browned and crusty, the meat was tender and deeply flavored. Everything was imbued with the smoke of vines and fruitwood and the aroma of rosemary, and the *Phaseoli lunati* were, well, incomparable.

Max Lake, an Australian doctor turned winemaker, broke out a case of his best Australian red, and when no more than half of it had been drunk, one of the British writers among us revealed that, at the age of sixteen on a vacation in Spain with her parents, she had been courted by El Cordobés, perhaps the greatest bullfighter who ever lived. ▲



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Chambelland

(Continued from page 203) reliefs of the duchesse de Berry in four corners of the ceiling commemorate her 1832 visit in an attempt to rally the Vendée to revolt against the Louis Philippe regime. Although he denies harboring royalist sentiments—maître (the French auctioneer's appellation) is a "very Republican title," he points out—Chambelland admits he won't be participating in next year's bicentennial celebrations of the French Revolution: "The Vendée suffered terribly during the Revolution. One out of three houses were burned down, and one inhabitant of four was killed. It was a stronghold of royalist resistance, and the people have remained very traditional."

The twentieth century has made inroads into the house with designs by Garouste and Bonetti. These include a lamp and a green bronze display cabinet for his pipes and polished rusted-iron bookshelves set against the bare stone walls in the former salle de garde of the ancient donjon, the oldest part of the house.

Otherwise, modern obsessions get short shrift. "I'm anti–swimming pool, antibeach, and antisuntan," he states. The country pleasures here are as old-fashioned as the Vendée itself—gardening, reading, country walks, and bicycle rides.

Books fill two libraries, bound volumes and hardbacks in the winter library off the drawing room, paperbacks and lighter reading in the Garouste and Bonetti summer bookstacks. The books, too, are auction prizes. "Things you never would find in a bookstore," he says, like the story of Élisabeth, sister of Louis XVI, complete with royal seals, or the eight-volume memoirs of Casanova he has just finished reading.

Houseguests "come in a constant current for long weekends, which is what is needed in a big house like this." They happily pitch in with gardening projects, such as helping plant the labyrinth of cherry laurel and thuja Chambelland designed with the help of a friend, Christian Louboutin, who is both a shoe designer and landscape artist. Life and dress are casual. "In summer we're outdoors until ten p.m.," though occasionally in winter he might give a more formal party.

Chambelland shuns the role of local luminary. "I have enough of that in Paris. I flee invitations and social life here. The locals may see me in my Rolls, but they also see me on my tractor collecting wood. I don't like playing the chatelain." But with the reopening of the house, the unspoken complicity that existed between village and château has been renewed. "Though no one in my family had lived here for 140 years, they knew immediately who I was," he says. Old customs are maintained. "It's traditional for village couples to pose for their wedding photographs in the château garden, and they were happy when I restored the house after so many years of neglect." When he was on a trip to India during a harsh winter and the radiators froze, workers came from the village to take them apart, piece by frozen piece, before a thaw brought disaster.

"I feel completely at home in the Vendée," says Chambelland. "I grew up here, and I've always adored the country life, the fields and woods." He contrives to divide his time evenly between Paris and the country, spending Saturday through Monday, two weeks at Easter, three weeks at Christmas, and five to six weeks in the summer here. "It works out to one day out of two over the year." The park and garden, which had been overrun by farmland, are priorities. "I want to re-create an English-style park in the spirit of a hundred years ago."

Inspired by a hundred-year-old Ginkgo biloba tree, which dominates the front of the house, he has begun planting rare varieties—an Osage orange tree, an oak-leaved hydrangea. He has installed allées of pink and white chestnut trees behind the house and clumps of maritime pines and poplars which have shot up along a small brook running through the estate.

White butterflies hover over the garden, an English-style mélange of nasturtiums, roses, and dahlias in overflowing beds edged in box. There are hollyhock borders, clusters of iris, and a superior potager with rows of lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, asparagus, peas, violet string beans (which turn green in cooking), and a Vendéan vegetable called poirée whose leaves are eaten like spinach, its roots grilled. This is the cosseted domain of Monsieur Marteau, French gardener à l'ancien, a great favorite with château guests for the variety of his gardening attire. "He changes four times a day," says Chambelland. "He has a different outfit for each job: one for cutting the grass, one for pruning the roses, for turning over the vegetable garden, harvesting the fruit."

Country life spills over into the interiors. Off the bedroom wing a narrow stone spiral staircase is currently off limits because a pair of owls has hatched three babies in the tower. A pet rabbit—a Parisian transplant—roams wild in the kitchen. That country staple, the dog, is missing, but a visitor's approach is signaled by the piercing gobble of an imposing turkey who shares the front terrace with a strutting rooster.

Château days begin at seven and often include a postlunch siesta "like the local farmers, who don't work between noon and five, but start again in the evening," Chambelland explains. "The Vendée is the beginning of the south and is very southern in habit."

This flavor of the relaxed French country life is a far cry from the tumultuous afternoon sales at Drouot. "But I'm not at all a Parisian," exclaims Chambelland. "In Paris I'm an immigrant worker." After a 140-year gap, the Chambelland family is back home. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

In Perfect Harmony

(Continued from page 172) dated from the same decade as the Regent's Park terraces, it was not at that time what realtors call "a showplace." Running water and electric light had the status of exotic and precarious novelties. During World War II, the Chantry had sheltered successively some bombed-out families, a school with apparently zero attendance, and a chocolate factory. Such was the density of the bramble, laurel, elder and long grass all round the house that many people who had looked over the wall at the edge of the property were of the opinion that the house must no longer exist.

In the choice of the Chantry, as in its eventual decoration, the householders' delight in historic detail, and in particular their predilection for family portraits, found an outlet. A French interviewer recently described the portraits in question as "awkward and sepulchral," but to the Powells they are living presences whose every quirk is known.

As genealogists, they are both in the Olympic class. Violet Powell's family tree is so luxuriant that she became versed, from the nursery onwards, in tables of descent. In Anthony Powell's case, the passion was certainly not inherited. "My father found family history uncongenial to a degree. Regarding his own advent into the world as a phenomenon isolated from the mainstream of human causation, he was not merely bored by genealogy, he was affronted. Unlike my father, I have always found pleasure in genealogical investigation. When properly conducted, it teaches much about the vicissitudes of human life, the vast extent of human oddness."

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In Perfect Harmony

an ancestry that can be traced without fakery or interruption to a Welsh lord called Rhys the Hoarse who died in 1234 at the age of 65 from wounds received while storming Carmarthen Castle, it would be possible to look back in complacency upon an eight-hundred-year lineage.

But although he did once say that "it must be agreed as incontrovertibly smart to have been compared to King Lear a century or more before Shakespeare standardized the story," no one was ever less likely to boast of such things than he. He loves to entertain with tales of forebears who went bankrupt, were accused of physical assault, and wound up in prison (even if for one day only). Of the member of his mother's family, the Dymokes, who acted as king's champion (a spectacular but largely rhetorical role) at the coronation of Richard II in 1377, he will say only that "it looks very much as if that whole business of King's champion might have been a put-up job."

Even the stylish portrait of the first Duke of Marlborough over the fireplace is quietly undercut. "As he was an ancestor of Violet's, it's all right for him to be here. But there are people who say that the costume is the wrong date, and that it may not be him at all, but some Frenchman or other." Remarks of this sort are followed by a grin of delight at the macédoine of fact and fun that runs throughout the house.

The Chantry in its present well-developed state bears the mark of both its owners. "Tony has undergone only two conversions," Violet Powell likes to say. "One was early on in our marriage, when he stopped liking modern tubular furniture." From that epiphany there followed the large commodious, handsome, but by now often well-worn pieces of Empire furniture that could until quite lately be bought for almost nothing.

"The second conversion was to wallpaper." Wallpaper did not sit well with tubular furniture in London, but in the country both Empire furniture and family portraits seemed to call for it. But what kind of wallpaper? Though not normally given to flamboyance, Anthony Powell went up to London and bought a dark sonorous broad-ribbed paper for the library and, in time, a festive military motif, all piled trophies in black on mulberry red for the staircase.

People said, "Now the Powells have gone too far." But they hadn't. Those papers give weight, in the one case, and a glowing brilliance on the other. Both by inheritance and as a result of his own war service, Anthony Powell holds the British army in awe, though with a very sharp eye for its occasional absurdities. In the Chantry military prints hang against yellow wallpaper speckled with blue, and plumed military helmets sit on top of bound sets of *Chums* and *The Boy's Own* annual of many decades ago. In earlier years, when Powell was writing his *Dance* in an upstairs room on a typewriter dating from the year 1931, a visitor might notice, ever near at hand, a small autographed photograph of Field Marshal Montgomery with a group of foreign military attachés, at a late stage in World War II with their liaison officer, Major A. D. Powell.

The Powells are kept informed of today's goings-on both by their own children and grandchildren and by a vast much-ramified cousinage. An accomplished biographer and memoirist, Lady Violet has a sense of period that is quite as acute as her husband's. Occasionally he will feign to be an antic old-stager: "I never cared for decimal coinage. What's good enough for Charlemagne was good enough for me." But fundamentally they both watch and wait for the moment at which "the present becomes the immediate past," to be discussed and dissected with a relish undimmed by time. If, for example, Violet Powell makes a quilt, it is made up not of Victorian patches but of scraps of early Laura Ashley.

Memories are long in this house where the Army List of 1798 is as vivid as the newly arrived London *Times* and we sometimes ponder the fact—awesome among today's galloping actualities—that our host's grandfather was born in 1814, the year before the battle of Waterloo put Napoleon out of business. But then the Chantry, like the countryside in which it stands, is inmost England, and never more so than now. ♠

Family Trees

(Continued from page 199) bench tender Malaysian rhododendrons offer clustered blooms of delicately shaded yellow and salmon. There are pots of clivia, oleanders, chrysanthemums, and fig trees. A search for a ripe fig is fruitless. "Everyone loves them," he says.

Other members of the Hunnewell family continue to live nearby, as Hollis Hunnewell hoped they would when he built houses for each of his seven surviving children. Only one is no longer lived in by Hunnewells. It now serves as the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women. Brothers, sisters, and cousins all work hard to keep the place going.

The chief glory of Wellesley is the pinetum. Walter Hunnewell walks among the magnificent trees, his own well-thumbed plan in hand, checking on his favorites, picking up a broken branch here, uprooting an unwanted seedling there. As a boy he worked here with his father. The trees are old companions whose habits and idiosyncrasies he knows well. Most of the pine trees are labeled—an unending task—and Walter Hunnewell knows their ages.

After walking around the Hunnewell place for several hours one chilly day, one is reminded of a remark Hollis Hunnewell made in 1899 in reference to his trees. "No Vanderbilt, with all his great wealth, can possess one of these for the next fifty years, for it could not be grown in less time than that." ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The Art of Love

(Continued from page 161) apartments. That still was not enough. Christina never stopped buying, in the process gathering enough great art to fill a good-size museum.

It was also in Rome that Christina found the second great attachment of her life: having loved the beautiful Ebba Sparré in her youth, she now formed a relationship, the exact nature of which is not known, with Cardinal Decio Azzolino. It was to the cardinal she left her entire collection at her death in 1689. Knowing how she felt about it, one cannot imagine a greater proof of respect and affection. The cardinal, however, died within two months of his friend; slowly the paintings passed into other hands. Most were eventually bought by British collectors from whom, in turn, both the Metropolitan Museum and the Frick acquired several Veroneses.

Today there could be no major Veronese exhibition without Christina's paintings, and that is as it should be. When a great artist and a great collector come together in this way, their conjunction, even after three centuries, has something to say to the art lover in every one of us. ♠


The Elegant Touch
G. DURAND
France

Sources

STYLE

Page 46 Oeafus-Brel Regency chair, $3,225, by James H. Harris & Co., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC (212) 838-6420. Kiang wallpaper, 27" wide, $72 roll, by Lef Impressions, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. **50** Anacylpta Garden mirror, $3,990, and geometric-motif box, $1,950, by James H. Harris & Co., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). Cotton panel from Tipu's Tent at Powis Castle is reproduced by Tissunique of London, to the trade at Classic Revivals, Boston; Rist , Washington, D.C. Chaise longue, $7,000, from Harrington Antiques, Southampton (212) 794-1076.

GRAND ILLUSIONS

Page 137 Wildlife carpet, $117 sq yd, from Einstein Moomjy, NYC, Lawrenceville, North Plainfield, Paramus, Whippany, New Jersey. **140–141** Furniture painted by John Andersen & Co. (617) 542-1515. Baroque Border, 3¼" wide, $6 yd, and Assab ribbed carpeting, $30 sq yd, both to the trade at Schumacher, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Settee and chair in Capri Plain Canvas, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Long pillow on settee in Rialto, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Curtains of Davos, 59" wide, $140 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Monoprints in window niche by Joyce Zavorskas, $85–$210, at Cummaquid Fine Arts, Cummaquid (508) 362-2593. Bedspread of Bilbao, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **141** Chair pillow in Keswick, 54" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Swedish chairs in Flax Narrow, 54" wide, $35 yd, to the trade at Kirk-Brummel, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Ernest Gaspard & Assoc., Atlanta; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Patton Wallcovering, Cleveland, Columbus; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver, Laguna Niguel; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Le Tapisseur, Pittsburgh; Lawrence/Green, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Taffeta fabrics on bed pillows: ivory Charme (against headboard), 50"–52" wide, $128 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above) and blue Verona, 49" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC (212) 758-0844. Chintz pillow on bed in Marie Amelie, 53" wide, $126 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). **145** Punta di Diamante on bed, 51" wide, $106 yd, at Christian Schlumberger, NYC (212) 879-5530. **146–147** Curtains of Diagonal Rep, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Rhododendron chintz on sofas, armchairs, and floor pillows, to the trade at Lee Jofa NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Sunshine and Shadows quilt, c. 1910, on sofa by window at Quilts of America, NYC (212) 535-1600. Nine Patch Variation, c.1930, quilt on right sofa at Thomas K. Woodard, NYC (212) 794-9404. Natura carpet, $58 sq yd, to the trade at Stark, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Child's chair at far left in Bermuda Coral, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Armless chair in Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Sofa pillows in buttercup-yellow and sapphire strié Shan, 40" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland; Zeising, Troy. On cocktail table: papier-mâché and lacquer dish, $595 at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320, and cranberry glass carafes at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 628-3255. **147** Green marble vases, at R. Brooke (see above). **148** Dutch delft jars, c. 1720, at R. Brooke (see above). Dining chairs, style #416, $450 ea COM, by Swaim, High Point, call (919) 885-6131 for dealers; upholstered in Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). 14k-gold-washed bowl by Steven Stuart, to order from Gordon Foster, NYC (212) 744-4922. **149** Havering Stripe, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Stars quilt, c. 1925, at foot of bed and Stars quilt, c. 1890, on top of wicker basket, at Thomas K. Woodard (see above). Chinoiserie box on wicker cabinet, at R. Brooke (see above). Berries carpet, $84 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above).

MIAMI ON LAKE MICHIGAN

Page 173 Barcelona chairs, $5,500–$6,500 ea, depending on leather, at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Torso chairs, $5,700 ea, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. **174** Ebony-finished ashwood chair by Arata Isozaki, $2,340, at SunarHauserman, call (800) 727-5711 for dealers. MR chairs by Mies van der Rohe (no longer available in cane), $1,150 ea, at Knoll International (see above). **175** Hand-carved marble pedestal sink (style #226), $5,900, with dimension basin set in brushed chrome, $840, at Sherle Wagner, NYC; Standards of Excellence, San Diego; to the trade at Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Holly Hunt, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle; Morton Block, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland. **177** Solo chairs, $645 ea, at Ligne Roset, NYC, Atlanta, Cleveland, Columbus, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Adesso, Boston, Chestnut Hill; City, Chicago; Metropolis, Minneapolis; Current, Seattle. Dish table by Michael Norris Designs, $520, at Michael Graham, Ventura (805) 653-1444. Warren Platner chairs, $1,420 ea COM, at Knoll (see above).

DRESSING UP THE COUNTRY

Pages 188–189 Tiered skirt, $42, at Betsey Johnson, NYC, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Venice Beach. **190–191** Rose Cumming's Marie Amelie on sofa (see sources for pg 141).

HOMEFRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 212 Pair of c.-1785 Swedish armchairs, $29,000, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770; upholstered in Jamesington linen, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see sources for pgs 146–147). **214** Counterclockwise from top left: Baroque stool, c. 1720, $12,000, at Florian Papp (see above), upholstered in Sackville linen, to the trade at Clarence House (see sources for pg 140). Tumbleweed armchair by Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, $4,800, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Randolph & Hein, Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; upholstered in Dorset Rose linen, 56" wide, £24 m, at M.R.H. Cloth, London 730-2877 and after November at M.R.H. Cloth, NYC (212) 734-8027. Mellon fire stool, $3,900, to the trade at Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC (212) 691-2777; upholstered in Andrea linen; 147 cm wide, £38 m, to the trade at George Spencer Designs, London 235-1501. Duchesse brissée, $5,700, at Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005; upholstered in Suffolk Leaf linen and cotton fabric, 140 cm wide, £32 m, at George Spencer Designs (see above). Parler Deux méridienne chair, $1,920, by Karges Furniture, call (800) 252-7437 for dealers; upholstered in Roses linen and cotton fabric, 122.5 cm wide, £42 m, to order at Bennison Fabrics, London 730-8076.

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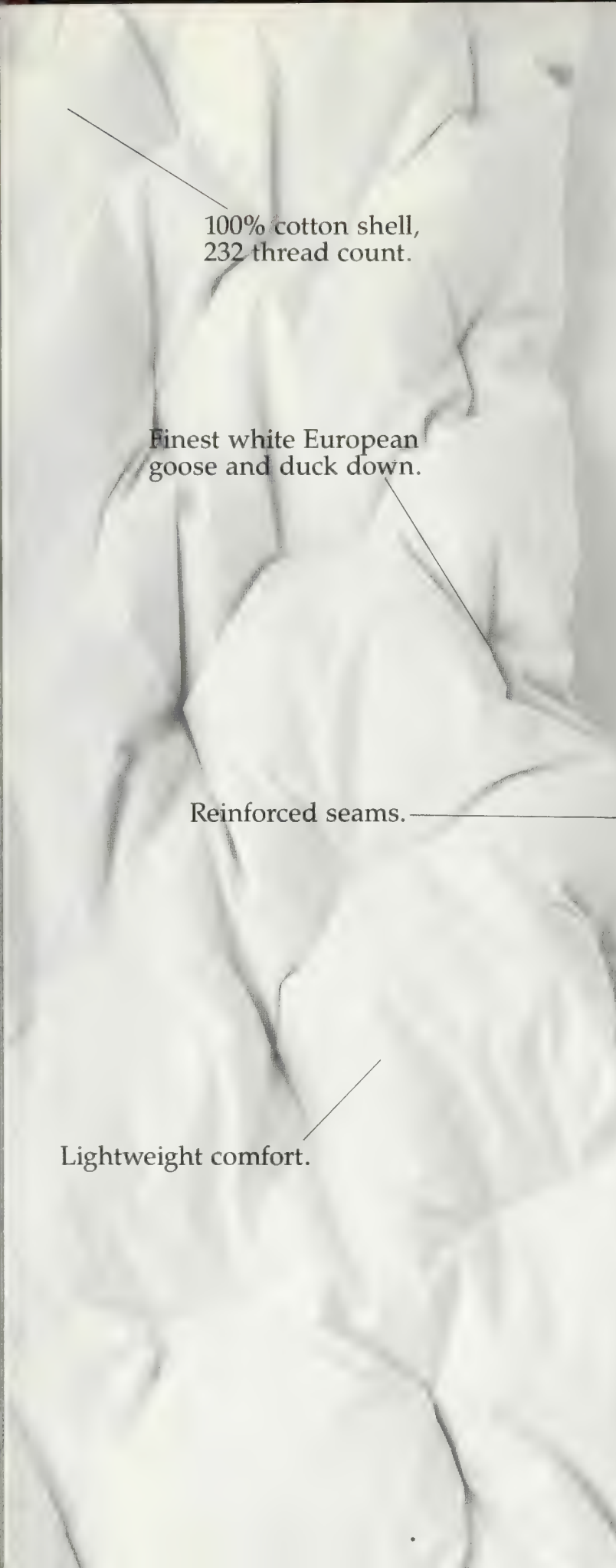
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GANDEE AT LARGE

Philip Johnson is the most famous architect in the world. and no one knows it better than Philip Johnson

PHILIP JOHNSON IN PRIVATE

The first time I met Philip Johnson was in 1980. He was 74. I was 27. I called him on the telephone, told him I wanted to write an article on his New Canaan, Connecticut, estate, and asked if we could meet for a chat. "Come on over," he said. So I went.

Riding up in the elevator to Johnson's 36th-floor office in the Seagram Building, I was elated: "At last," I thought, "I'm meeting the most famous architect in the world."

When I arrived, a receptionist ushered me to a seating area where I had my choice of four Barcelona chairs. I chose, and then I sat for the next 45 minutes. I looked at the Frank Stellas on the walls, I admired the Manhattan skyline out the window, but mostly I just sat.

The man himself finally appeared and escorted me to a room where, he said, we could "talk." But then when we were settled, Philip Johnson did an odd thing. He pulled out the requisite implements and began giving himself a manicure. We talked while he clipped.

Maybe Philip Johnson desperately needed a manicure that particular morning eight years ago, or maybe he was bored. Or maybe he was just trying to make the point that he was Philip Johnson, and I was not. I don't know.

I do know, however, that when the tenth fingernail had been dealt with, Johnson arose. The manicure was over. And so was the interview.

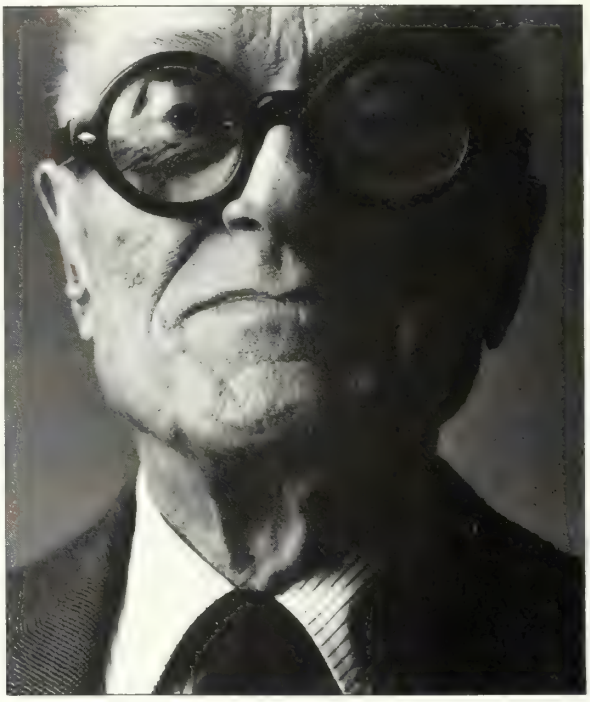
Perhaps I should have been insulted by Johnson's peculiar behavior. Perhaps that was his intent. But I wasn't. At least not after I gave it some thought. I was amused. It seemed so deliberate, so self-conscious, so stylized in its way. It seemed, in other words, so very much like his architecture.

PHILIP JOHNSON IN PUBLIC

In 1983 I received an invitation to a dinner in Johnson's honor at the Four Seasons. Black tie. The Municipal Art Society was giving him an award. It was never made clear for what. Bianca Jagger and Andy Warhol were there. Blanchette Rockefeller was there in what for then was a very short dress. It was one of those nights.

Johnson was radiant that evening, squiring Jacqueline Onassis around the room. He looked genuinely moved when she read her speech: "His talent, wit, and energy make us all the richer."

Included in Johnson's acceptance was a tirade against the city of New York for its ill-conceived beautification effort in the South Bronx. (The city was inserting trompe l'oeil geraniums and curtains into the broken windows of derelict buildings.) I thought it odd that an architect who had never shown any professional interest in public housing suddenly would, but all the women with the serious jewelry and all the men with the serious money didn't seem to notice.



Johnson was radiant, squiring Jacqueline Onassis around the room

The Municipal Art Society later sent me a photograph from that evening, an eight-by-ten glossy of Johnson and Jacqueline Onassis arm-in-arm. He was beaming with pride. She was smiling that enigmatic smile.

PHILIP JOHNSON REVISITED

Last winter it was announced that Johnson would be mounting an architecture exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and my editor announced that I was doing the story. I called him up. He said, "Come on over."

Johnson had moved from the Seagram Building into a new office in a new building he designed a few blocks away. There were no windows in the reception area, the Stellas had changed to Warhols, but the Barcelona chairs looked familiar.

I was ushered into a small room where I turned on my tape recorder.

JOHNSON: What did I read of yours the other day?

GANDEE: The Frank Gehry piece maybe.

JOHNSON: In what? In Frank Gehry's book?

GANDEE: No, in *Architectural Record*?

JOHNSON: Oh, *Record*.

GANDEE: It was about Frank's new restaurant. And about his interest in fish.

JOHNSON: I didn't read it.

GANDEE: You didn't read it?

JOHNSON: No. I just saw the byline and I said, "Oh, I think I've seen that name before."

Johnson and I talked for a while about his exhibition, about the current state of architectural affairs, about this and that. I asked him about Rem Koolhaas, one of the seven architects he had selected for inclusion in his show at MOMA.

GANDEE: Have you seen Rem's Netherlands Dance Theater?

JOHNSON: I've never seen it. Have you?

GANDEE: Yes. I went.

JOHNSON: Why don't we talk about the weather?

GANDEE: You don't like it?

JOHNSON: Well, I don't know. I wouldn't stop to see it.

GANDEE: I'd stop. If Rem builds something, I want to see it.

JOHNSON: Oh, you're damn right.

And then an associate interrupted us to say that Johnson was needed in a meeting. "Well, I'll be off," said the most famous architect in the world. "It was a pleasure to have met you."

Charles Gandee

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HOUSE & GARDE
DECEMBER 198
Volume 160, Number

HG



COVER
A bronze bird, a work in progress, in the magical garden of Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne near Fontainebleau. Page 104. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache.



Edwin Schlossberg with a model of the Robot Cocktail Party, one of his many games. Page 150. Photograph by George Lange.

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The guesthouse of Christineholm where an American antiques dealer and her family summers in Sweden. Page 122. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

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The New Victorians John Duka looks behind the privet of Nuno and Melissa Brandolini's Southampton retreat **114**

Northern Light An American in Sweden coaxes a Rococo country house into the prime of its life. By Christopher Petkanas **122**

Bio-Rhythms Biomorphic design has boomeranged back into fashion. Pilar Viladas looks around the corner and sees wild curves ahead **132**

The Pleasures of Sanssouci The summer palace of Frederick the Great glitters once again. By Martin Filler **136**

Norma Kamali Comes Home Charles Gandee follows the fashion designer from the fitting room to the drawing room as she unveils her premier furniture collection **142**

The Wiz Who is Edwin Schlossberg? Charles Gandee tracks down the elusive artist, writer, inventor, and gamesman **150**

In Pursuit of Perfection Bob and Cheska Vallois share a passion for the golden age of Modern design **154**

A Barbarian in Paris Christina de Liagre stalks designer Mattia Bonetti in his two-room Montparnasse lair **162**

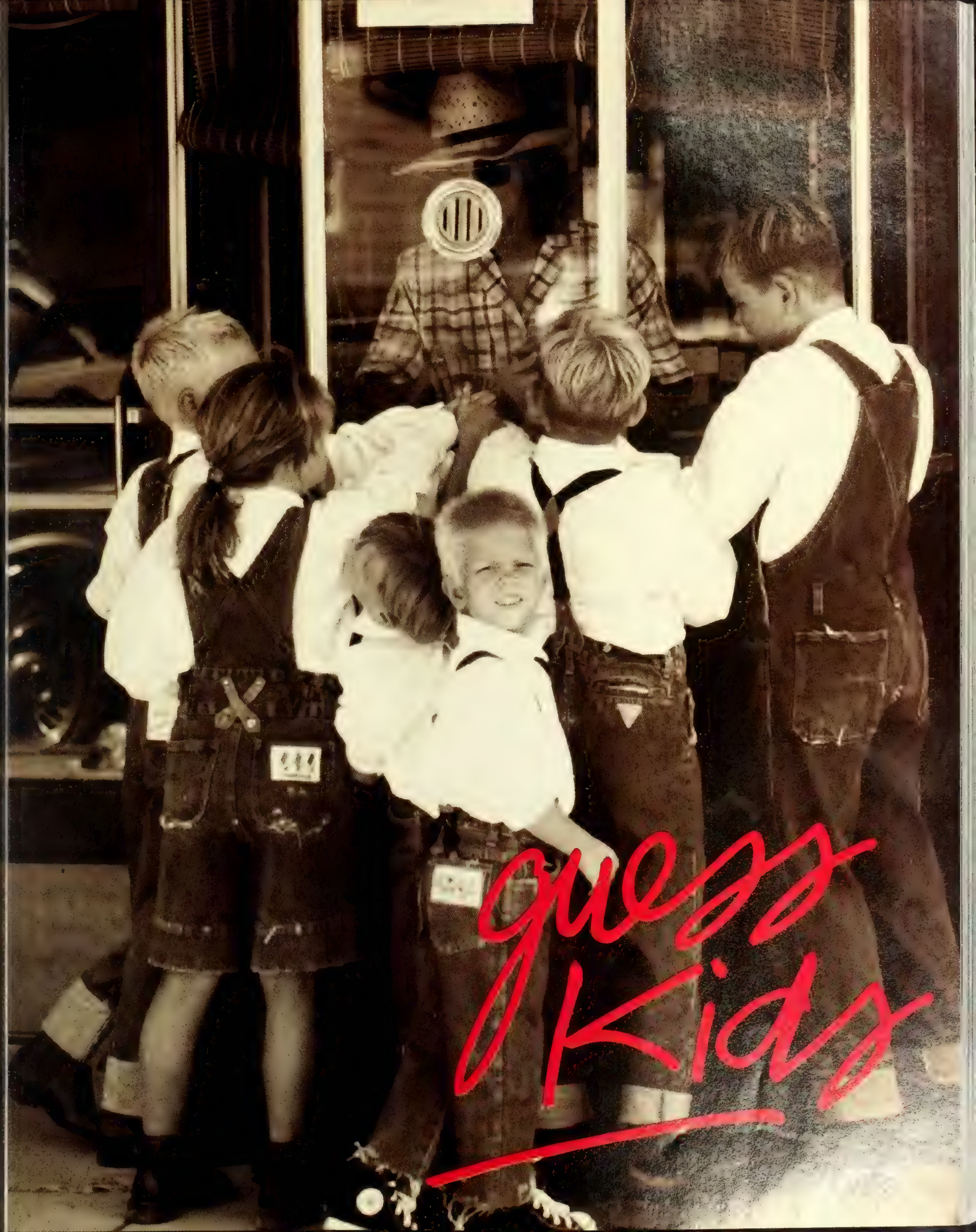
The Big Splash Christopher Petkanas hits the number one hot spot on the Seine **168**

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Bagatelle in Bloom In a corner of Paris, Mac Griswold finds an exuberant rose garden where frivolity is taken quite seriously **174**


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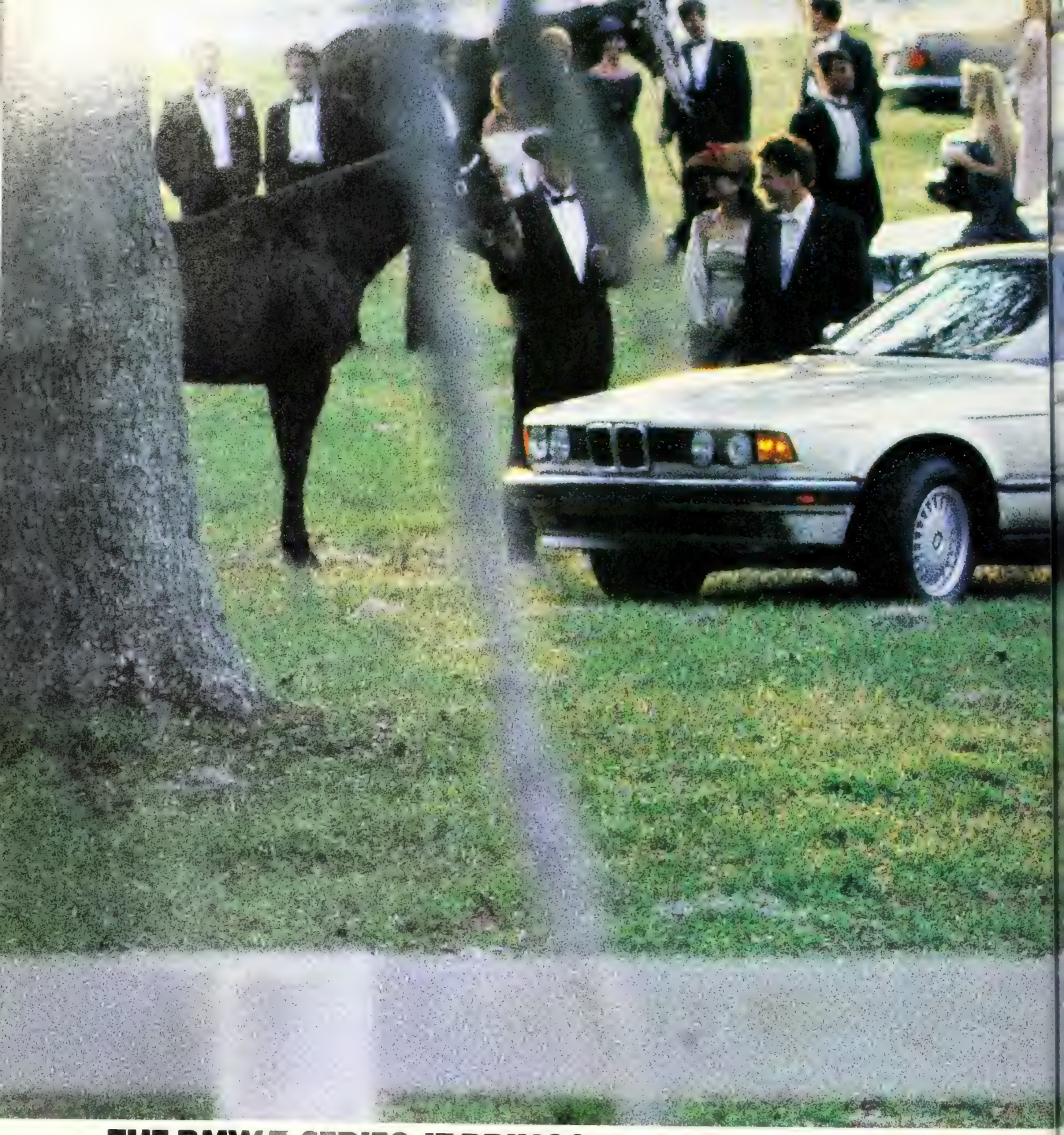
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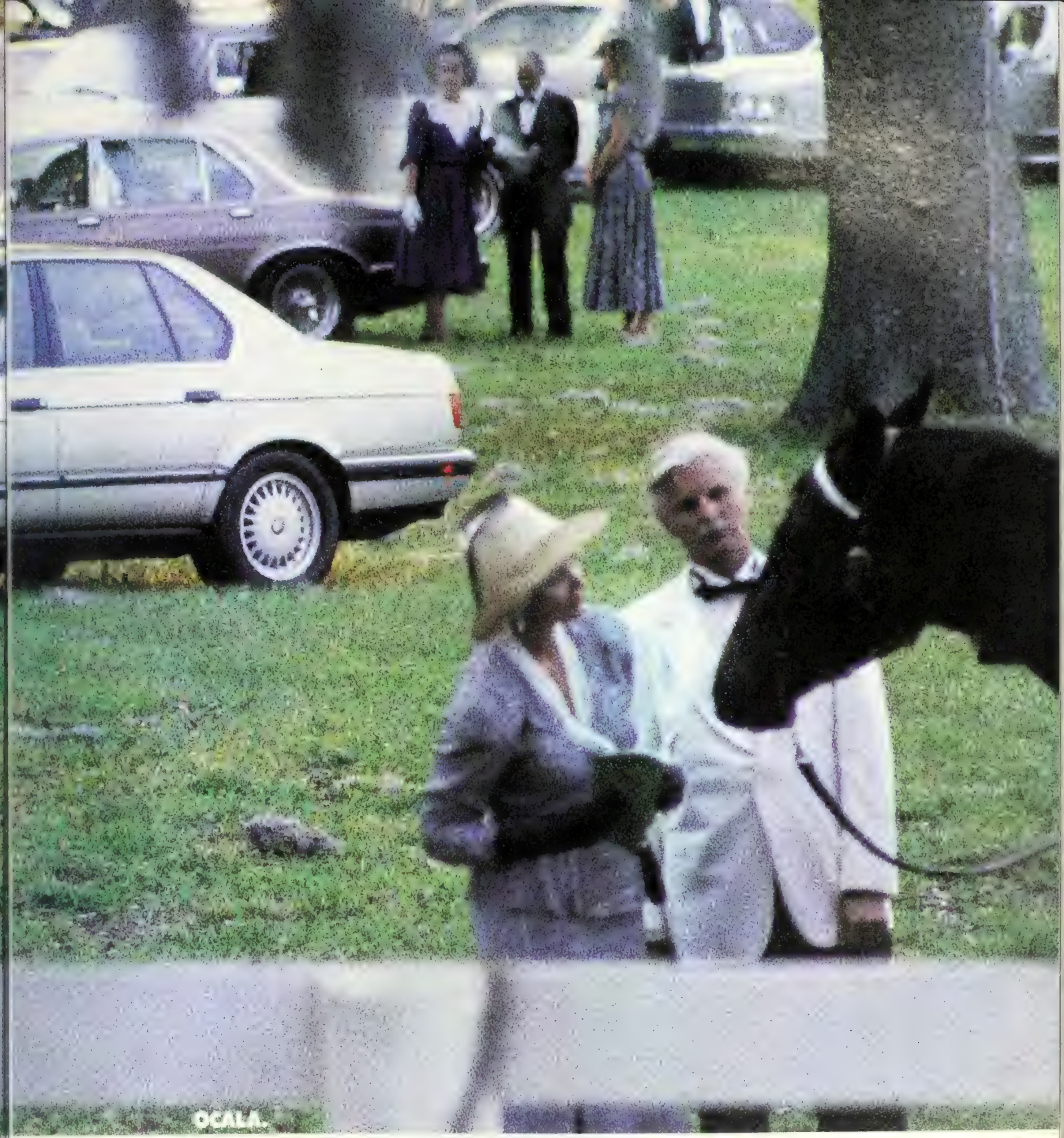
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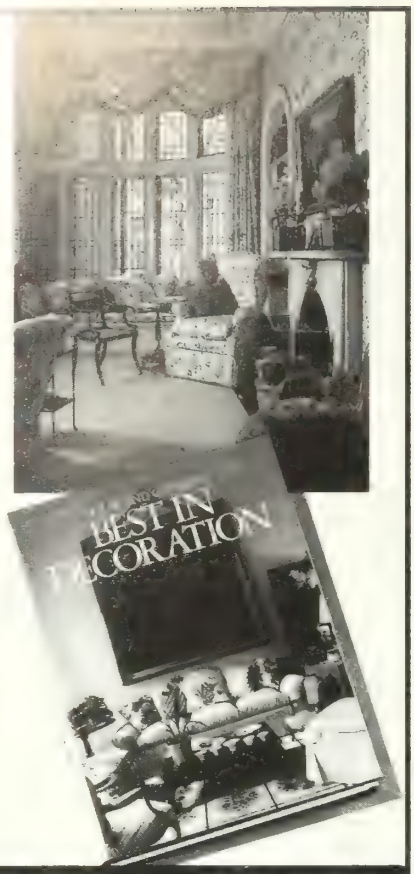
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SHEILA METZNER

PAUL SINCLAIRE

"If I can do one thing for HG, it's to bring a certain ease, a certain style—quick thoughts, quick people," says Paul Sinclaire, the new creative director of HG. "Style isn't just about hemlines any longer," continues the former *Vogue* editor. "It's about modern living, quality of life, and, most of all, it's about interesting ideas, places, and people." In this issue it's pieces on biomorphic design, Les Bains Deligny, the Vallois house, the Brandolinis. "I look for a certain level of attractiveness—these are attractive people living an attractive life. You are taken in by it."

PILAR VILADAS

"When I write I like to explore a certain subject (for HG it was biomorphism) and take it across many fields—art, fashion, design," says Pilar Viladas, a senior editor at *Progressive Architecture*. "What I didn't realize, but soon found out, was that many designers are working with biomorphic forms today. We think biomorphism reached a high point in the fifties, but it has been around at least since the twenties," she adds. Viladas writes frequently on design topics for magazines both here and abroad.



RUEDI HOFMANN



ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

JACQUES DIRAND

Photographing a story for HG is a little like being a houseguest for a few days—you really get to see how another life is lived. Photographer Jacques Dirand does quite a bit of this visiting for HG. In this issue, it was the design work of Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste and a look at Bonetti's Paris apartment. "I am sensitive to their creativity," says Dirand. He is at work on two books; his *French Style* (Clarkson N. Potter), coauthored by Suzanne Slesin and Stafford Cliff, is already a classic.


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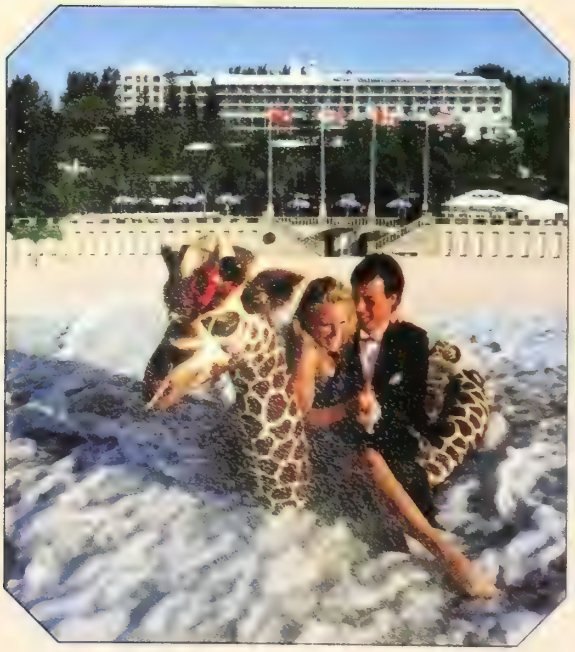
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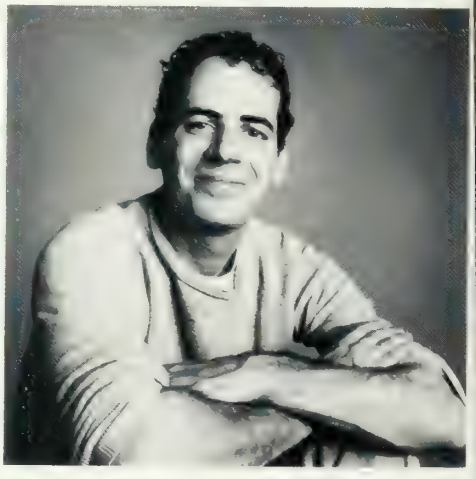
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MICHAEL MUNDY

MARGOT GURALNICK

"Quirky and unexpected" is how HG editor Margot Guralnick describes her interests, from design trends to antiques. This month it's Russian chandeliers: "I picture Catherine the Great swinging from one." Guralnick loves "tracking down passionate collectors." And she is the one to find them: she collects Masonic artifacts, gathers clues about sunken pirate ships, and travels around New York on a red Schwinn Hollywood.



PUF DI HOFMANN

HERBERT MUSCHAMP

"Man Ray's work is about internal authority—that thing that breaks rules and recoils from dogmas—the kind of art and architecture I write about," says Herbert Muschamp, whose musings on the artist appear in HG Art. Muschamp, a columnist for *The New Republic* and *Artforum*, also directs the graduate program in architecture and design criticism at Parsons School of Design.

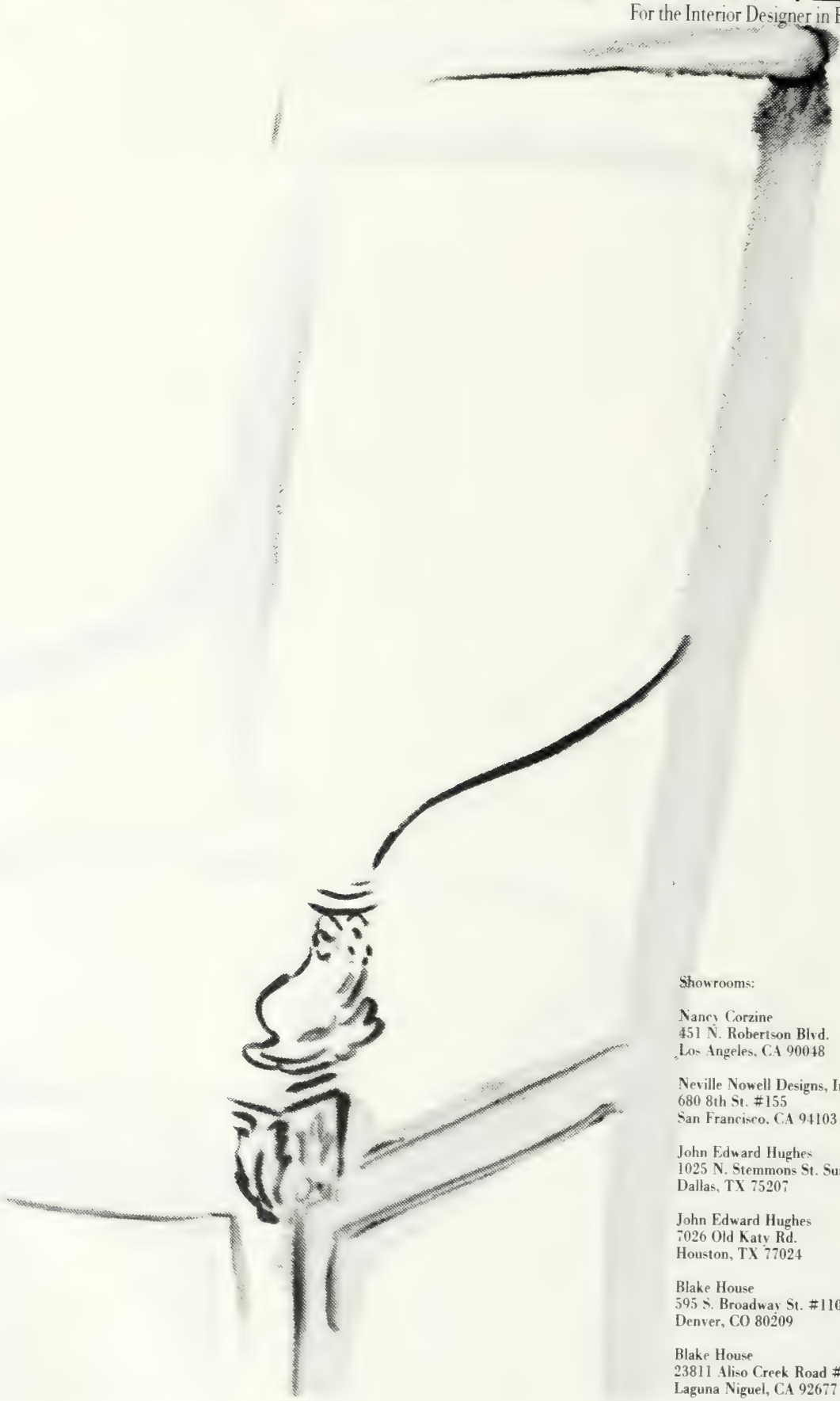
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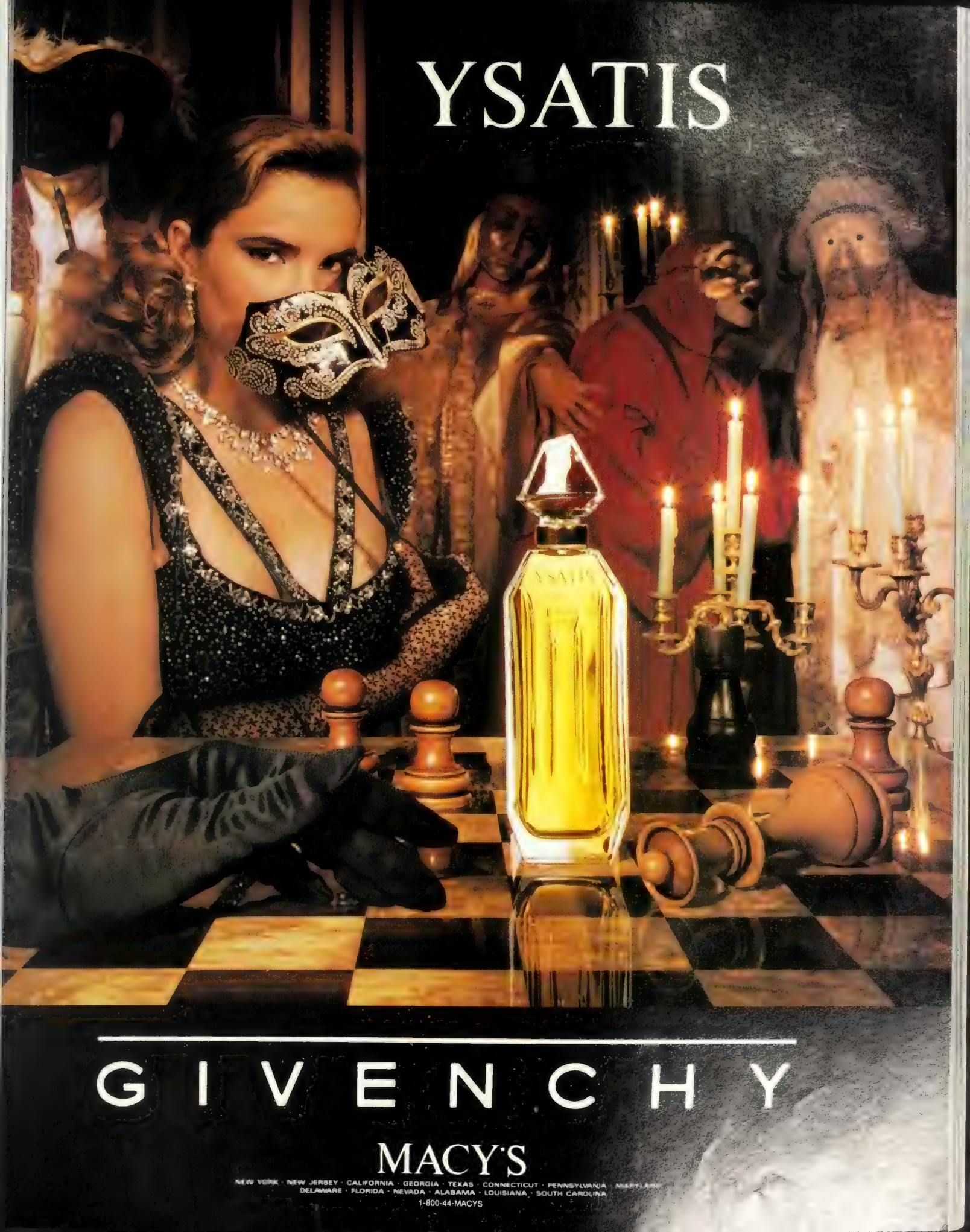
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Salvatore Ala	560 Broadway	941-1990	**Doriana Chiarini: Sculpture November 12 Jeffrey Dennis: Paintings December 10**
Brooke Alexander	59 Wooster Street	925 4338	**John Ahearn, Sculpture November 9–December 3; Richard Haas, Maquettes and drawings for architectural projects January 5–February 4**
Pamela Auchincloss Gallery	558 Broadway	966-7753	**Richard Diebenkorn Monotypes printed at the Garner Tullis workshop November 22–December 23**
BlumHelman Warehouse	80 Greene Street	226-8770	**Richard Tuttle—There's no reason a good man is hard to find— November 5–December 3**
Leo Castelli	420 West Broadway	431 5160	**Jasper Johns, Bruce Nauman, David Salle October 22–November 12. Robert Therrien November 19–December 17** Benefit for the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts, Inc. December 8 7
Castelli Graphics	578 Broadway Third Floor	941 9855	**Ellsworth Kelly: New Prints; Eve Arnold: Photographs; Hans Namuth: Photographs through December 23, 1988. Gallery closed 12/24/88 through 1/2/89**
Charles Cowles Gallery	420 West Broadway	925-3500	**David Bates: November Dall Chihuly: December**
Crown Point Press	568 Broadway at Prince	226-5476	**Pat Steir-Monoprints November 18, 1988–January 14, 1989**
E.M. Donahue Gallery	560 Broadway Suite 304	226-1111	**Gary Petri: New paintings November 2–26. Hedy Klineman: Fashion Portraits—Michael Jackson, Andy Warhol, Kenny Scharf, Debbie Harry/Stephen Sprouse Dec. 2–24, 1988**
Exit Art Transculture/Parallel History	578 Broadway 8th floor	966-7745	**Martin Wong: Paintings November 5–December 23 Catalog available, essay by John Yau**
49th Parallel Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art	420 West Broadway	925-8349	**Gallery Invitational November—Mira Godard Gallery, Toronto December—Michel Tétreault Art Contemporain, Montréal**
Foster Goldstrom	560 Broadway	941-9175	**Recent acquisitions: Paintings and sculpture—Wayne Thiebaud, George Rickey, Richard Estes, Nathan Oliveira, Sam Francis**
Greenberg Wilson	560 Broadway Third Floor	966-2024	**Andres Serrano, November 22–December 22; Walter Darby Bannard, January 5–28 Also featuring works by American modern masters**
Scott Hanson Gallery	415 West Broadway	334-0041	**Deborah Kass, through November 16; Vera Lehndorff & Holger Trulzsch November 19–December 24; David Carrino November 19–December 24**
Penine Hart Gallery	568 Broadway	334-3522	**Michael Chandler, Cora Cohen, Denise Gale, Michael Goldberg, H. James Merrell, Dan Wofford: Nov. 16–Dec. 17. Elodie Lauten: December 20–January 7**
Gallery Henoch	80 Wooster Street	966-6360	**Catherine Means: "Recent Watercolors" November 12–December 4 Holiday Group Show: December 10–December 31**
Nancy Hoffman Gallery	429 West Broadway	966-6676	**Frank Owen: November 12–December 14 Drawings: December 14–January 18**
Lang & O'Hara	568 Broadway Room 1007	226 2 2	**Emily Cheng: November 3–December 3 Selected works by contemporary artists: December**
Elizabeth McDonald Gallery	560 Broadway Second floor	966-1001	**Freya Hansell: Recent Paintings November 10–December 10 Group Exhibition: December 17–January**
Petersburg Press	380 Lafayette Street	1 [illegible]	**Works by Contemporary Masters: Clemente, Dine, Hockney, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Stella & others**
Jack Shainman Gallery	560 Broadway Second floor	966-3866	**Marc Maet—recent paintings-thru November 19th. James Hansen—recent work—main gallery; Lyne Lapointe & Martha Fleming—collaborative work Nov. 22–Dec. 23**
Twining Gallery	568 Broadway	43 [illegible]	**Peter Voulkos: Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper through November December: Adolf Benca, Geoffrey James and Italian 18th Century drawings**
The Witkin Gallery, Inc.	415 West Broadway	925 [illegible]	**George Tice: "Hometowns" photographs thru November 26 Walter Ballhause: A premier exhibition "The photograph as social history" 1930–1933 Nov. 29–Jan. 7, 1989**



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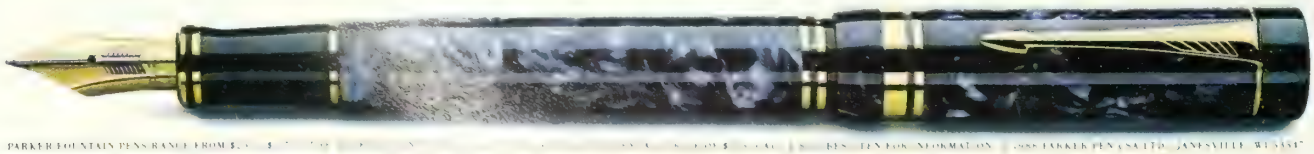


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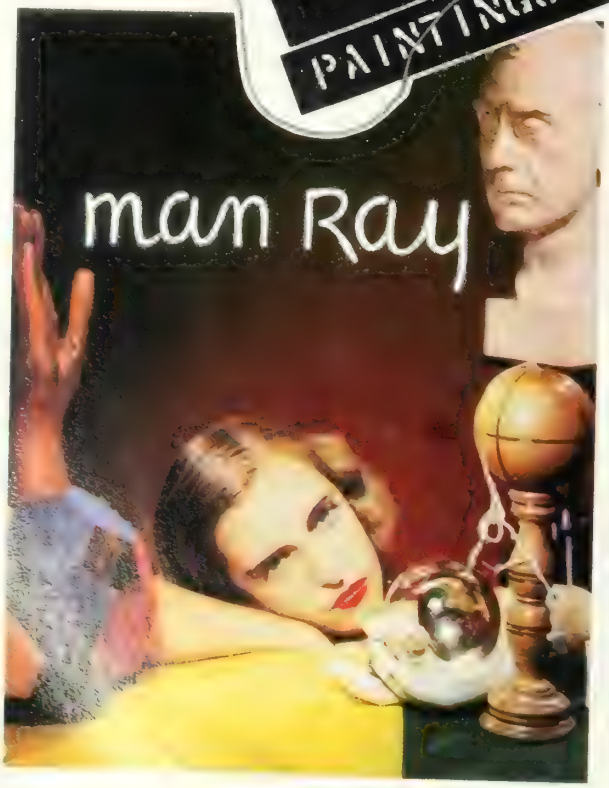
HG

One Man Show

A new generation of artists makes room for Dada

I think Man Ray would be delighted that a trendy New York restaurant has been christened in his name. For one thing, to see MAN RAY blazing in red neon into the night might mollify the artist's frequent complaint that his hometown never granted him his due. More to the point, Man Ray's was a café kind of art. Which is not to say that it was slight. Rather it was populous: the Dada-Surrealist artist named Man Ray was host to a crowd of high-spirited selves—painter, sculptor, photographer, writer, filmmaker, designer, fashion stylist—each of them carrying on like the guest of honor at his own postopening supper. And now these selves have been reassembled in a splendid new biography by Neil Baldwin; in a major retrospective opening this month at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art; and in a new illustrated edition of the artist's own 1963 memoirs, *Self Portrait*.

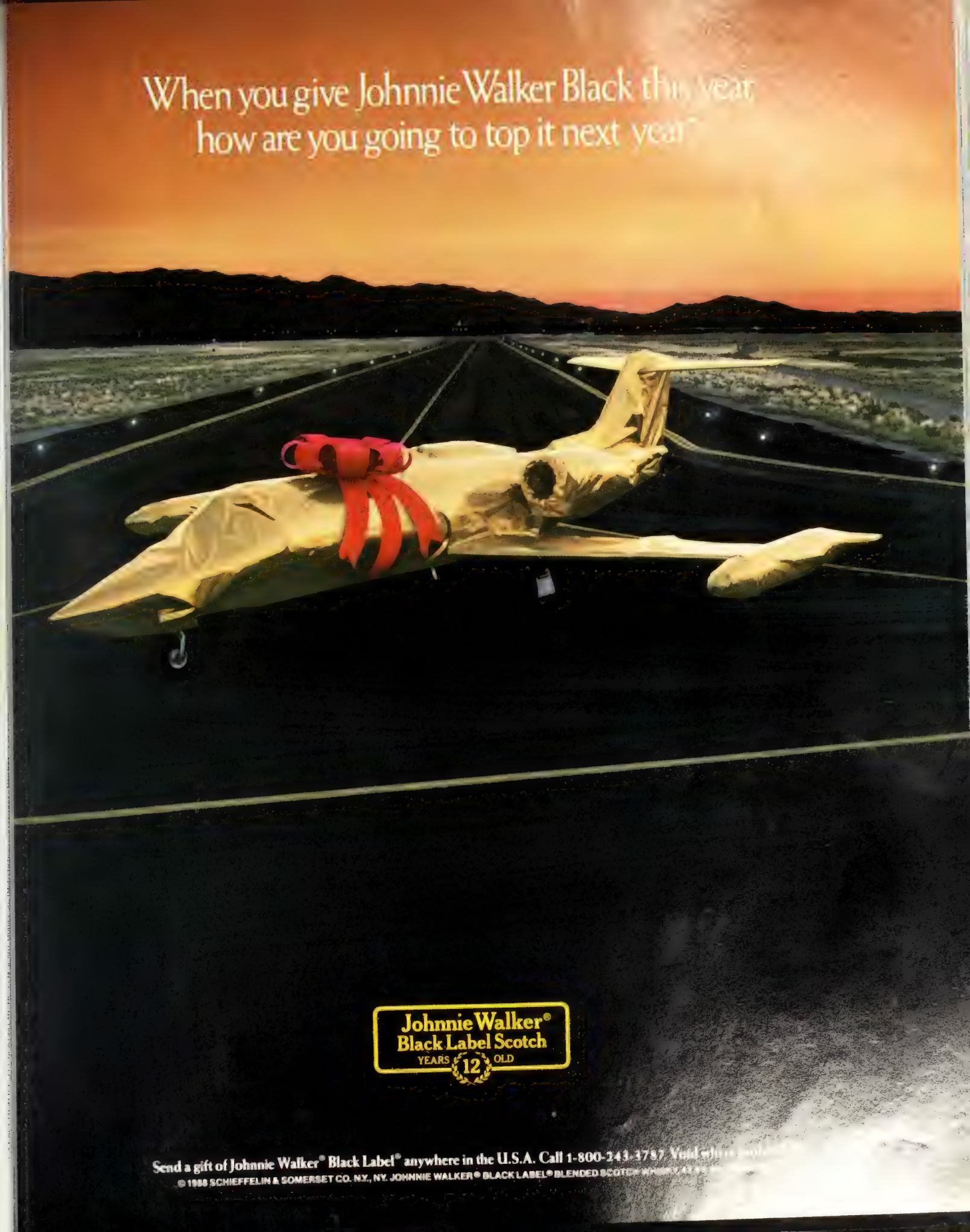
The café metaphor was one Man Ray himself once used to present his work. For the opening of a 1948 one-man show in Los Angeles, he remade the Copley Gallery into the Café Man Ray, serving "French cuisine, American cocktails."







The cover for the book *Photographs by Man Ray 1920 Paris 1934*, left, features a strange collection of fetishistic objects presided over by a plaster cast of the artist himself. Above left: A collage, *Untitled (Paintings with Care)*, 1965. Above: A bizarre construction, *Lampshade*, 1921 (after 1920 version).


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A Dada masterpiece, right, *Perpetual Motif* (replica of 1923 original). Far right: *Blanche et Noir*, 1926. Below: The symbol-laden *Le Beau Temps*, 1939. Below right: *Puericulture*, 1920/1964.





The occasion spoke of the artist's nostalgia for his adopted city, the Paris to which he had dispatched himself in 1921 at age thirty as America's one-man delegation to the European avant-garde. But the café also rang with the echoes of the avant-garde's ideological aims, of the Dada campaign against the safe containment of art's anarchic energies behind the walls of art galleries and museums.

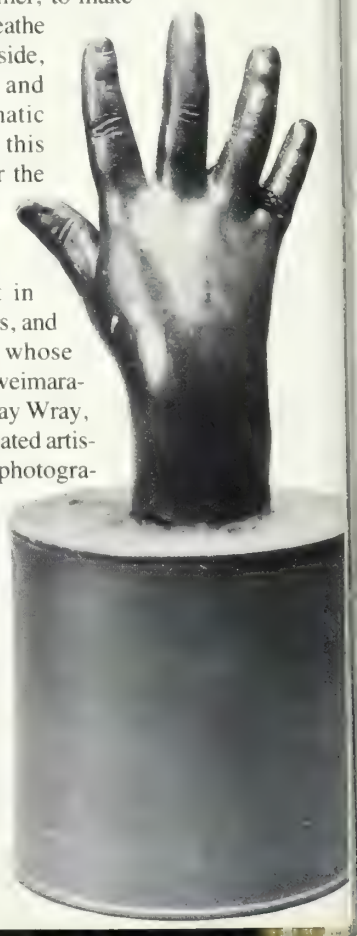
Of course, the Dada-Surrealist pa broke up decades ago, and there are those who find looking back at its artifacts as dispiriting as the look of a café when the chairs are stacked on the tables and the air is stale with smoke. Man Ray left behind a number of objects and images that still startle through that haze: the eye clipped to the metronome's pendulum, the iron studded with tacks, the pair of lips floating through Paris skies like the joined bodies of two lovers. But unlike key works by Picasso and Duchamp, they have not attained the status of masterpieces independent of the movements that surrounded them. In fact, it was Man Ray's restless vacillation between the poles to which Picasso and Duchamp are often assigned—the poles of pictorial and conceptual art—that has made it hard to estimate his achievement.

But it is precisely this tracking motion that makes Man Ray a timely figure for reappraisal, for many artists today are tapping the energy in the tension between these two poles. The hyperinflation of the contemporary art market has once again confined art's energies to a safe, comfortable place—usually a foot or so above the sofa of the rich collector—with a force that has altered the making of art itself. "Consumerist" art, by Jeff Koons, Frank Majore, and Haim Steinbach is designed to acknowledge that art operates within a market system. These artists are conscious of their inherited responsibility to embody an ideal of freedom, and they are also acutely aware of the degree to which their own industry has commercialized and trivialized that ideal. They have watched artists veer away from commerce toward the immaculate austerity of Conceptualism, then leap back again into the opulent indulgence of Neo-Expressionism, and they don't want to be trapped at either extreme. They need visual art objects to pin down their corner of the world, but the objects they make reflect the anxiety of being cornered. Thus, Kim MacConnell does a flip on the art over the sofa painting chairs and tables to go beneath it.

For Man Ray, paradoxically, commerce represented a path to artistic freedom. He photographed the Paris collections for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, and though he often downplayed this work, it was important to him conceptually since it helped to demonstrate that (as he titled a 1937 book) "la photographie n'est pas l'art." It was this very freedom from high-art connotations that enabled him to pursue in photography innovations as pioneering as any in modern art: the solarized portraits, the rayographs, the nude studies of the women in his life in which he explored the camera's metaphysical merging of fact and fantasy, private gaze and public exhibition.

The vital thing about photography for Man Ray was that anyone could do it because freedom was not the privilege of the artist; it was the response he sought to provoke in the mind of the viewer. The point of his plotless 1926 film *Emak Bakia*, Man Ray told an interviewer, was to force the viewer to exchange the role of spectator for that of performer, to make him "rush out and breathe the pure air of the outside, be a leading actor and solve his own dramatic problems." Today this impulse to empower the viewer operates in the photographs of artists like Cindy Sherman, self-cast in imaginary movie stills, and William Wegman, whose pictures of his pet weimaraners, Man Ray and Fay Wray, nip at the pants of inflated artistic heroism. These photographers transpose the instructions with which Kodak launched its first camera exactly one hundred years ago. They say: we push the button, you do the rest.

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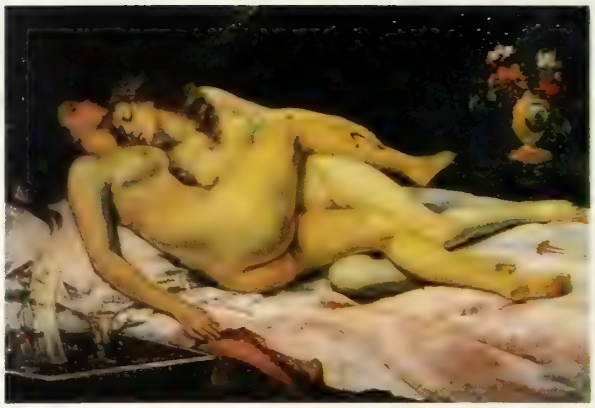
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Truth and Beauty

Courbet's off-limit art shocked Paris and paved the way for Impressionism



Courbet puts eroticism on a grand scale in *The Sleepers*, 1866.

From empire to republic and back again, the nineteenth century in France was an age of radicalism and reaction. Gustave Courbet (1819–1877), as a typical arriviste in Paris from the provinces with his plebeian manners and pride, embodied this unrest to the aristocratic patrons of the conservative Academy. Using subjects they considered off-limits for high art, Courbet bombasted social and artistic propriety with his rough palette knife and set the stage for Impressionism.



Portrait of Jo, the Beautiful Irish Girl, one of four versions Courbet painted in 1865, reveals a sensuous reveling in the model's cascading red hair.

Unlike the Romantics of his generation, who idealized the primitive elements in exotic cultures and history, Courbet and his fellow Realists recorded the primitive in contemporary France. His monumental canvases (traditionally reserved for *peintures d'histoire*) exalted scenes of provincial rituals from his native Ornans and of peasants engaged in back-breaking labor. The most tantalizing (and transgressive) of subjects, however, is that of the woman—idling or asleep, often nude. Courbet's fascination with the formal properties of paint is clear in these works. Tossing aside centuries of stylistic tradition, he celebrates sheer material beauty: the copper-colored tresses of Whistler's mistress (one of Courbet's favored models), the flushed flesh of two female lovers, and the wanton poses of Parisian demoiselles set against an abundance of foliage.

"Courbet Reconsidered," at the Brooklyn Museum through January 16, features one hundred paintings and drawings of this influential artist in the first American retrospective in nearly three decades. **Glenn Harrell**



Feast for the Eyes

Allegorical references abound in "A Prosperous Past: The Sumptuous Still Life in the Netherlands, 1600–1700." The tension between extravagant consumption and Calvinist morality in the Dutch Golden Age is naturalistically recorded in dramatic arrangements (nature morte, left, by Clara Peeters, 1612) of exotic flowers, overripe half-eaten fruits, gilded goblets, Ming porcelain, and sensuously rendered oysters. At Harvard's Fogg Art Museum through November 27, then at Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum, December 10–January 29. **G.H.**

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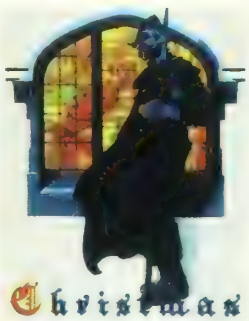
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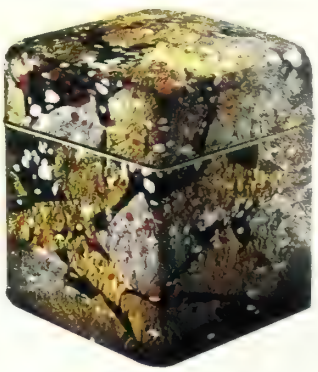
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Child of the Times

Gaetano Pesce puts a human face on modern design

In Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* the tramp plays an exemplary victim of industrialization. Forced onto the assembly line, he's transformed into a machine literally embodying our worst fear of cohabiting with technology. The design world participates in this infectious syndrome. Objects of industrial design too often seek expression by assuming crudely mechanical characteristics: hard, shiny, uniform, and precise. This vulgar appliance culture seems inescapable for most practitioners. Most, but not all.

Gaetano Pesce—the peripatetic Paris/New York/Venice–based architect—offers rich proof that modern design can have a human face. New Yorkers will have an opportunity to see his work in the flesh thanks to two long-overdue shows: one at the Max Protetch Gallery, November 9–January 7, the other, aptly titled "Modern Times Again," at the Steelcase Design Partnership, November 9–December 8.



Gaetano Pesce, above, seated in his revolutionary felt design, which he describes as "something between a chair and a coat." Right: The Feltri evolves on paper.







Gaetano Pesce's lights, top, line the balustrade of a Parisian flat. Above: His Cannaregio chairs linked together to form a sofa. Right: Animated Sansone Due table. Details see Sources.

Last year Pesce introduced a series of chairs called Feltri—felt-made and remarkably comfortable. Lacking stiffness, felt may seem an unlikely material for chairs, but Pesce transcends the difficulty characteristically. Forming a graceful shell from a single thick piece, he selectively impregnates it with resin. The supporting base of the chair is stiff, as is its back and a small second piece that spans the seat. As the shell rises, however, it softens until, at about seated shoulder height, it resumes its "natural" density. The material continues upward, more than high enough to enfold the sitter like a giant overcoat.

The chair is an apt symbol of Pesce's remarkable career, now spanning more than 25 years. It succinctly embodies both his penetrating, almost alchemical sense of materiality and his amazing knack for the new. Pesce makes felt newly useful by, in effect, continuing the process of densification that created the stuff in the first place. It's the chemical equivalent of Method acting, a getting into the soul of the material and then extending it. Pesce's forms always seem to register and retain


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the memory of their processes of coming into being. This is one of the centers of Pesce's brilliance: although his sensibility is everywhere one of craft, his methods and materials are full of modernist love for industry and technology.

His latest table, Sansone Due, is made by pouring different colored resins onto a supporting metal armature. It's a process that is certainly susceptible to exacting industrial control. But Pesce chooses to cast away from type: the workers at the factory are charged with making each table unique. Pesce has seen to this by designing a technique of manufacture which allows for easy varying of both shape and color. Industrial technology is used not to assure invariable replication but to liberate variety, restoring to the maker the individual possibilities of craft.

Like Method acting, Pesce gets into the soul of material and then extends it

Like Feltri, Sansone Due embodies a process that makes something hard out of something soft, another abiding theme of Pesce's. In 1984 he executed the Pratt series, nine chairs of cast urethane in which the formula for the material was varied from chair to chair. The first, so limp that it can't even support itself, lies in a heap on the floor. Gradually, incorporating differing degrees of coloration and translucency, the chairs stiffen, culminating in the ninth, the first of the series rigid enough to support a sitter. The chairs etch the borderline between art and industrial design, commemorating the moment when a form becomes solid enough to attain "usefulness." There's an obvious affinity here with some of the work of Claes Oldenburg, with his series of sculptures of household objects made of soft materials.

The wellspring of Pesce's form-making is the body, and a sometimes subtle, sometimes direct biomorphism pervades his work. It's visible in the sensuous Dalila chairs of 1980, varied as individuals, yet dancing just beyond the edge of literalism, recognizing that supporting the body is also an act of depicting it. The biomorphic presence stays just as strong in Pesce's architecture. An apartment in Paris holds a balustrade of illuminated protoplasmic tentacles and a fireplace in the form of a gape-mouthed face, like one of those grotesque sixteenth-century follies at Bomarzo. A project for a museum near Basel makes a gestural portrait—a face in the landscape—out of a series of small pavilions, lending discrete objects an accessible clarity of relationship.

In 1985 Pesce designed a play pavilion for kids at the Parc de la Villette in Paris. For a plan form he chose the image of a running child, a figure that will best be visible in aerial view. Pesce analogizes this with a history of ancient depictions on the landscape such as the Celtic figures carved into the chalk of English hillsides. But the graphic form is only a beginning. Describing the project Pesce speaks of using new techniques to accommodate the newest generation, and the full lexicon of his technical inventiveness is here: a tower constructed of Styrofoam blocks; a rubber building that wiggles and deforms with use; and a transparent resin bridge over a running stream. There's something more, however, in this zone of union between technology and youth. Pesce seeks to humanize a technology received as unbendingly hard. His predilection for soft beginnings is exactly analogous to the tender tissue of childhood. He's a life-breather, an animator, creating forms that don't simply accommodate use but celebrate the user. Child of the times, Pesce sees a beautiful future. **Michael Sorkin**







Clockwise from top left: Gaetano Pesce's giant package, actually a twine-and-rubber bedspread; Pesce's robotic beechwood cabinet, Les Ateliers, inspired by his childhood jelly cupboard; Sansone Due table; terra-cotta figural fireplace.

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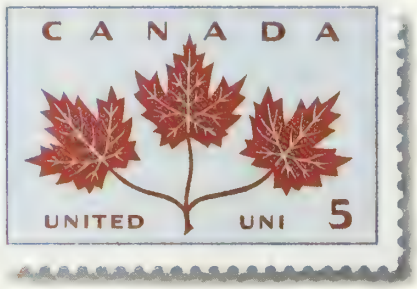
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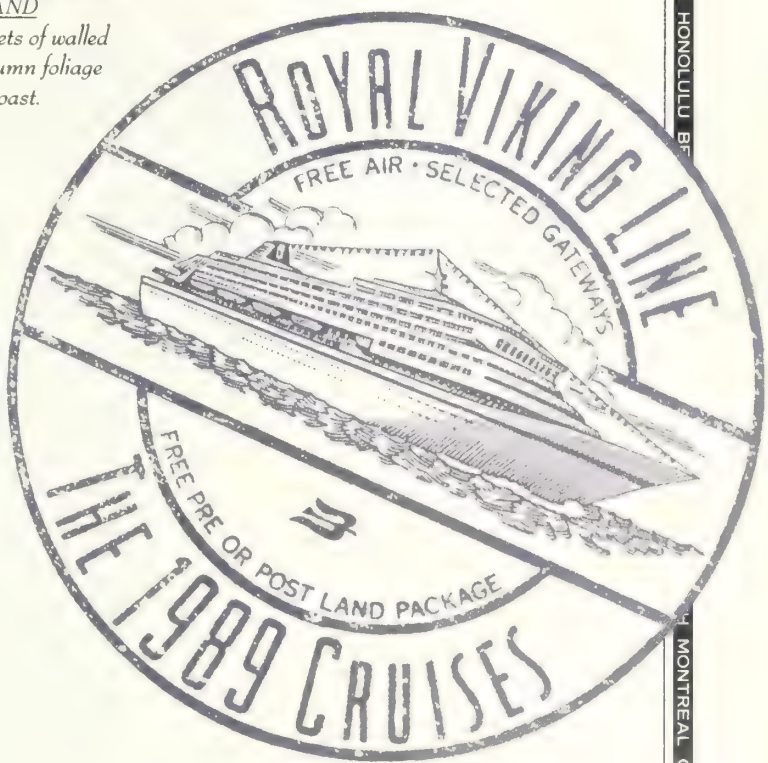
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At Christian Lacroix this fall, the pagoda replaced the pouf. Lacroix is only the most visible among dozens of designers and artists to draw once again on the exotic imagery of China. His temple-shaped evening bag joins a veritable menagerie of fantastical beasts—fire-breathing dragons, ho ho birds, and Fu dogs, the ancient guardians of temple gates—inspiring fanciful home furnishings and fashion accessories. Hermès has emblazoned a new scarf with jewel-like Chinese scent bottles. Michael Tree's whimsical garden light reinterprets the classic Chinese lantern. And the pagoda-strewn print that once covered the walls of Lord Byron's London bedroom has been reissued in a chintz by Clarence House. Ever since the intricate brocades and embroideries first reached Europe via the silk route in the fourteenth century, the extraordinary decorative elements of China have periodically revitalized Western design. Now that China has reopened its interior, we can expect a chinoiserie revival to explode yet again.

Amicia de Moubray



Oriental themes get carried away on Christian Lacroix's pagoda-shaped satin purse, top, and Judith Leiber's Fu dog evening bag, above.



Michael Tree's garden light, top, one of a limited edition of 200, lends new status to the classic Chinese lantern. Left: Pagodas in Clarence House's Lord Byron's Chintz. Above: Chinoiserie runs rampant in a 1771 room at Claydon House in Buckinghamshire.



Chinese enamel and cameo glass snuff bottles, right, circulate on a silk scarf from Hermès. Details see Sources.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MICHEL ARNAUD; TOM WILLIAM. COURTESY HERMES; NATIONAL TRUST, LONDON; MARK STEVENSON

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Green Galleries

The Walker Art Center scores again with its new Minneapolis Sculpture Garden

It has long been an article of faith in the American art world that Minneapolis's Walker Art Center—under the directorship of Martin Friedman since 1961—is this country's best contemporary museum between the coasts. Now, as the 63-year-old Friedman prepares to move into an active "retirement," his last big project in Minneapolis makes one wonder why that geographical qualification is needed. Wanting to go out in a blaze of glory, Friedman has succeeded magnificently with the opening of the Minneapolis Sculpture Garden, which avoids the often banal formula of that concept and raises it to the high level we have come to expect from the Walker.

Not the least of that small institution's major assets is its 1971 building by architect Edward Larrabee Barnes. With commendable logic Friedman returned to Barnes for the design of the seven and a half acre garden and the conservatory along its western flank. The new alfresco museum spreads so sympathetically in front of the enclosed one that it's hard to believe they were created almost two decades apart. Dividing the former vacant lot into four equal quadrants enveloped by low granite walls and intersected by pathways, with an even larger rectangle to the north, Barnes and landscape architect Peter Rothschild set up a series of five huge outdoor rooms by screening the perimeters of each with evergreens. Those verdant galleries display permanent works by established masters (including Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Serra, and Mark di Suvero) as well as temporary installations by an emerging generation (among the most successful: Brower Hatcher and Peter Shelton). Commissioned for the site are Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's lyrical *Spoonbridge and Cherry* (which would be even better had it been even bigger) and sculptor Siah Armajani's breathtaking painted steel bridge spanning sixteen lanes of highway traffic and linking the garden with the downtown of the fortunate city that can now claim this enviable new adornment. **Martin Filler**





Conservatory, top left, houses treillage displays, above. Left: Detail of Judith Shea's *Without Words*. Below: Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's *Spoonbridge and Cherry*.

Brower Hatcher's *Prophecy of the Ancients*, below. Bottom: Bridge by Siah Armajani links sculpture garden to downtown Minneapolis.





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT LANGDON CLAY (3); GLENN HALVORSON (3)



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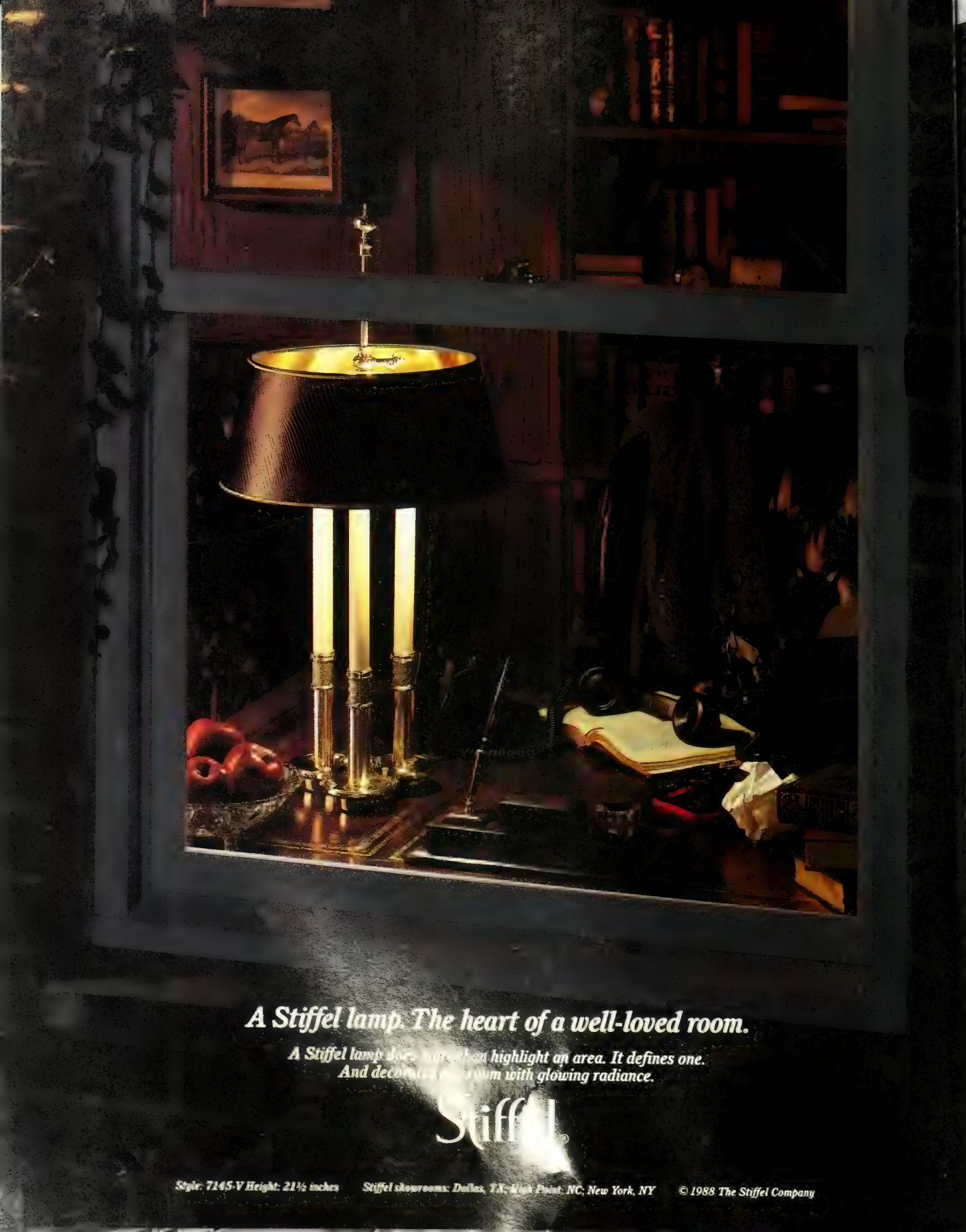
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Forever Modern

Rietveld's revolutionary house and furniture remain startling even on his centennial

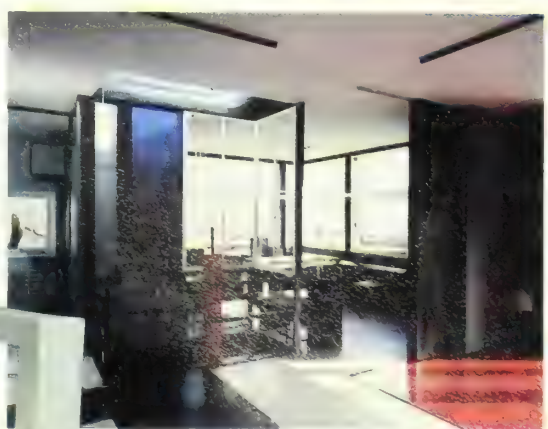
Rare is the artist whose works look as fresh and surprising on his centennial as they did when first created. But that is the happy result of the test of time in the case of Gerrit Rietveld, the Dutch architect and furniture maker who was born in Utrecht one hundred years ago and died there in 1964. Rietveld's standing as one of the leaders of the Modern movement rests on a tiny number of executed architectural schemes, but his achievement is far beyond the measure of mere quantity. Rietveld's helpmeet in his most significant project was Truus Schröder-Schräder, for and with whom he designed the famous 1924 residence she lived in until her death three years ago at age 95. That exhilarating composition of horizontals and verticals that seem to glide by one another in defiance of gravity belies its solid practicality. Mrs. Schröder-Schräder, who became her architect's lifelong inamorata, played a pivotal role in the development of the interiors, which are brilliantly adaptable to various configurations and uses. Restored and at last open to the public, the Schröder house is fully documented in a welcome new monograph (MIT Press, $25). Unfortunately, the before-and-after photos show how the rooms have lost their touching humanity in the process of "perfecting" them. No historic house can fully preserve the vivid presence of inhabitation, but the charming and unrestricted way Mrs. Schröder-Schräder dwelt there is now gone. Her pots of begonias, piles of books, blue enamel coffeepot, and snapshot of Rietveld taped to a wall were proof that these great pioneers of Modernism were far from bloodless automatons with minimalist obsessions. **M. F.**

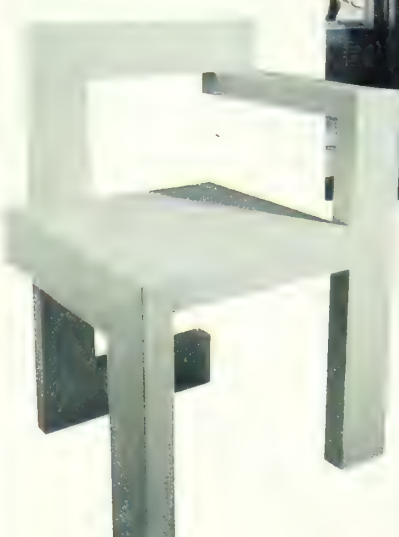




Rietveld's 1935 Utrecht chair, right, upholstered with contrasting stitching, new from Cassina.

The Schröder house of 1924 in Utrecht, the Netherlands, top, by Gerrit Rietveld, above right, is an essential landmark of the Modern movement.







The interiors of the Schröder house, above and right, are a habitable sculpture of flexible planes and voids in the primary colors typical of the de Stijl group. Left: Rietveld's last design, an oak chair of 1963, is from a show at Barry Friedman Ltd., NYC.

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Modern Archaeology

Marie Beltrami's eccentric imagination invests a Directoire interior with charm, wit, and a touch of romance

In the Paris fashion museum Palais Galliéra can be found a wedding gown woven of coconut fibers and a Spanish dance dress covered in Ping-Pong balls. These are the fanciful concoctions of designer and stylist Marie Beltrami. Half-Italian, half-Breton, Beltrami feels that one side gives her a lusty theatricality, the other a complementary restraint and a fondness for clear simple shapes. What she produces always has an air of experimentation and wit.

In her apartment in a late-seventeenth-century house near the Palais-Royal, Beltrami discovered Directoire frescoes lurking beneath layers of wallpaper; she decided to leave the timeworn classical images as they were and then enhanced them by blowtorching the wainscoting and moldings, rubbing a touch of gilt paste and walnut stain into the burns. Irregularities of surface, interplays of textures, and uneven color make the walls appear as large romantic abstractions.



An energetic charm pervades Beltrami's quirky assortment of furnishings. An unadorned bed frame topped by a large round mirror, a fat green chair with a spiral for a back, and a hammered-metal dressing table were compiled on treks through *marchés aux puces* and various Parisian galleries. Beltrami's color combinations and choice of materials echo those she uses in her fashion designs—silk, satin, velvet in close contact with tulle, cotton, and synthetics. She is concerned with intensity, transparency, *tombé*—the feeling of falling water. The curtains in the boudoir and bedroom are bright lengths of silk fringed with raffia and flipped over wooden rods.

The Directoire style puts up very well with the designer's eccentricities. Altogether, this apartment suggests an occupant who prefers a personally ordered world far away from the beaten tracks of classic good taste.

Phuong Pfeufer and Nathalie Tiné



Marie Beltrami in her Paris showroom, above right, near a Charles Serruyat screen. Right: In the entry and elsewhere in her fantastical apartment, the designer found 18th-century frescoes. Silk curtains in boudoir, top, and bedroom, above, are fringed with raffia.


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Primitive Passions

Otherworldly civilizations fascinate designer Christian Astuguevielle

The chic "barbarian" jewelry designs of Christian Astuguevielle—commissioned by such fashion stars as Claude Montana, Thierry Mugler, Jean-Paul Gaultier, and Missoni—reflect a spontaneous interest in just about everything he runs into as well as a studious fascination with design traditions of other cultures. Unsurprisingly, the impressions that feed Astuguevielle's work also guide the fixing up of his Paris quarters near the Madeleine, where purposely spare interiors express a poetic sense of history combined with the free-wheeling aesthetics of our times.

Astuguevielle, whose multifarious background includes law and sociology studies, puppetry, perfumery, and teaching at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs and the Centre Pompidou, finds sources of inspiration in African art and Japanese traditional arts, particularly furoshiki—a piece of cloth that is tied with two knots. The designer travels once a month to Japan, vacations in Indonesia, and savors encounters with craftsmen of every stripe; his jewelry tells about "civilizations of the seas."

His rooms tell about visits to those civilizations, both as they are and as he imagines them. African, Japanese, Indonesian, and Astuguevillian meld here—a Yoruba mask overlooks books wrapped in batiks; the cord the designer uses in his jewelry also winds around candlesticks, goblets and ritual objects "for an imaginary warrior"; furoshikis are applied to Astuguevielle's own creations of wicker as well as books, kitchen utensils and even furniture—most of it swathed in white linen. Oddities on the walls include an insect collection behind glass and an empty picture frame setting off a small area of the kitchen's painted "antique" walls.

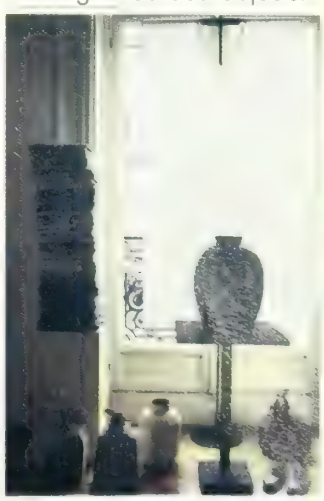
Astuguevielle delighted in what he learned from teaching a children's workshop at Centre Pompidou exhorting his students to shape their imaginations however they liked with the materials he still uses in his own work—papier-mâché, feathers, leather, fabric, and metal. At his original shop, too, Astuguevielle inspired others by selling materials to people to make their own jewelry. At his present shop, his sculptural jewelry and objects should be inspiration enough.

Phuong Pfeufer and Nathalie Tiné



Astuguevielle, above. Top left and top right: Primitive sculpture and an insect collection complement his corded, wrapped, and wicker objects.

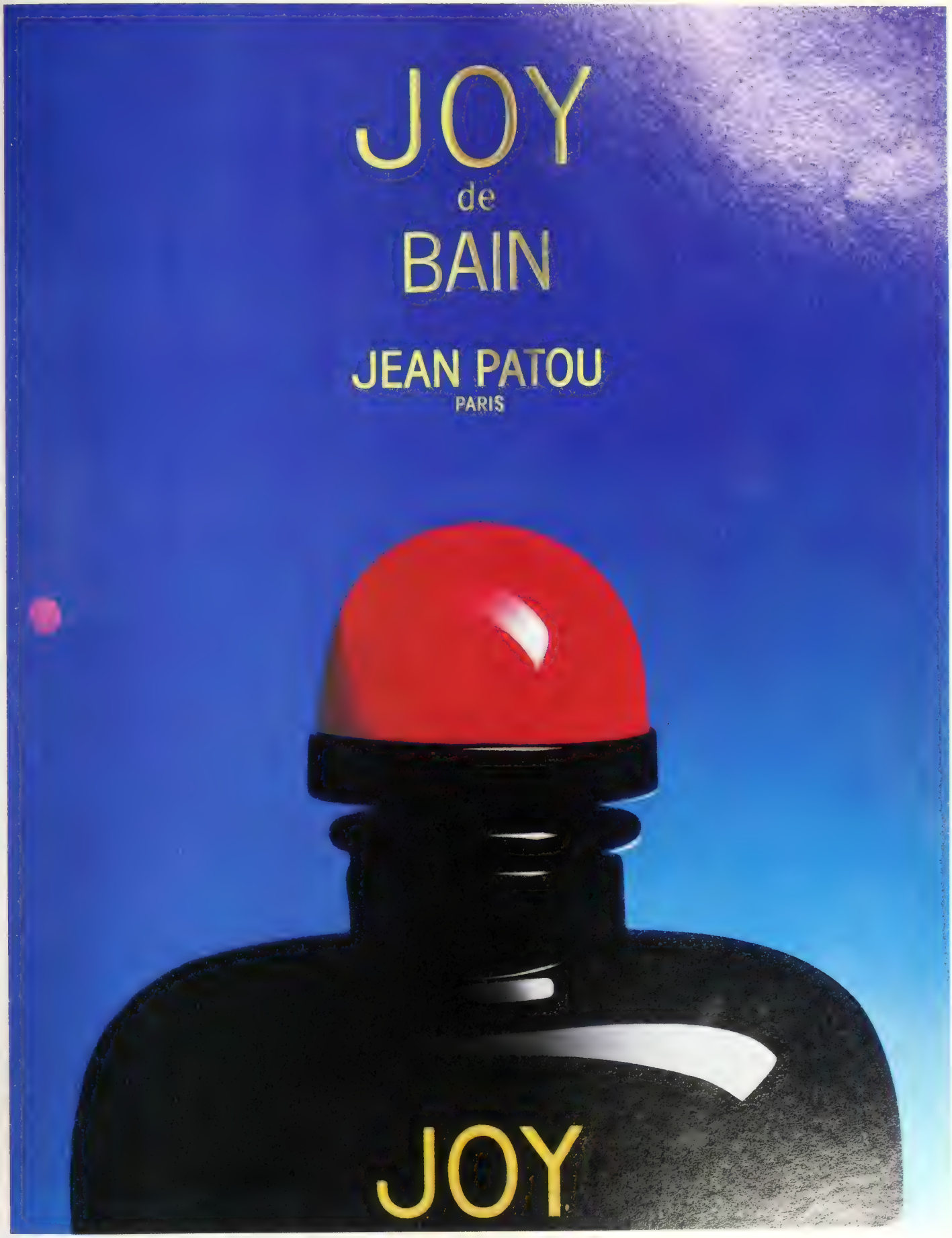
Old batiks and framed linen, below, filter light. Right: In bedroom, linen "neutralizes" shapes. Below right: Kitchen walls "aged" by Jean Oddes. Far right: Corded objects.







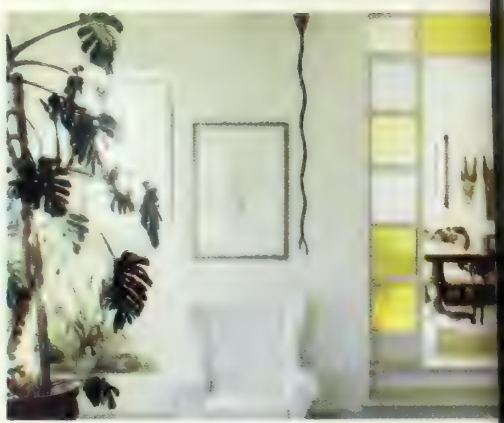




BLOOMINGDALE'S

Paladino's Palette

The artist's summer house, like his works, makes light of convention



Mimmo Paladino is a rather gentle man to be at the front line of avenging contemporary art. In the late 1970s he confronted the sterile aspects of safe Modernism as a member of the Transavanguardia, the nonaligned quintet of Italian painters (Paladino, Chia, Clemente, Cucchi, de Maria) who desired to restore art to its magical function. Paladino's spiritual figures, roughly hewn and molded into a painted landscape, have since been shown in one-man exhibitions in Naples, London, and New York, and in museums in Basel, Munich, and the United States.

Four years ago, Mimmo Paladino decided to build a studio and summer house for himself, his wife, Imma, and his teenage daughter Ginestra in Paduli, the sunbaked hilltop town near Benevento, where he was born. Each window in the house captures a specific landscape. Not surprisingly, the design of the house is his own. "My home is not a constant thing. It is being continually constructed and changed, like a painting or a sculpture. Most of all I play with perspective. The house is full of games based on the passage from inside to outside. The walls are shot through with windows that, throughout the day, let in different riddles of light."

Guardian angels attach themselves to Paladino's house. Rural gargoyles roost at the corners of the eaves. Above the lookout Paladino has made a wind vane from galvanized guttering and a bent watering can. With the spout as its inquisitive nose, the wind vane surveys the landscape, twisting its head first to a sculpture making an offering to the trees and then to Paladino's bronze fountain of phantoms and decapitated heads.

The garden is a primeval maze in which you stumble across a circle of stones gathered under a wizened olive tree and toppled heads staring past fat cacti. In the air is an intoxicating perfume of rosemary, overblown roses, and "the *ginestra gialla*, an overwhelming flower—for which my daughter was named."

Paladino's art has a bewitching potency. "Some paintings are born solely from instincts, others grow from a lucid coherence. It is not a coincidence that you find these same qualities in the furniture I choose. Anonymous furniture," he says, "can have a poetic value and a capacity of magical memory. On the other hand, designs such as the French metal lamp from the 1920s or the Castiglioni desk, are the result of cultural and intellectual precision. I like both. The cool eye of history and the warm art of sentiment."



Paladino, above, with his white figures created for the Venice Biennale. Below: Beneath Paladino's triptych, an antique vase, Thonet chairs.





A Paladino chair, above. Top: A Beuys watercolor and a view of the small sitting room.

Paladino's living room is an embodiment of these concepts. On the walls are small sketches and etchings, mostly in black and white. It is a "collection of sense," works by those twentieth-century artists Paladino considers to be fundamental—Matisse, Picasso, Munch, Schwitters, Twombly, Beuys. A cupboard displays the smash and grab objects of coincidence that ornament Paladino's life: his own ceramics, shards of local craft, found relics, talismans, Etruscan vases, and Greek fragments.

"I have just finished a cycle of works, and once the ring is closed, it is a signal for me to begin another onslaught. As a ritual, I whitewash the studio so I can start from zero on a fresh series." Paladino's manner of painting creates "a rhythm that grows on the studio walls. It is like being surrounded by a traveling military barracks."

The heavy stillness of early summer seeps in through the windows in Paladino's study. "Let's go outside," he says. Crunching his way down the gravel path, he squints into the glare with satisfaction. "Paduli has the violent, intense, dry, cutting light that I seek." Then he stops, turns, and looks back at his house. It is an orderly labyrinth of angles, white stone steps, gentle walls and terraces—a new yellow building with the patina of ages: "I like the feeling of surprise and the hint of hidden corners. I like the affectionate atmosphere." **Jonathan Turner**

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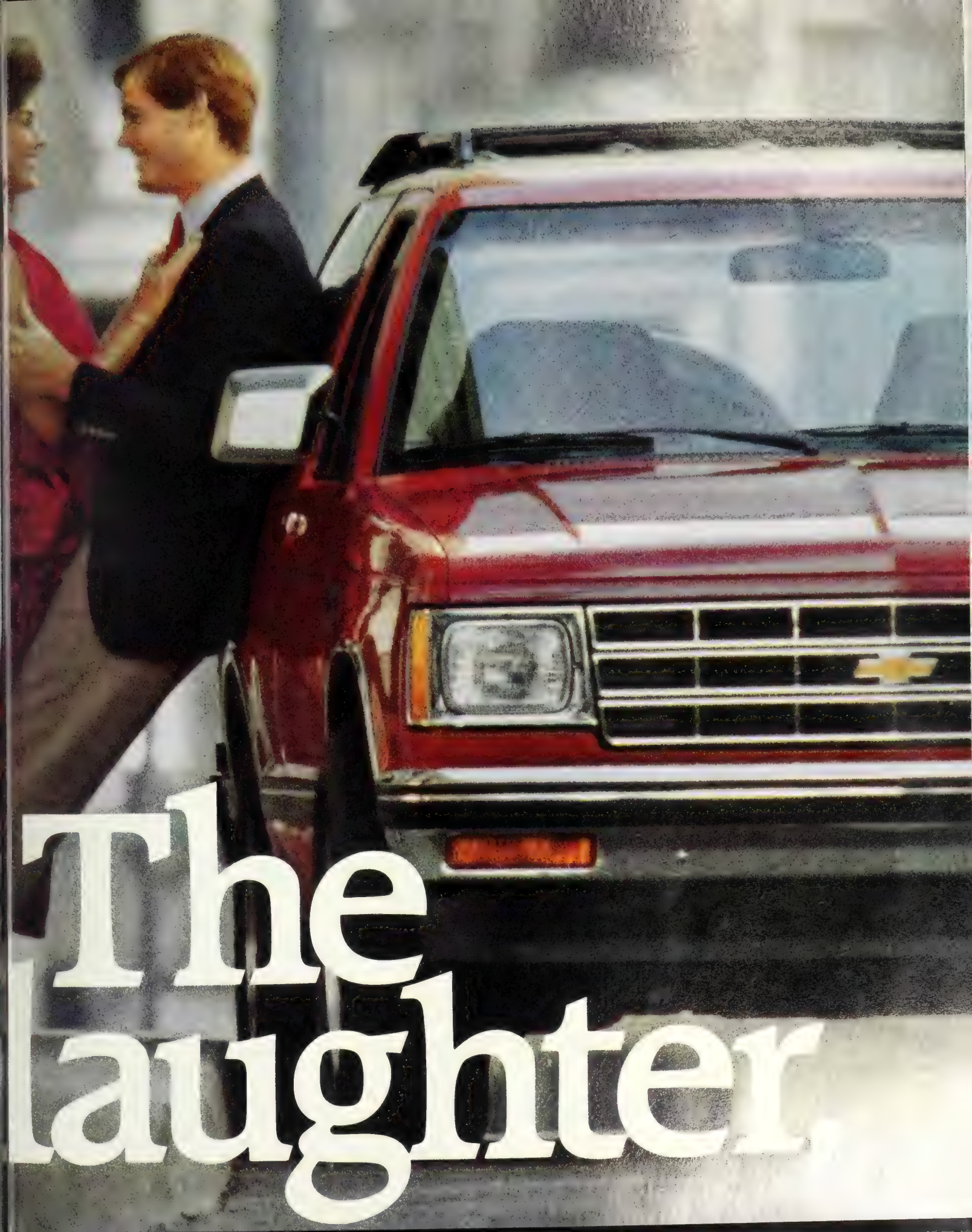
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Dinner Jackets and Décolleté

Brooke Astor reflects on the return to formality

Years ago when I first went to Hollywood for a visit I was astonished at the way people dressed for dinner parties. The ladies were attired in "strapless formals" and the men in anything from a business suit to an old tweed jacket over a T-shirt. The strapless formals were really fascinating because the ladies were so slim that they had lost their bosoms. The men apparently had not yet become reconciled to this trend, however, and so huge voluptuous pads were neatly ensconced into the daring décolleté. The effect was dazzling but there was a drawback, for when a lady turned right or left, her bosom remained facing straight out, which, needless to say, created a rather bizarre picture. In Hollywood no one seemed to notice this strange phenomenon. I suppose it could have been because the custom then was for husbands and wives to always sit next to each other, a custom not inclined to make a party very lively nor men observant.



I did not intend to start out talking about Hollywood customs. I meant to say nothing in this piece about ladies either, only about the men and how shocked I was by their casual attire. In New York at that time, a white tie was worn at most dinners for over twelve and black tie (tuxedo) for informal small parties. A man with only a business suit in his luggage had to stay at home.

I loved those white-tie outfits. Men looked so elegant. I remember Cecil Beaton wearing the coattails of his evening suit so long that they floated out, almost touching the floor, when he danced madly to a Viennese waltz at Julia Welldon's house on 36th Street. That was the time when men carried canes in the evening, and it was said that if a man had a marriageable daughter at home, he let the world know by having a gold top on his evening cane. During the day many men wore a flower in their buttonhole. William Rhinelander Stewart, one of the most sought-after and attractive, always wore two cornflowers in the daytime. I shall never forget those glorious days when the great tailor, Caraceni of Rome, started to take some of the business away from London. What a rivalry that was. It drove the men mad, but for a lady onlooker it was fun to see whose suits fitted the best.

When a lady turned right or left, her bosom remained facing straight ahead

I should not have looked so scornfully on the difference between the two coasts, as only a couple of decades later, in the sixties, New Yorkers began copying our fellow Americans from the Pacific. Slowly, but surely, the men in the East began to shed their array. First to go was the white tie, the well-fitted white waistcoat, the jeweled studs, the white carnation in the buttonhole, and the white gloves. Gone too were opera capes, dark overcoats with fur collar and cuffs, the *chapeau mécanique*, a top hat that collapsed and could be put under the seat at the theater or in an opera box. Instead of white tie, black tie was written. The stiff white shirt and collar were still there, and the patent-leather pumps and jeweled cuff links with studs to match, but that was all.

Strangely it changed the conversation at the dinner table. Money and politics had always been taboo and were suddenly the main topics, and some men started to smoke cigars in the drawing room or even at the table before the hostess had given the sign to leave. It only took a few years before "informal" meant that men could come in any costume they pleased as long as it was *not* a dinner jacket, while women were back to low-cut dresses and dazzling jewels that like huge rocks rolled heavily down a narrow path instead of resting lightly on a well-rounded bosom.

Recently I have been seeing a great many young people in their twenties and thirties—children and grandchildren of my friends—and to my surprise I find that the young men are calling for a return to the dinner jacket. "Why?" I asked. "We like to change our clothes before going out," they replied, "and to put on a dinner jacket is not only a change of clothes but also a change of mind. You feel festive and forget the cares of the day. If you wear the same suit, you continue in the same working mood." They claim that to put on a different type of suit really releases and relaxes you and makes for different conversation. Instead of talking about politics and the stock market, they will touch on things that affect the spirit—art, music, the ballet—in fact, creative matters instead of those that are extremely material.

So here we are back to where I started from. Once again the men are setting the pace. Perhaps they'll soon be placing flowers in their buttonholes and wearing opera capes, and this will give the sign to women to wear simple little black dresses with a tiny perfect pearl set demurely in each ear. ♠

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Couture Colors

The best walls in town sport Donald Kaufman's designer paints. By **Glenn Harrell**

Donald Kaufman is serious about color. Back in the late sixties and early seventies when he was a bicoastal artist he painted smooth, cool Color Field canvases. During the last eleven years Kaufman and his partner (and wife), Taffy Dahl, have turned his fascination with color into a booming business, producing the richest, most reflective paints available. As interior designer Mariette Gomez effusively describes: "Donald's colors are extraordinary—they have more depth, magnitude, and subtlety than regular paints. What a luxury!"

Mixing up to twelve different pigments in a translucent base (commercial paints usually contain two or three at most), Kaufman works like a mad scientist, adding one sixty-fourth of an ounce of pigment from a revolving dispenser that resembles an old-fashioned malt-shop machine. But through all the electric stirring and whirring, each minuscule portion retains its microscopic identity. The result is a spectral subtlety, for instance, blues and purples peeking out of a red. "The effect is of luminosity in a color—light coming from within. The paint becomes a much more efficient reflecting vehicle for the light that's in the space already," declares Kaufman.

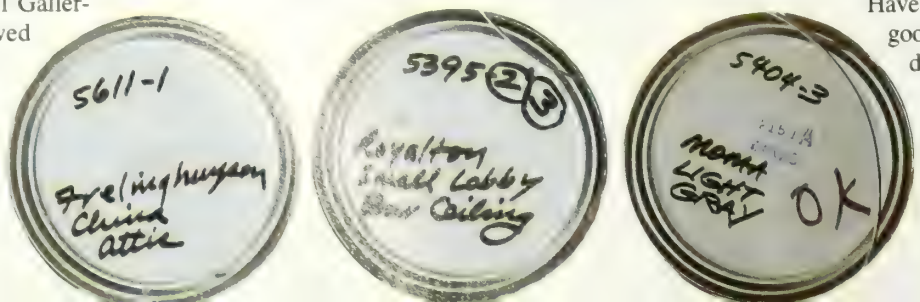
With their infinite gradations and nuances, Kaufman's complex colors have caught the sophisticated eyes of such design stars as Arata Isozaki, Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Charles Gwathmey, and Andrée Putman. Kaufman and Dahl work frequently with gallery owners and museum curators formulating colors that show off art. The staid Frick Collection has recently been revamped with the help of Kaufman Color, and its new neighbor, the Berry-Hill Galleries, has smartly followed suit. Summoned by fashion oracle Diana Vreeland to do the walls for the "Costumes of Royal India" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in 1986, Kaufman and Dahl were dazzled by her keen visual sense. Recalls Dahl: "She wanted a pink to match the silk lining of a thirty-year-old Schiaparelli dressing gown and an ivory that was close to butterscotch, not cream, because that's what her old ivory bracelets look like."



Donald Kaufman, in his workroom, above, pours a gallon of paint freshly mixed from one of his favorite recipes for red.



An exotic palette, above, spices up Alexander Julian's apartment. Below: Paint cans from current projects.



Kaufman and Dahl often choose muted colors. Their small brownstone apartment is washed with a rose-flushed gray that bounces off floor-to-ceiling glass doors, a wall of exposed brick, and Kaufman's paintings. Similarly, the two-story living room of Whitney Houston's house in New Jersey hums with a multitude of buffed beiges. Different in feeling are the ultramarine hallways of Manhattan's Royalton Hotel, designed by Philippe Starck and the latest venture of entertainment impresarios Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell (for whom Kaufman colorized the Palladium in 1985). The New York apartment of fashion designer Alexander Julian was painted using a wild polychromatic palette almost as playful as the one Kaufman has devised for a Brooklyn nursery school.

Selecting a palette in consultation with color-conscious clients is essential: "All architects and designers have their own personality in the way they use color, and our job is to interpret that personality and make it work in terms of the job." Fieldwork includes evaluating light conditions and examining floor coverings, fabrics, and furniture. Dahl then works up a preliminary scheme using the 30,000 color recipes on file in the Greenwich Village office they share with florist and friend Robert Isabell. Kaufman takes this palette as the starting point for mixing new site-specific colors.

Have Kaufman and Dahl ever goofed? "We've never had a disastrous failure, but," admits Kaufman conspiratorially, "we've had a few expensive experiments." ♠


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Bound for Glory

Ellen Williams picks the winners in the battle of the heavyweight art books

If you apply the trickle-down theory to the art market, it's no surprise, given what's happened in the auction houses, that art book prices are soaring. Though you can find some modestly priced editions that are handsome and well worth reading, many must be considered expensive art objects themselves. Here, a year-end wrap-up of the best of tomes.



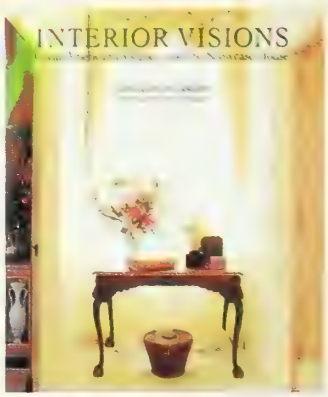
Fernand Léger: The Later Years edited by Nicholas Serota (Prestel/te Neues, $40). The bold assured creations of the older artist. Joyous scenes of construction workers, picnickers, and circus life rendered in vibrant primary colors.



Illuminations of Heaven and Earth by Raymond Cazelles and Johannes Rathofer (Abrams, $95). The story of the jewel-like fifteenth-century manuscript, the *Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*. Or, for $12,405 more, you can have a complete facsimile edition (also Abrams).



Places of Delight: The Pastoral Landscape by Robert C. Cafritz, Lawrence Gowing, David Rosand (Potter, $45). Idyllic natural worlds—lands of milk and honey—peopled by shepherds, nymphs, and satyrs from the Venetians to today with texts by distinguished art historians.



Interior Visions by Chris Casson Madden (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45). Unfettered by client whims and budgetary restraints, the country's top designers enjoy complete freedom at work in limited-run showcase houses.

The Dog in Art from Rococo to Postmodernism by Robert Rosenblum (Abrams, $27.50). Although the cat has taken over as America's pet of choice, it is the image of the dog—in works by Manet, Giacometti, Wegman, and others—that illustrates the major social and artistic trends of the modern age (Romantic sentimentality, Marxist class conflict, Freudian symbolism) in this unusual but informative history of art.

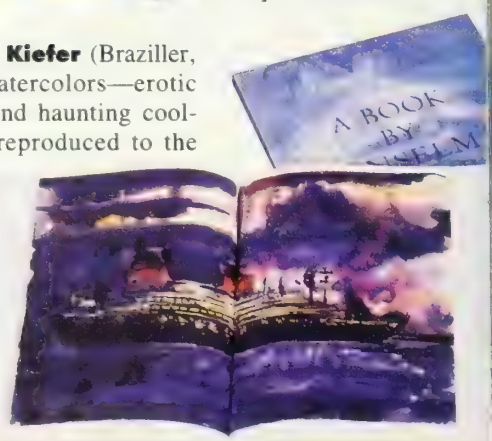


Piero della Francesca: Poet of Form by Jacqueline and Maurice Guillaud (Potter, $100). The Arezzo frescoes depicting *The True Legend of the Cross* by a fifteenth-century painter whose noble figures have influenced such moderns as Seurat and Balthus. Striking details are reproduced on delicate onionskin paper that simulates the look and feel of plaster.



Verve: The Ultimate Review of Art and Literature, 1937–1960 by Michel Anthonioz (Abrams, $95). Reprints from the seminal French journal by the usual suspects (Sartre, Joyce, Camus, Picasso, Braque, and Miró).

A Book by Anselm Kiefer (Braziller, $60). A series of watercolors—erotic warm-toned nudes and haunting cool-toned landscapes—reproduced to the exacting standards of this modern-day German romantic.





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BOOKS

Monet Water Lilies by Charles F. Stuckey (Hugh Lauter Levin, $75). Panoramic fold-out reproductions of the magnificent *Nymphéas* series painted at Giverny. The shimmering blues, greens, and lavenders are guaranteed to lower the blood pressure.

The Phoenicians edited by Sabatino Moscati (Abbeville, $75). The catalogue of the recent exhibition at the Palazzo Grassi in Venice. Over 700 pages, it's a daunting study of this great distant civilization—"the 'others' of ancient history, the vanquished rather than the victors."

Art Deco Tableware by Judy Spours (Rizzoli, $35). Charming industrially produced potteries made in Britain between the wars will arouse the collector in anyone. Sleek geometrics, stylized florals, fruit and animal shapes, and a racing-car teapot whose license plate reads OKT42.

William Morris by Himself edited by Gillian Naylor (New York Graphic Society, $50). The letters, essays, and poetry of the pre-Raphaelite who had a romantic preoccupation with the past and lofty ambitions for reforming the world through art and design.

Joseph Beuys: Ölfarben/Oilcolors 1936–1965 by Franz Joseph van der Grinten and Hans van der Grinten (Prestel/te Neues, $225). Forceful, evocative works from Beuys's early career, chosen with the artist before his death in 1986. A collector's item, some signed copies are still available from the publisher ($270).

Queen Mary's Dolls' House by Mary Stewart-Wilson (Abbeville, $35). A detailed tour of the opulent miniature home (five feet high, forty rooms) presented to the British royals in gratitude for their leadership during World War I. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the mansion features a metal, rubber, and green velvet garden by Gertrude Jekyll and a bathroom tiled in mother-of-pearl.

Vermeer by Gilles Aillaud, Albert Blankert, and John Michael Montias (Rizzoli, $85). The glowing tranquil interiors belie the controversy that has surrounded the reputation of this Dutch master—the victim of forgers and ever-changing tastes—who left so few paintings behind.

Marc Chagall Arabian Nights (Prestel/te Neues, $75). Sheherazade's tales, illustrated in lithographs, are reproduced with extreme subtlety on beautiful, specially made paper and published for the first time. **Chagall Discovered** (Hugh Lauter Levin, $50). In the spirit of glasnost, dozens of previously unseen works by the Russian artist from Soviet collections.

Vuillard by Belinda Thomson (Abbeville, $45). Long known as an Intimist because of his harmoniously colored domestic interiors and portraits of sitters in their most private moments, this first monograph in years reveals Vuillard's neglected achievements as a landscape painter and interior decorator.

Marsden Hartley by Gail R. Scott (Abbeville, $55). The intensely spiritual yet thoroughly modern works—abstract and figurative—of the shy, often poverty-stricken painter, poet, and essayist.

Ukiyo-e Masterpieces in European Collections Volume 1: British Museum 1 (Kodansha, $300). The first of a twelve-part series on the delightfully lowbrow Japanese paintings and wood-block prints of the early seventeenth century which depict popular and erotic themes.

The Bakelite Jewelry Book by Corinne Davidov and Ginny Redington Dawes (Abbeville, $35). Like Fiesta ware for the body, this plastic jewelry produced cheaply during the Depression has come back, giving new meaning to the word "kitsch."

The Painted House by Graham Rust (Knopf, $60). An imaginary house—painted top to bottom by the British muralist with trompe l'oeil, faux marbre, flora, and fauna—serves as a how-to book, providing inspiration and technical advice.

Images of Fin-de-siècle Architecture and Interior Decoration by Keiichi Tahara (Kodansha, $95). A mammoth study—broad as well as deep—of the exuberant design styles of this century's birth in Europe, East and West, and in the United States. For a narrower focus: **Art Nouveau Munich** by Kathryn Bloom Hiesinger (Prestel/te Neues, $45) explores Jugendstil, the German incarnation of the aesthetic; **Hector Guimard** by Maurice Rheims (Abrams, $49.50), on the architect best known for his fanciful Paris Métro entrances; **Russian Art Nouveau** by Elena A. Borisova and Grigory Sternin (Rizzoli, $95), the first Western book devoted entirely to this opulent style in prerevolutionary interiors and exteriors. ♠

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COLLECTING

Talent Scouts

Collins and Milazzo have the premier collection of post-1985 art, claims **Dodie Kazanjian**

Art world insiders know Collins and Milazzo as independent curators and critics. Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo sprang out of nowhere in the early 1980s in much the same way the East Village art scene did. In no time they were organizing group exhibitions, making connections between artists and dealers, and issuing their pronouncements on recent art. Not many people know, however, that they are also obsessive collectors of the new art they write about.

Their collection now numbers nearly a thousand paintings, sculptures, and indeterminate objects, the majority of them by the very latest generation of artists. This may well be the world's most comprehensive collection of post-1985 art, a highly cerebral mixture informed by ideas so fresh that they're scarcely dry. For Collins and Milazzo, this is an ideal situation because it means they themselves can be engaged in the continuing evolution of this new work.

In their modestly scaled apartment, a third-floor walk-up in the East Village, the profusion of artwork is subject to rigorous curatorial standards. Works by Saint Clair Cemin, Haim Steinbach, the Starn Twins, Peter Halley, John Armleder, Peter Nagy, Nancy Shaver, and others are set in context with works by artists whom Collins and Milazzo refer to as the "young old masters"—such as Ross Bleckner, Robert Longo, and Richard Prince.

"Everybody has been talking about this new work as conceptual," says Milazzo. "But the conceptual art of the mid to late eighties is certainly not the conceptual art of the seventies. A lot of the work we're interested in is involved with concepts, but it's not visually uninteresting. We look for work that has thought behind it, and we like to explain what it means and enjoy it also."

For instance, take Peter Halley's five-by-four-foot painting in their art-clogged study, *Black Cell with Conduit*. It's an abstract painting with a representational element, a conduit which is a sign for a transmission of any kind. There is also the huge *Dalton Sled* by Salvatore Scarpitta hanging in the hall; it signifies not only physical transportation but spiritual or metaphysical as well.

Collins and Milazzo, whose conversational energy is so intense that they keep interrupting each other, scorn the blanket term Neo Geo in discussing the new art.

"The Neo Geo thing really applies to one person—Peter Halley," Milazzo says. "It's very much a term that got out of . . ."

"It doesn't exist," says Collins. "This is a rich and noncategorical time."

OBERTO GILI

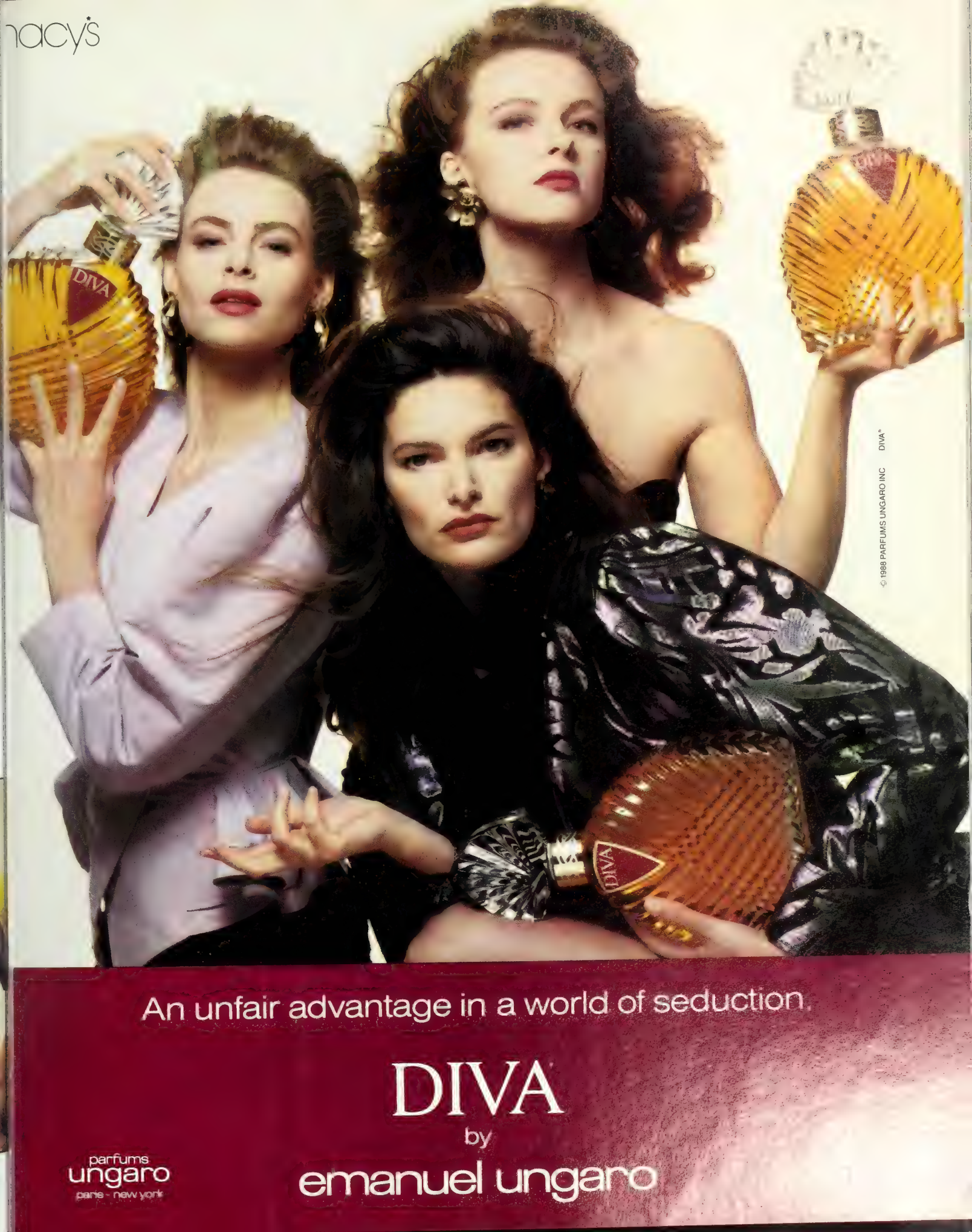




A hand-painted table with three carved columnar legs, above, is lined with works by Saint Clair Cemin, Joseph Beuys, and Ross Bleckner. Hanging are Kevin Larmon's *Blue Table* (at left) and Gary Stephan's *No Title*. Right: Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo with Not Vital's *Paw* sculpture.

Stacked books on Victorian piano stool, left, sit in front of Robert Longo lithograph. Right: Antiques in the living room get a jolt from Joel Fisher's sculpture on a pedestal, John Armleder's yellow *Progressive Dorian* (above door), Joel Otterson's standing sculpture, and Richard Prince photograph on wall.




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"It is absolutely one of the best times in the twentieth century," adds Milazzo. "It's not pluralism. It's an intense hybridization where artists are influencing one another. This period has been very selective and distinguished by thoughtfulness. It's not afraid of beauty. It doesn't see beauty as being bourgeois or decorative. We're talking about a difficult beauty—the beauty of pleasure derived from understanding."

"We spent our honeymoon going to museums"

Some people think Collins and Milazzo are talking through their hats, but others are impressed and intrigued. Yale has appointed them senior critics and asked them to give a seminar this semester at its school of art. The title is Hyperframes: A Post-Appropriation Discourse. As Paula Cooper, one of the most respected SoHo dealers, says, "They're trying to do something different. I think the group shows they've put on make you want to see more work by those artists—they've opened up new avenues of thought."

These talent scouts for the newest art did not set out to be tastemakers. Tricia Collins, age 38, comes from Tallahassee. Her father had political ambitions, and she spent part of her youth as a page in the Florida legislature; she moved to New York in 1979. Richard Milazzo, age 39, the son of a barber in Astoria, Queens, has a master's degree in literature from City College. They met in 1982 and started a magazine together: *Effects: Magazine for New Art Theory*. By the time they got married later that year, they were both obsessed with art. "We spent our honeymoon going to museums in New York City."

In addition to putting out *Effects* (which only lasted through three issues) they wrote for art journals, met a lot of young artists, and plugged into the rapidly developing East Village art scene. Their living room became a meeting place for Halley, Koons, Bleckner, and many other artists, some of whom were also running small East Village galleries. Collins and Milazzo began organizing group shows for these galleries in 1984.

"We knew two generations by then," says Collins. "The older folks, such as Ross Bleckner and Richard Prince, and the younger folks, such as Peter Nagy, and they hadn't cross-fertilized yet."

Collins and Milazzo firmly believe that a lot of the cross-fertilization came about through their efforts. They introduced artists to galleries (for instance, Saint Clair Cemin to Massimo Audiello), and they worked to develop a context in which the work of Ross Bleckner, for example, could exert its powerful influence on the work of younger artists. In the process they acquired four Bleckners, twelve Cemins, and a host of works by other artists who were also their friends. Many more works of art than they could fit covered the walls and floor spaces of their apartment. Their bedroom became a storage room; they sleep in an alcove. Continuing purchases have required the rental of outside storage space. Their long-range plan is to have their own museum, a sort of institute for critical studies. Collins and Milazzo think that writing about the work and showing the work are sometimes not enough—it's necessary to own it.

"You get to know a work of art in the most intimate and the clearest possible way if you're looking at it all the time, and you also experience it in relationship to other pieces in the collection," says Milazzo.



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COLLECTING

"We have two Jasper Johns prints," Collins remarks, "but his work doesn't mean the same thing to me. It may in a distant and historical way, but most of what we collect has very much to do with our lives."

David Salle was already too expensive when they began collecting. "David Salle is a very important artist," Collins says. "We'd love to have one."

What about Anselm Kiefer, who is currently being billed as the artist of the century?

Milazzo: "That's wrong. That's wrong. We beg to differ."

Collins: "Ross Bleckner and Peter Halley hold a more important place. I think that Ross is the answer to Jasper Johns."

Milazzo: "Anselm Kiefer has painted the paintings that Joseph Beuys refused to paint—that is, painting was just too bourgeois for him."

The late Joseph Beuys is the only artist in their collection whom they did not know personally. But he is a powerful presence nonetheless in their living room. The latest Beuys is *Capri-Batterie*, a light bulb plugged into a lemon—the lemon has to be changed every one thousand hours. Collins and Milazzo are currently in pursuit of multiples by Beuys. They're also very high on Salvatore Scarpitta, a sculptor who has shown at the Castelli Gallery for thirty years without achieving much recognition. Scarpitta's best-known works are futuristic racing cars and primitive-looking sleds made of chair parts, broomsticks, obstetrical gowns, and leather and wood resin.

"This period isn't afraid of beauty. It doesn't see beauty as being bourgeois or decorative"

The "difficult beauty" of the art that Collins and Milazzo admire is matched by their own impenetrable prose style. Do they care that, for many people, their criticism is difficult to understand?

Collins and Milazzo (simultaneously): "No!"

Collins: "The writing is written to avoid . . ."

Milazzo: ". . . discardability. It's not meant to be read once and then discarded. It's meant to be read more than once."

Collins: "We don't want the writing understood . . . . It's funny, the writing makes people extremely angry, but it represents important things for us. A reservoir of thoughtfulness, of really wrestling with philosophical and cultural issues."

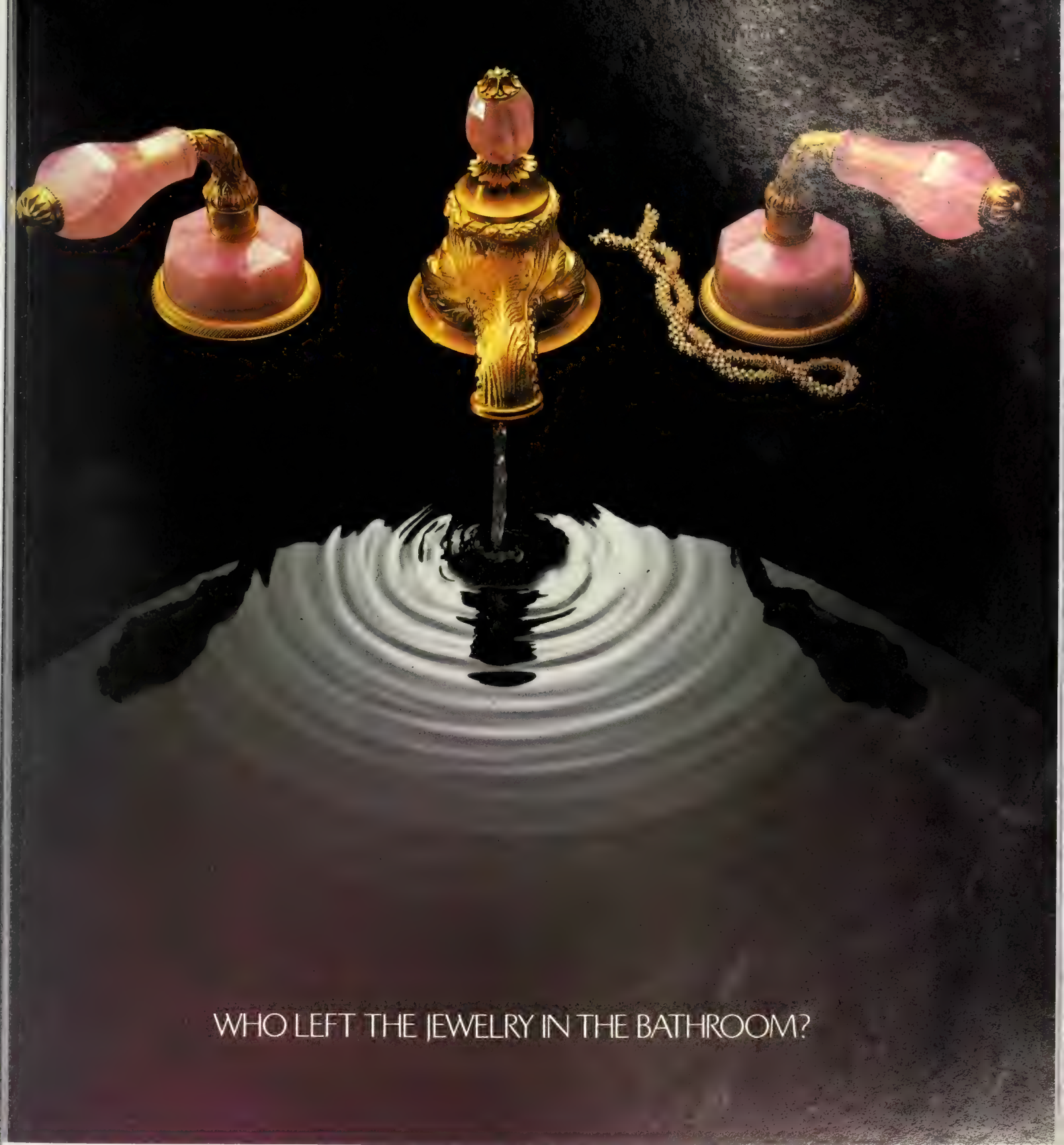
Milazzo: "We don't want to say anything about a work of art that stops that work of art . . ."

Collins: ". . . that sums it up. Because then it can be cast away."

Milazzo: "In the writing and in the shows we try to reconstruct a sense of the way in which the meaning of a work of art is inexhaustible."

In talking with these two inexhaustible and by no means bashful critics, it becomes very clear that they see themselves as much more than observers.

"It may be the case," says Milazzo, "that institutions or individuals who, supposedly, are not creative, actually do create something . . . . The combination, the context, the bringing together of relationships is the essence of our work. That's our cultural contribution." ♠



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SHERLE W
NOTHI



Paradise by the Week

Christopher Petkanas discovers the perfect hideaway in Saint Barts

This month Saint Barts bolts into the high season, that mercenary time of year which keeps the island flush and vacationers on line for a seat at the bar. But although no one celebrates the cosmic prices, the high cost of holidaying there has kept it relatively rural (wild dunebacked beaches, roller coaster country roads) and exclusive (Harrison Ford, Princess Caroline of Monaco). Saint Barts is also tiny—eight square miles—and a monster to get to. With no direct flights from the states, travelers are forced to take a chilling ten-minute connecting hop in a propeller plane from Saint Martin. All of which conspires to keep the riffraff away. Now if only all those French building entrepreneurs would back off.

Stylish and rather superior, Saint Barts has another seductive attraction in its exquisitely simple, typically West Indian villas, like the one lived in year-round by ex-Parisians Catherine and Pero Feric, who run the Hermès shop on the island. The couple also owns a second property, available for rent, that surpasses the luxurious privacy, relaxed charm, and friendly Caribbean exoticism of their own. The Ferics calculated that visitors to Saint Barthélemy, as the French island is formally known, would want to stay in houses that are stylistically faithful to the island vernacular. After cocktails and lunch at the Pointe-Milou rental on the Côte au Vent, there's ritual stewing in the whirlpool tub sunk into a terrace cantilevered over a steep drop that vanishes into the sea. And from the tub it's only a few paces into a mahogany four-poster for a siesta under an eyelet coverlet and a cool veil of mosquito netting.

"Americans adore Saint Barts because they rediscover the flavor of France," reasons Catherine Feric, "yet since nearly everyone is bilingual, you're not obliged to speak French. And the beaches—you could be in Normandy, Brittany, even Ireland. Life is lived outdoors on Saint Barts. We have lunch when the sun is high and dinner by moonlight. We have electricity, but our greatest pleasure is to use hurricane lamps, and we all sleep with our doors open."

Like their own home, the Ferics' Côte au Vent property, wedged into a cliff with a heart-catching water view, is built in the severe, stolid style of native fishermen's shelters of the last century. Breton settlers, Catherine says, would have lived in just such a *case* (Creole for house), designed with a pitched roof and thick walls to resist the wind and offer refuge from the punishing heat. Four thousand dollars a week rents the Ferics' six-room villa.





Clockwise from top: Caribbean style; Feric children Rebecca, Richard; vegetal still life, for looking only; a room of the villa, part of a projected community.

The person responsible for finding suitable tenants is Brook Lacour of Sibarth, Saint Barts's top real estate agency. Write to Sibarth at Boîte Postal 55, Gustavia, Saint Barthélemy 97133, French West Indies (phone 590-27-62-38; fax 590-27-70-52).

During the low season (April 16–December 14) the population on the island shrinks from 5,000 to 3,800. And the Ferics get right in the shrinking mode, cutting their prices by 25 percent—a bargain for those who believe that in the tarnished tiara of the Caribbean Saint Barts is the last jewel with any sparkle. ♠



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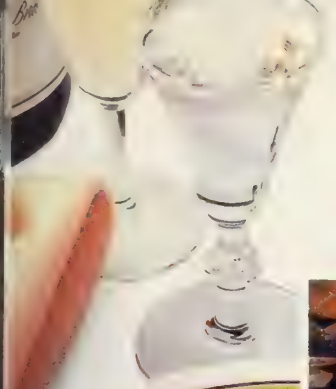
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"Let's get married," he said.

"We're already married," she said.

"Again," he said.



And over Pink Lobster Bisque and Peppered Canneloni they laughed and planned a shipboard wedding.

And when the last morsel of Royal Pheasant was gone, when the Gateau Napoleon had been reduced to crumbs, it was written in stone.



Wednesday morning, on the ssCostaRiviera, somewhere between Grand Cayman and Cozumel, Lido Deck aft, David and Jennie Curland got married again. A waiter, Giovanni D'Angelo, stood up for David. The Chief Purser, Lorenzo Dasso, gave the bride away. And Captain Elio Mandrilli pronounced them man and wife.

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Paradise for Rent

Diane Lilly di Costanzo cruises the Caribbean for the best villas under the sun

Although few would deny that travel is an edifying and worthy pursuit, it's not always relaxing. The honest among us will admit to bouts of travel-induced tedium *en voyage*, but although enthusiasm wanes in the face of the ninth Grecian ruin, the tenth Napa Valley vineyard, we troop around to see them anyway while harboring a secret desire to settle into a low-slung beach chair, toes in the sand, indulging in some blissful hard-won idleness.



Sea grapes, left, abound on the rocky cliffs of Saint Barts, above.

Sand, warm seas, and sunny days aside, the best thing about the Caribbean is that there's precious little sightseeing required: blissful idleness, none of it hard-won, is the order of the day, every day. And as a perfect, *private* tonic against world-weariness, more and more travelers are renting private villas. By the week or for the season, the private villa has clear advantages over other island shelters: none of the chilly impersonality of a hotel; none of the obligations of being a houseguest; none of the mortgage payments of your own vacation home. At the island airport, as others wedge themselves onboard buses bound for sprawling hotels, you simply jump in a jeep that's come to collect you and, as you pass through the villa gates, yank them closed behind you.

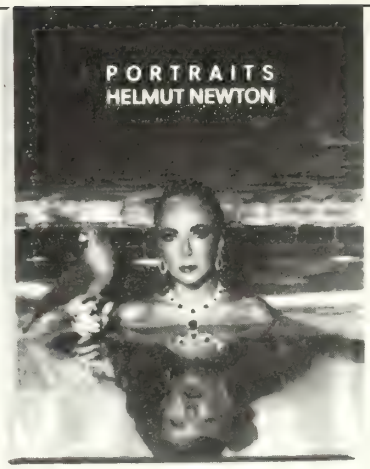
If there's a hitch to hiring paradise, it needn't be the price. Properties such as the pleasant two-bedroom Banana House on Saint Lucia rent for $260 a day for four people (prices quoted throughout are in-season, generally mid December through April). Built of weathered wood with a stone terrace, it comes complete with a maid, a pretty swimming pool, and a balcony overlooking the sea.

The only catch to these great rentals is that decidedly American condition best expressed by the French as an *embarras de richesse*. There are sugar plantations, gingerbread cottages, and palatial Moorish follies. There's Blue Harbour, Noël Coward's former Jamaican estate. Backed by a thick grove of coconut palms overlooking the sea, with a private beach and pool, Blue Harbour rents for about $4,000 a week and accommodates up to twenty people in three villas. Or there's Les Jolies Eaux on Mustique, Princess Margaret's stucco getaway, all mint and peach on the interior, that she visits infrequently and rents for about $6,000 a week. Or the lovely Ridge Estate on Jamaica, perched 800 feet above Discovery Bay and surrounded by 1,000 acres of land, which sleeps eight and rents for $2,620 a week including a maid, cook, and gardener.

Fortunately, agencies representing hundreds of rental properties help prospective travelers whittle away the bounty. Typically, once you've established your requirements, the agency sends along information, including prices and pictures on a dozen or so options. When you reply with your choices, they'll contact the villa owner for availability. To confirm the reservation, send a deposit within a week or so. Sometimes a nonrefundable payment of half the rental fee is requested before you take possession, as well as a refundable security deposit.

Before you commit, the best agents will prompt you to arrange through them any additional amenities. Will you need a jeep? A


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stroller? A Windsurfer? Ultimately, though, it's up to the renter to confirm conditions not spelled out. Is there air conditioning, a telephone, a TV, a VCR? The housekeeping fee is usually included in the price, but how much should you expect to pay for daily laundry service, meals, a nanny?

The better agents know the properties and can cut through the purple prose of the travel brochures. Claire Packman, for instance, president of At Home Abroad, is refreshingly plainspoken. She or her general manager has visited almost all of the hundreds of Caribbean properties they represent. "It's not my inclination to overembellish them to clients," she says. "People frequently tell me, 'It was so much better than you described.' " One of Packman's favorite villas is Mullin's Mill on Barbados. Built on the foundations of a sugar plantation, the mill's stone tower is now a bedroom. The great house and guest cottages sleep twelve in all and rent for about $1,375 a night.

Caribbean Home Rentals is another agency that knows its properties. Timothy Roney, the agency's enthusiastic manager, can speak endlessly on the villas and the Caribbean in general. "We're prepared to be quite specific," he reports. "If Mrs. So-and-So asks how many sinks there are in the downstairs powder room, we can answer that."

CHR's master list of one thousand properties on thirty islands in the Caribbean gives Roney ample fodder. The offerings run the gamut in architectural style. Freed from the proprieties of the motherland—or perhaps, simply addled by the heat—colonial architects seemed to have let their hair down there. On Barbados alone you'll find the massive Heron Bay, a coral-stone Palladian-style estate; the odd Cyclades-inspired whitewashed villa or two; a snug half-timber mock-Tudor mansion.

Mustique, too, has its share of architectural wonders available through the islands' Mustique Company. Lord Glenconner, who was one of the first to develop the island, rents his scaled-down version of the Taj Mahal. The six-bedroom estate, with a great house and outlying cottages, goes for $9,000 a week. Down the coastline is Fort Shandy, a four-bedroom stone affair built on the ramparts of an eighteenth-century fort that commands impressive views and $5,200 a week.

Sifting through brochures for island forts and castles is not a bad way to pass a wretched February evening, but eventually you might wish to forgo the rental agency and contact a villa owner directly. In exchange for choice you'll get an expedient agency-less transaction and sometimes a better price.

"Agencies charge up to thirty percent more than what the owner requests," says Richard Leslie, who rents Aurora, his three-bedroom villa on Saint John in the Virgin Islands for about $2,850 a week for six people. To connect with a villa owner, be alert to the ads in the travel section of *The New York Times*, city magazines, and alumni magazines that list an owner as a contact.

If your needs run to an entire village, there's a secluded cluster of beachfront cottages, called Le Village de Lorient on Saint Barthélemy, that are built in the style of the original Norman villages on the island. The price fluctuates according to the number of guests. Up to fifteen can be accommodated.

And finally, if you want to rent an entire island, David Kendall of Villas International can recommend Necker Island, owned and operated by Richard Branson, founder of Virgin Records and Virgin Atlantic Airways. Branson has built a sprawling estate that sits atop the island, accommodates twenty, and rents for $7,500 a day. Necker is difficult to find, but according to Kendall's map, it's near Beef and Scrub Islands—if that helps. Island broker Bob Douglas explains its appeal: "You can buy a 600,000-acre Texas ranch and ride for days on horseback, but eventually you'll come to a piece of barbed wire," he says. "When you buy an island, you own a kingdom from shore to shore."

Villa Rentals

Agencies or owners to contact for villa rentals in the Caribbean.

At Home Abroad
Sutton Town House, 405 East 56 St., Suite 6H, New York, NY 10022; (212) 421-9165

Aurora
Contact Richard Leslie (212) 874-2942

Blue Harbour
Box 770, Questa, NM 87556
(505) 586-1244

Caribbean Home Rentals
Box 710, Palm Beach, FL 33480
(407) 833-4454

Island Villas
14A Caravelle Arcade, Christiansted
Saint Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820
(809) 773-8821

Mustique Company
c/o Resorts Management, Carriage House
201½ East 29 St., New York, NY 10016
(212) 696-4566

Le Village de Lorient
Contact Barbara Baumann (212) 724-9855

Villas International
71 West 23 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 929-7585


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The Cultivated Library

William Bryant Logan unearths the best sources for books, pamphlets, and assorted arcana



At this time of year, wrote Karel Čapek in *The Gardener's Year* (1929), the flowers that bloom are the ice flowers on the windowpane. So, too, do the flowers in books.

We are habituated to new books and new catalogues, but in the last decade quite a number of gardeners have discovered a passion for old garden books, ruralia, botanical volumes, and even seed catalogues, beginning perhaps with a modest hankering for first editions by Gertrude Jekyll and William Robinson, then venturing into an area of arcana that can lead to a search for, say, that peculiar little 1840s pamphlet on hermetic beekeeping. Now, thinks the collector, what was its title?



Jane Stubbs and pugs, left, in her new Madison Avenue shop. Above: The view of the top shelf of Stubbs Books & Prints.

For more than four decades people with such burning questions have been talking to Elisabeth Woodburn of Hopewell, New Jersey. "I am known as the doyenne of garden booksellers," she says, "so you can tell how many gray hairs I've got." She lives in a converted barn with her husband, children's book author Keith Robertson, her old dog, Wisk, and about 14,000 books. "I know most people move to a smaller house when they retire," she laughs. "But we moved to a larger one." Her husband has taken up collecting books about poker, "in self-defense."



Above: Hydrangeas flank the entrance of V. L. Green's East 76th Street shop.

Woodburn's vast stock includes eighteenth-century French books with engraved views of landscape gardens, English herbals, accounts by plant hunters, and monographs. Her own passion, however, is the history of the American garden.

She speaks warmly and with pleasure about the books she loves even if she can't find them. For more than forty years she has pursued traces of Martha Logan's *A Gardener's Kalendar* (c. 1756), a pamphlet that is referred to in advertising of the period but which has never surfaced. If it did, it would be the oldest American gardening book extant. Sometimes, on the other hand, a book pops to hand when least expected, as back in the middle 1950s when Woodburn was browsing the third subbasement of a London bookseller ("that's where they always keep garden books") and discovered among a whole row of tomes by an English garden writer named Bradley a single shining misfiled American volume: J. B. Bordley's *Essays and Notes on Husbandry and Rural Affairs* (1799), a lovely rare farm book.

The major specialists usually cover a broad spectrum of the gardening and landscape fields, but each has a weakness for certain topics. Jane Stubbs loves the 21 different cahiers of landscape-garden views published by Le Rouge in 1776–89, particularly the rare number 13, devoted to the Désert de Retz. She is also fond of illustrated Victorian books on floral home decoration. James Hinck of Anchor & Dolphin admires German garden design, in particular *Kleine und Grosse Gärten* by Harry Maasz, with illustrations in a style at once precise and poetic. His wife, Ann Marie Wall, favors books on Italian gardens, such as Forbes's *Architectural Gardens of Italy* (1902), with many photographs of gardens that have since de-



Nancy McCabe landscaped the entrance, left, to her husband's shop in Connecticut. Below: Mike McCabe at Lion's Head.





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clined or disappeared. Joan Gers of V. L. Green has an eclectic sensibility that embraces H. Inigo Triggs's *The Art of Garden Design in Italy* (1906) and a 1920s American greenhouse catalogue.

While some collectors look purely for the finest color plates or engravings, and certain older European books command absurd four-figure prices, most garden book collectors are unusual in that they seek treasures for their utility as much as their beauty. Often a practical need or established interest leads the way, as in the case of Jerry Wilson. Trained as a forester, Wilson counts Lambert's *The Genus Pinus* in his collection, one of the finest nineteenth-century English botanic books, illustrated by Sowerby and the great Baueur brothers. For his garden design business he acquires editions of Jekyll and Robinson; and for his work as a nurseryman, seeking out older flowers such as auriculas to bring back into popular cultivation, he has bought Morin's *Les Fleurs* (1671) and a complete run of the early nineteenth-century magazine *Herbier de l'Amateur de Fleurs*, with illustrations by Redouté's pupil Bessa.





The front door of Anchor & Dolphin, above, in Newport. Left: Outside the shop.

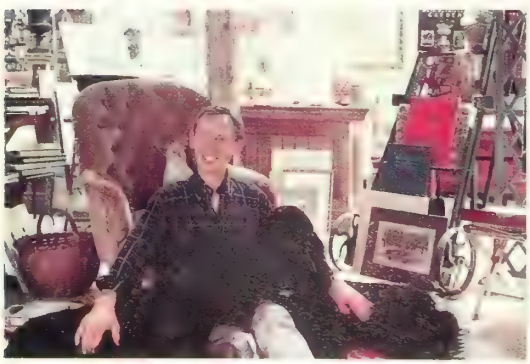
Sometimes, a collecting interest opens for the collector a whole forgotten chapter of garden design. B. June Hutchinson's love of Victorian literature embraces work from Andrew Jackson Downing's *Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening* (1841) forward from the nineteenth century. The emphasis on integration of house and garden and the exuberant play between nature and culture has influenced her own way of gardening. It is also her delight to find books written clearly and elegantly such as Frank Jessup Scott's *The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds* and Susan Fenimore Cooper's *Rural Hours*.

Garden pleasures need not pass with the last leaves of autumn

The ranks of committed collectors have swelled over the past decade, and so has the number of booksellers who specialize in assisting them. Catalogues from important sellers, such as Anchor & Dolphin, Stubbs Books & Prints, V. L. Green Booksellers, Landscape Books, American Botanist, Pomona Book Exchange, England's Daniel Lloyd, and, of course, Elisabeth Woodburn, are the first things that the collector snatches from any pile of fresh mail. In Anchor & Dolphin's experience a good proportion of the stock listed in a new catalogue may be gone after a few days and eighty percent in weeks. Should a catalogue appear while a collector is on vacation he must bemoan fate, and even if he is quick he may miss by an hour.

Some booksellers rely more on their stores than on catalogues. In New Preston, Connecticut, Timothy Mawson has a shop that is as much like a garden as a bookstore. His taste includes the Victorian and the English, and his shop is a welter of aesthetically pleasing books, topiary, botanical prints, potpourri, vintage watering cans, and beautiful nineteenth-century estate pots that he has had reproduced for sale.

Mike McCabe, at Lion's Head Books in Salisbury, Connecticut, started with a general interest book shop only to find that within a couple of years his garden designer wife,



Englishman Timothy Mawson, above, moved to Connecticut to open his shop, right. Below: Outside his shop.





Elisabeth Woodburn, right, in the garden surrounding her shop. Below: Her favorite subject.





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT MICHAEL MUNDY (2); RICHARD DUNKLEY (2); MICHAEL MUNDY (3)

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Nancy McCabe, and his customers' tastes led him to a very sizable garden collection focusing on twentieth-century new and used books.

Rising interest in the field brings more and more books to light and makes them more readily available, from that almost priceless original Humphry Repton volume to the USDA's 1904 pamphlet, *The Usefulness of the American Toad*. Garden pleasures need not pass with the last leaves of autumn since the leaves do not fall from books.

Garden Books

American Botanist
D. Keith Crotz
1103 West Truitt Ave.
Chillicothe, IL 61523
(309) 274-5254

Anchor & Dolphin Books
James A. Hinck, Ann Marie Wall
30 Franklin St., Box 823
Newport, RI 02840
(401) 846-6890

V. L. Green Booksellers
Virginia Green, Joan Gers
19 East 76 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 439-9194

Hurley Books
Henry Hurley
RR1, Box 160, Rte. 12
Westmoreland, NH 03467
(603) 399-4342

Landscape Books
Jane Robie
Box 483
Exeter, NH 03833
(603) 964-9333

Lion's Head Books
Mike McCabe
Academy St.
Salisbury, CT 06068
(203) 435-9328

Lloyds of Kew
Daniel Lloyd
9 Mortlake Terrace
Kew, Surrey TW9 3DT
940-2512

Timothy Mawson Books & Prints
New Preston, CT 06777
(203) 868-0732

Pomona Book Exchange
H. Frederick Janson
Hwy. 52
Rockton, Ontario L0R 1X0
(519) 621-8897

Quest Rare Books
Gretl Meier
774 Santa Ynez
Stanford, CA 94305
(415) 324-3119

Redwood City Seed Company
Craig Dremann
Box 361
Redwood City, CA 94064
(415) 325-7333

Savoy Books
Robert Fraker
Box 271, Bailey Rd.
Lanesborough, MA 01237
(413) 499-9968

Second Life Books
Russell Freedman
Box 242, Quarry Rd.
Lanesborough, MA 01237
(413) 447-8010

Stubbs Books & Prints
835 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 772-3120

Wilkerson Books
Robin Wilkerson
31 Old Winter St.
Lincoln, MA 01773
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Elisabeth Woodburn
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Light Fantastic

Nothing holds a candle to 18th-century Russia's glorious chandeliers, says **Margot Guralnick**





Suspended from thirty-foot-high ceilings, their gilded bronze arms quivering with crystals, chandeliers shed light—and molten wax—on eighteenth-century spectacles of the most aristocratic sort. A descendant of the medieval iron hoop with spikes for candles, the chandelier came into its own, appropriately enough, during the Enlightenment, when tallow and beeswax were still precious commodities, albeit not very efficient or pleasant smelling. Candles guttered, smoked, and spewed so much grime that the French used the analogy "like a wooden chandelier" to refer to someone or something utterly filthy. In the 1850s, plaited wicks and paraffin remedied the situation, but until then, ample light remained such a luxury throughout Europe that shrewd ladies-in-waiting supported themselves on the sale of half-used wax tapers salvaged from royal dumpsters.

Candle technology may have lagged, but chandelier design sped ahead in the sixteenth century when Italian craftsmen hit upon the idea of covering barebones ceiling fixtures in frilly coats of Venetian glass. Though briefly overshadowed, the French followed suit with their own extraordinary gilded- and chased-bronze contraptions, which evolved, during Louis XV's era, into fantastic upside-down wedding-cake shapes crowded with rock-crystal pendants.



Though ostensibly less fond of flash than their overseas neighbors, the English and Irish produced scene-stealing multiarmed chandeliers of clear glass and silvered brass. Seizing an opportunity to outshine his predecessors, George III insisted that 3,000 candles be lit within half a minute at the start of his coronation in 1761. To heighten the drama, guests were forced to grope their way into a dark hall, and as the royal party approached, a gunpowder-laced fuse magnificently torched dozens of chandeliers. The pyrotechnics, however, didn't stop there. On igniting, the fuse emitted such a downpour of sparks that the king arrived to a crowd frantically extinguishing flaming wigs and smoldering silk gowns.



Nineteenth-century maharajas, with limitless purses and a love for the overly ornamental, inspired British lighting manufacturers to achieve new heights of excess. Their most massive efforts—a trio of crystal chandeliers, each 42 feet high and bearing 248 candles—were whisked off to the Jai Vilas palace in Gwalior just in time for the Prince of Wales's 1874 visit. Before the fixtures were strung into place, three elephants were hoisted onto the palace roof and left standing there for several days to test whether the structure could withstand such tonnage.

Surprisingly, with all this opulence vying for the limelight, it was the late-eighteenth-century Russians, famous for mimicking everything French, who nonetheless produced some of the most stunningly original chandeliers of all time. Inspired by the superb craftsmanship and pristine formality of the fixtures that dangled throughout Versailles, Saint Petersburg's imperial gilders and glassmakers took off on their own



Clockwise from top right: Fountain form, c. 1830, from Marvin Alexander; emerald glass 1790 classic from Matthew Schutz; star-shaped base, c. 1790, from Didier Aaron; Empire bronze from Neslé; Gilt-bronze dish, c. 1810, from Therian & Co.

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Chains of lead-, dowsing chandeliers of unrivaled lightness and whimsy. Much of the credit for this surge of style goes to the German-born Francophile czarina Catherine II, better known as Catherine the Great, who was appalled by Russia's lack of furniture. Not only did her palaces and those of the Winter Palace were transported with as in the Summer Palace from there to Peterhof, and even accompanied us back to Moscow. After seizing the throne from her deposed husband, Peter III, in 1762, Catherine imported a team of European architects, cabinetmakers, and metalsmiths to enlighten Russia's rural pool of talent with their sophisticated Neoclassical designs.

Chandeliers served as the perfect antidote to the darkness of Baltic winters

Chandeliers served as the perfect antidote to the prolonged darkness of Baltic winters and the perfect complement to the dazzling gem-encrusted outfits worn by well-to-do Russian men and women alike. Appropriately, it was the Russians' spirited display of emerald-, ruby-, and cobalt-blue glass—shunned as garish by the French and English—that instantly distinguished their lighting designs. Just as semiprecious stone veneers became a trademark of Russian furniture, Gilded-bronze frames elegantly draped with swags, fringes, and feathers of tiny crystals set Russian chandeliers even further apart, lending them the playful appearance of spitting and cascading fountains.

Suspended by chains of flat incised links, these pendant fixtures found their way into all of Russia's well-appointed interiors, from the expansive gilt-lined game rooms where nobles were known to stake five hundred serfs in an evening of cards to the more intimate libraries and boudoirs favored by Catherine II for afternoon trysts. Pavlovsk Palace, the imperial families' country retreat, designed in 1782 by Scottish classicist Charles Cameron, retains the most dazzling collection. In typical Russian style these lights drop from ceilings encrusted with gilded Greek key patterns and vie for attention with doors framed in lapis lazuli and tables made of Tula steel.

Although Russian chandeliers rarely left the country, the nearby Swedes, who often supplied Saint Petersburg factories with glass and craftsmen, began producing markedly similar fixtures, differentiated only by their more conventional silhouettes and sense of rustic restraint. In the early nineteenth century, as Napoleon's severe Empire style stormed its way across Europe, bowl-shaped bronze chandeliers patterned with mythological figures and acorn finials illuminated Russia's—and much of the rest of Europe's—gilt- and marble-filled interiors.

The majority of these fixtures, too fragile and unwieldy to transport, stayed put until after the Russian Revolution. Starved for cash, the Soviet government during the late 1920s and early 1930s staged a series of auctions in Berlin. Included among the piles of Louis XV commodes and Karelian birch chairs were grab bags of dismantled chandeliers which dealers and decorators snapped up at bargain prices. Other lights made their way to America in the trunks of diplomats and foreign-service employees. Cereal and coffee millionairess Marjorie Merriweather Post accompanied her third husband, Joseph E. Davies, to Moscow in 1937. While he served as

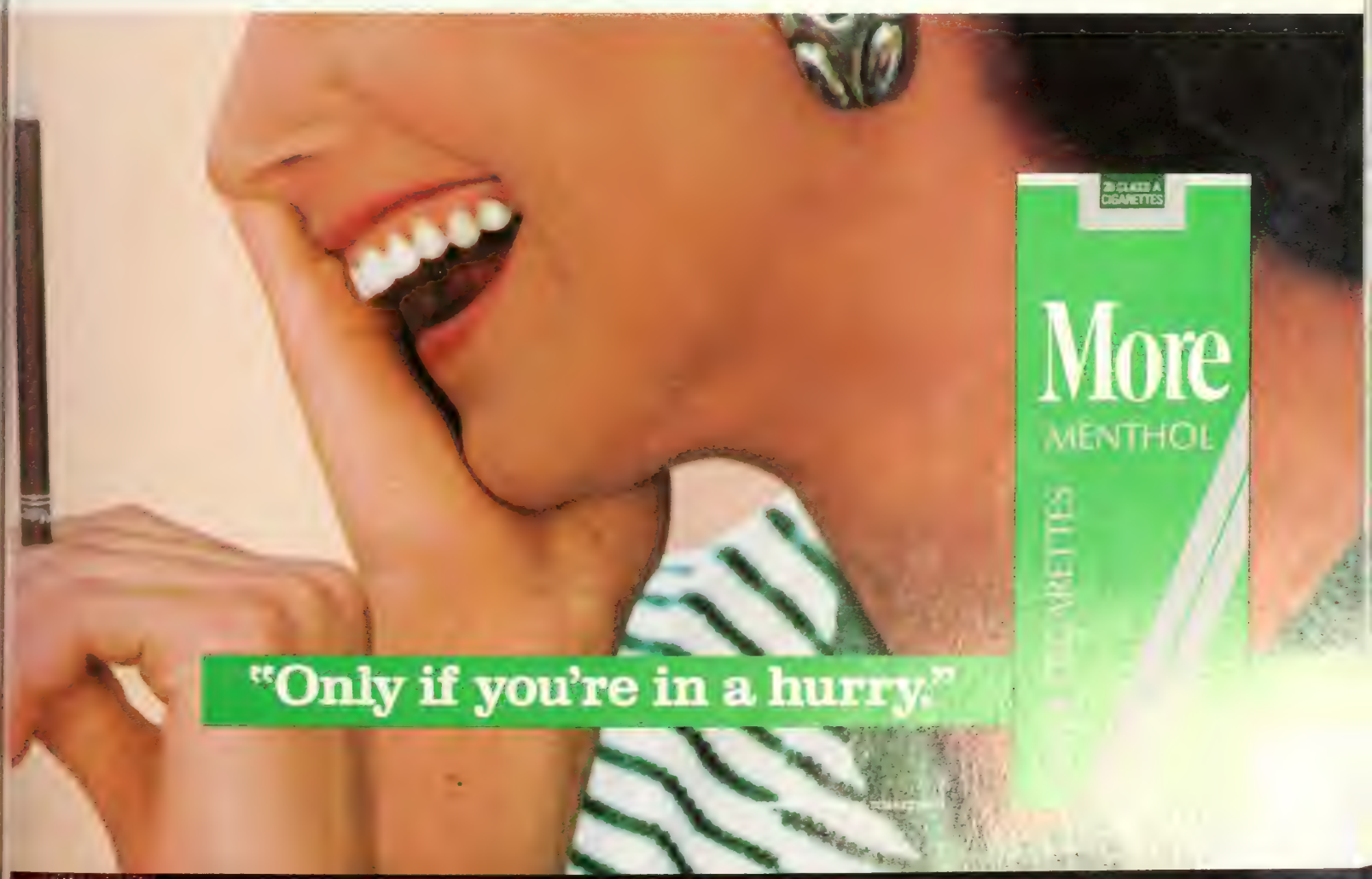


the American ambassador she shopped the government-run secondhand stores where families desperate for bread pawned their heirloom icons, samovars, and crystal lights. Returning to America, Post moved on to her fourth husband but continued gathering imperial artifacts for her Washington, D.C., mansion, Hillwood, now open as a museum.

These days, architect Peter Marino and fashion designers Oscar de la Renta and Valentino can be found among the crowds bidding for Russian furniture and fixtures. Thanks to the publication of several new books, including Antoine Chenevière's *The Golden Age of Russian Furniture, 1780–1850*, historical information is now more available, but the actual pieces are increasingly scarce. Less imposing but far more magical than other vintage chandeliers, Russian examples command top dollar; depending on size, quality of design, provenance, and condition (replaced crystals are inevitable, and many palace-scaled designs have been cut down to fit contemporary interiors), pieces with true imperial pretensions run $50,000–$200,000. Their less stately compatriots can be had for $20,000–$30,000, and Empire-style bronze dish-form chandeliers run a comparatively reasonable $10,000–$35,000. Reproduction Russian chandeliers covered with clear evenly cut crystals—eighteenth-century crystal is grayer and far more irregular looking—are manufactured in New York by Neslé and Charles Winston, among others, priced $3,000–$16,000. And since it's now chic not to use electric lights, perhaps sputtering and smoking candles are next in line for a comeback.

Russian Chandeliers

Didier Aaron
32 East 67 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 988-2320
A la Vielle Russie
781 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 752-1727
Marvin Alexander
315 East 62 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-2320
Richard Himmel Galleries
1729 Merchandise Mart
Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 527-5700
Neslé
151 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 755-0515
Florian Papp
962 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 288-6770
Arne V. Schlesch & José Juárez Garza
158 East 64 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-3923
Matthew Schutz
1025 Park Ave.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 876-4195
Bernard Steinitz et Fils
Place des Antiquares
125 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 832-3711
Therien & Co.
411 Vermont St.
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I want the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get. People, places, art, nature, everything! I want to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women.'' Christopher Newman, the hero of Henry James's *The American,* was about to embark on his grand tour of Europe. Here we embark on our own grand tour of superlative pleasures. To be sure, the voyage is of the armchair variety. But how else to visit in such short order an enchanting country house in Sweden, an extravagantly gilded and mirrored Manhattan triplex, and an updated Victorian retreat in Southampton? This month HG lingers in Paris, stepping out to a hot new club on the Seine, going mad for the roses in the eighteenth-century Bagatelle gardens, and dropping in on a neo-Barbarian designer. We travel through time as well, from the Rococo fantasy of Frederick the Great to the 21st-century wizardry of Edwin Schlossberg. The joy is in the mix.

Happiest Holidays!

Nancy Novogrod



Swedish country buffet, with apples from the orchard, against painted faux tapestry.

THIBAULT JEANSON



Talking to nature under the grapevines, sculptor François-Xavier Lalanne's work in progress, a huge bronze bird, sits back for a better view. Details see Sources.



THE LALANNES' ENCHANTED GARDEN

Alchemy, curiosity, artistry, white magic, black forests. It is entirely right that sculptor and jeweler Claude Lalanne should live near Fontainebleau, home since the time of Francis I to artificers, fountaineers, goldsmiths: those who play seriously at changing nature from one state to another. She and her husband, François-Xavier, also a sculptor, live and work on a nineteenth-century dairy farm at the edge of the ancient royal forest.

Uprooted from their studios by the gentrification of Montparnasse, they left Paris twenty years ago. Each of them creates animalistic, Surrealist-flavored sculpture, mostly in metal. His is Cartesian, hers resembles the fairy tales of Perrault—but Perrault, be warned, by way of Robert Wilson, the performance artist. Both the Lalannes are definitely in the magic business. François's exactly rendered and robust donkeys become desks; his gorillas' bellies swing wide to reveal safes; larger more-than-ostrich-size eggs crack open into bars full of bottles. They are three-dimensional surprises as precisely stated and as satisfying as equations. Her richly textured sculpture, furniture, and objects are more ruminative. They seem to be part of those strange moments when a long stare slides one thing into another—when the crack in the wall becomes a rabbit or the apple tree is transmuted into an old woman.

It's an art whose first question is always "What if?" A

BY MACGRUS



François-Xavier's bronze and epoxy stone sheep grazes under the eye of Flora, a garden goddess carved by Coustou. *Magnolia grandiflora* and giant cow parsnip make a jungle in the back courtyard. Opposite: Fan-form cow parsnip leaves shade a detail of the Coustou statue.







In the abundant walled garden, flowering leeks and feathery cabbage gone to seed [illegible]



Pink rambling roses, green apples, and François-Xavier's blue hippo, who has a bathtub in his stomach and a basin in his mouth. Opposite: Strap-like leaves of yellow flag iris, which grows wild in both Europe and America, form the back of Claude's gilded-bronze garden chair, commissioned for the Lila Acheson Wallace garden in Williamsburg.





fennel knob extends fingers; an apple has kissable lips, a cabbage is halfway to being a chicken—or is it all hauntingly the other way around? Whatever way her transformations are going, she is celebrating metamorphosis in the act. The laborious molding technique she uses is galvanoplasticism, employed in the nineteenth century by the Parisian gold and silversmith Christofle to reproduce ancient and fragile objects.

Some of her works are witty transpositions—a beautiful gilded copper cast of a naked waist, bellybutton and all, becomes a belt. Others, especially her jewelry and small objects made for personal or daily use, belong to the long decorative tradition of borrowing from nature: gilded fish open into pocketbooks and flowers entwine to make a necklace. But everything takes a wayward turn. Claude's forks and spoons willfully sprout leaves right out of the bases of their well-turned tines and bowls. Nonetheless, they perform just as well as all her other beautifully crafted objects.

The notion of the useful—art in the service of life—comes up often in connection with Claude Lalanne's work, but without any trace of Arts and Crafts reverence. William Morris would have been slow to catch on to her wit, playfulness, and sexiness. Since both she and François are craftsmen as well as artists, they do feel reverence for the natural integrity of materials—and it doesn't stop with their art. What in other equally sophisticated people might sound like a faux bourgeois rhapsody on finding a good chicken to cook for lunch, in the Lalannes is a passionate regard for the nature of things.

Their work is internationally known, and in many museums. It is especially treasured by a certain fast-moving mix of fashion and society—one might call it the contemporary arts upper crust—that values the unpredictable, the decorative, the finely made. Like Benvenuto Cellini, like Louis Comfort Tiffany, the Lalannes belong to the elite they create for, though their gravity of observation, their sweetness, and their apparent simplicity set them apart.

"What the Lalannes make is bespoke art," wrote John Russell in 1975, "if it is sometimes what Baudelaire called 'a complementary art'—an art that is meant to marry with architecture, or with a given terrain—the relationship in question is not that of master and servant. It is the relationship of one poet with another.

"...an art that is meant to marry with...a given terrain." Artists often make better gardens with less trouble than other people make them. It's not just that they excel in what one would expect: color, space, placement, proportion, and so forth. The Lalannes also know when to leave well enough alone, and they have a disregard for conventional tidiness. They seem to take less pride than the rest of us in growing difficult but not really beautiful plants—and they see the beauty of weeds.

So when the barnlike door of the farm courtyard swings open, what is really so surprising about seeing purple touch-me-not (*Impatiens glandulifera*), that ramping American weed growing luxuriantly around the front of the house? Its shocking pink and white pealike flowers glow like tiny orchids. Its unseemly spreading habit is contained by the courtyard cobblestones, which are laid in a giant spiral (the oil tank lies below) that gives motion to the entire space.



Animal, mineral, vegetable—Claude's copper-and-bronze alligator armchair, opposite, is at home among the cow parsnip. Above: Hiding in the hollyhocks, Claude gravely sports her summer hat of pink-patinated bronze butterflies similar to her designs for Yves Saint Laurent and Christophe de Menil.

The land around the house, which is less than an acre, seems much larger because it is divided in three by the old farm walls. Dogs, cats, and apprentices, carrying Claude's patinated bronze branches or armatures for François's work in progress, scurry from one enclosure to another. Each of the Lalannes' studios has a courtyard to itself: the garden and greenhouse are in the third.

A careful and curious choice of plants, a democratic but severe eye—and the sense to recognize serendipity—have made each enclosure a garden. Ten-foot-tall cow parsnips (*Heracleum maximum*) become a forest; the foot-wide clawlike leaves shade a honey-colored Flora carved by one of the Coustou brothers, eighteenth-century sculptors who worked at Versailles. A tunnel of hop leaves and grapevines is really only a doorway from courtyard to courtyard. A lawn is a prairie where François's famous sheep sculptures graze.

For work she wears an old white overall and a worn denim jacket. How strange that this should be just the right thing with one of her hats, a constellation of bronze butterflies. In her pocket is a black chiffon handkerchief, [illegible] polka-dotted, and in her blue eyes one makes out a faint yellow ring striping the iris. There is a [illegible] ness about her that is altogether satisfying.

ANDRE BALTHAZAR

The New Victorians

JOHN DUKA looks behind the privet of Nuno and Melissa Brandolini's Southampton retreat





Melissa Brandolini sits beside the fireplace in the library. Opposite: In the dining room a 19th-century landscape painting rests on a Victorian love seat, a family heirloom. A cranberry glass candelabra sits on the Anglo-Raj table from Sri Lanka. Details see Sources.



In the library an American candelabra in the form of a woman and silver candlesticks light a side table. The ebony octagonal table by the window is early-19th-century Anglo-Raj. Opposite: On the desk in the upstairs study, a 17th-century painting, Nuno's favorite, and a 19th-century brass inkwell.

BRIGITTE LA







Calm as sunrise, Melissa Huffine Brandolini is standing just inside the white gate that breaks the front privet of her Victorian Southampton house, the late summer quiet, the stillness of the Russian olive trees broken only by a torrent of Welsh corgis surging past the willows. In the back, by a pool surrounded with more privet, Nuno Brandolini, merchant banker, Venetian, and scion of one of the oldest and most powerful families in Italy, is playing cards with two male friends and a woman wearing the smallest piece of black stretch fabric on Long Island.

It's almost time for dinner, but there is no hurry, no pressure to move, no one delegating responsibilities, no fretting over the pasta that will be served that night. That's the way the Brandolinis live. Though they shuttle back and forth between the city and the Hamptons, like many New Yorkers, they are determined not to be a part of the Manhattan treadmill or, for that matter, any treadmill. Until two years ago Melissa Brandolini codirected the Calvin Klein design studio. Nuno's Venetian family is connected to everything from the Common Market to the world of fashion, his sister-in-law a pivotal player in the empire of Valentino. Both Brandolinis, however, have opted for the less than hectic.

When it came to buying a country house, Nuno wanted something "cozy, comfortable, and relaxed—three words," he says, "that mean the same thing." He wanted it to be a weekend house that could be used all year. He wanted it to be able to accommodate their steady stream of friends and relatives. And he wanted it to be ready, restored, and renovated in time for his marriage to Melissa. He just didn't know where to look.

Melissa did. With her brother Peter Huffine she found a late Victorian, eleven-room, foursquare house (four rooms per floor).

"The tendency with Victorian houses," says Melissa, "is to restore both the inside and out to its original rigor. We did that primarily with the exterior. Purists would

Peter Huffine relaxes against a white linen damask sofa. A cheetah print carpets a room filled with Victoriana a Biedermeier table, and French [illegible] says Melissa[illegible] ...s sacrilegious."

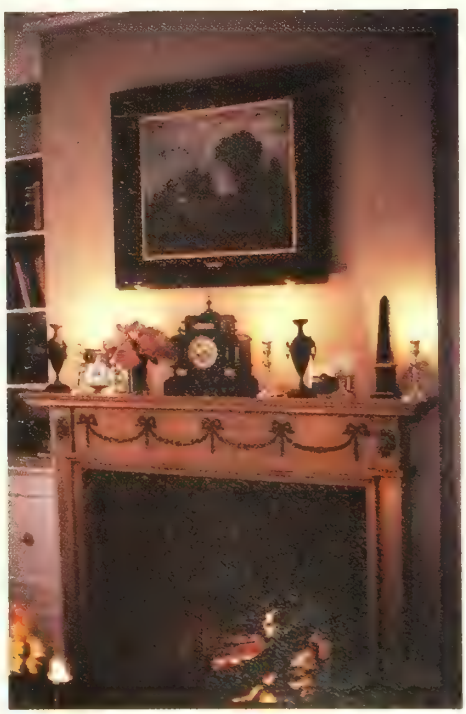




consider us sacrilegious. But we didn't want the rooms to look decorated. We wanted a place to live in, not just look at."

Melissa and Peter relocated the overgrown trees and perennials that suffocated the house, cleaned the façade, and restored the border of red brick encircling the house. They strategically planted arborvitae and restored the railings on the house's widow's walk. The result is almost a storybook realization of what a Victorian house should look like.

Inside, however, the rooms are disarmingly casual, a melding of the modern, the Victorian, and the unusual, combined with an attention to contrasting scale. A working fireplace with a wooden mantel was added to the library, its small stature cleverly making the room look bigger. In the dining room a diminutive Victorian love seat covered in gold stripe rests near a massive table and chairs, darkly glimmering mahogany antiques from Sri Lanka in the style commonly thought of as Anglo-Raj. There are lace curtains and a vase of roses long faded.





On the second floor Melissa and Peter restored the foursquare layout of the rooms and, in some cases, the period feeling of the house. A hallway that had been turned into closets was opened up. Clawfoot bathtubs replaced modern tubs. "We didn't try to make the rest of the house look old," says Melissa, "but the modern baths had to go."

The master bath, filled with family pictures, was opened to the balcony that stretches the width of the house. In the master bedroom Russian icons hang next to the nineteenth-century canopy bed. And the attic floor was turned into a TV room and sparely furnished guest rooms for Brandolini friends, who tend to come by unexpectedly.

It took Melissa Brandolini and her brother six months to complete the house—just in time, as it turned out, for her wedding reception to be held in the backyard. In time as well for the Brandolini brothers—Ruy, Leonello, and Brandino—to move in for a little *vacanze*. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire







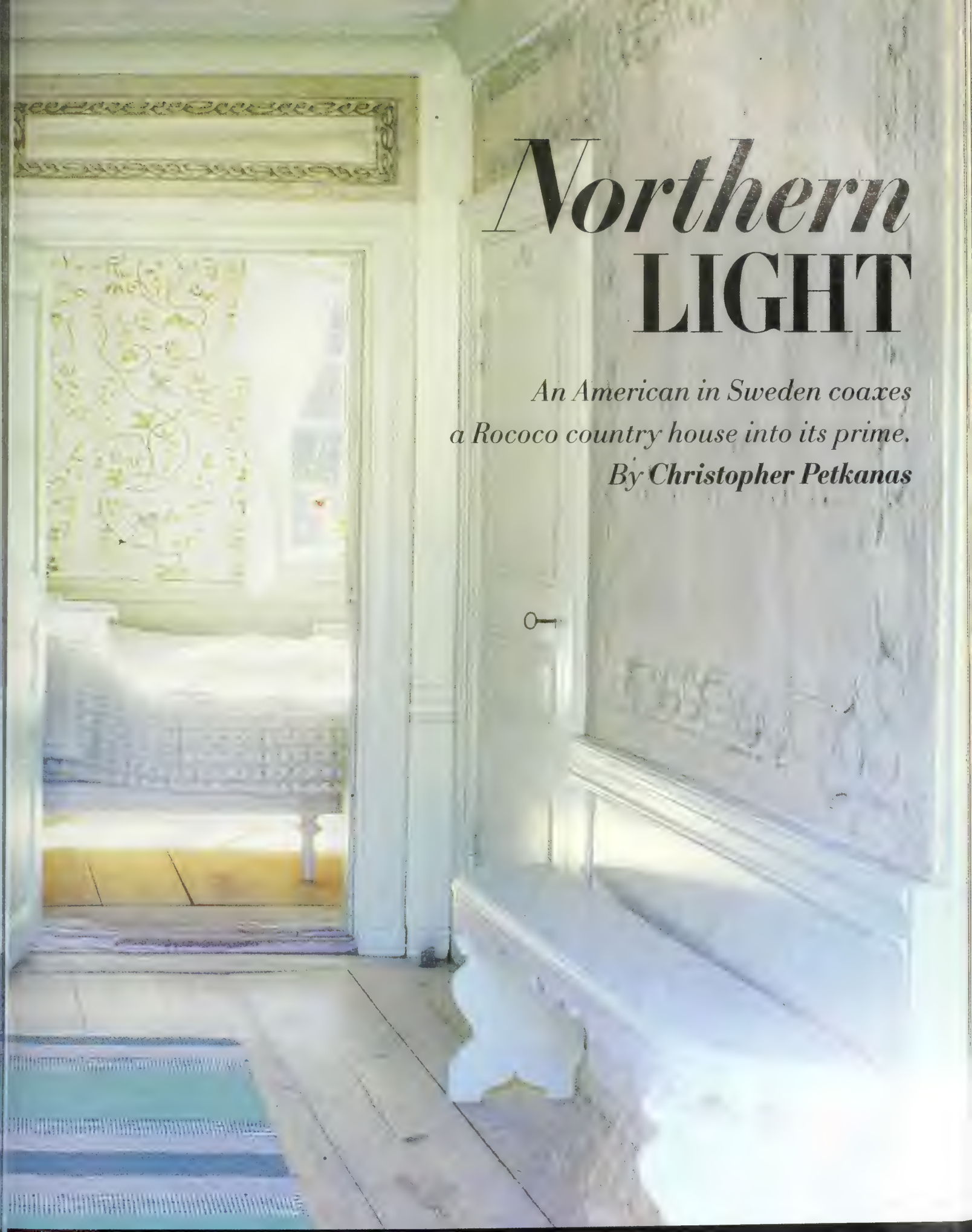
Sister and brother on the back porch, opposite, with one of the Welsh corgis. Clockwise from top left: A corner of the living room filled with family pictures; Nuno on the beach with another corgi; linens from Porthault on the 19th-century canopy bed; white paint highlights Victorian detailing; the third-floor bathroom; Melissa in the dining room with an Anglo-Raj chair and a print of an angel; Thomas Moran's *Summer Afternoon* hangs in the library.

LEFT, TOP AND CENTER: BRIGITTE LACOMBE. OTHERS: OBERTO GILI





Christineholm's sweetly invitational guest rooms, sequestered away in a building of their own on the 6,000-acre lakeside estate north of Stockholm. An American ex-decorator refurbished Christineholm, rents it from Baron Carl Beck-Friis, and occupies it just one month a year.



Northern LIGHT

An American in Sweden coaxes a Rococo country house into its prime.

By ***Christopher Petkanas***







Swearing off the swatch book was going to be easy for one New York decorator—until she laid eyes on Christineholm. Set on 6,000 intensely green, gently rolling acres of working farmland fifty minutes north of Stockholm, this largely untouched Swedish Rococo country house, built around 1750, nudged her out of decorating retirement. With the permission of the baron from whom she came to lease Christineholm, furniture was merrily "pilfered" from various barns on the estate, then repainted and recovered. Whatever the barn warehouses didn't yield was ordered from a cabinetmaker specializing in perfectly respectable reproductions nearby. The rats were chased out of the guesthouse, bright cotton rag rugs were tossed over polished pine floorboards, and bathrooms were installed so that friends like Mark Hampton wouldn't gnash their teeth and wonder how they ever got talked into journeying all the way from New York to sit on the lip of a lake called Erken.

Christineholm had been napping, uninhabited, for twenty years, and since it was prodded awake no one has come close to making an unkind comment about "that American in Sweden." The country's leading antiques dealers and others whose assessments matter agree that without ever having owned a house here and with no se-

A three-part country house, left, built around 1750, Christineholm is attributed to Carl Hårleman. The main house forms the base of a U, with the building containing the kitchen and dining room in the foreground, facing the guesthouse across an open courtyard. Above: Christineholm's mistress and three of her brood: Sophie, Cristina, and Max.



The Swedish could never afford to do what the French did, so they used cheaper materials—and in my opinion got it right





Just before the current occupants moved in five years ago, Christineholm's original wallcoverings, far left, were taken down, restored, and tacked back up. Left, in the guesthouse [illegible] placed [illegible] up.



The entrance hall of the main house, littered with the boots and bobs of a young family's frenetic August day. A mini-kitchen for making coffee only and the living room are seen in procession beyond the hall. Opposite: Sophie and Jack in one of Christineholm's many barns.





THIBAULT JEANSON



rious scholarly research she has managed to get it all just right. Her success may be explained partly by her great feeling for classic Swedish design elements such as fat upholstery checks and carved beds and chairs painted gray white and finished with ornamental finials. And restraint has had as much a role as respect. Where things might have gotten sugary and storybook (window treatments, furniture coverings), they instead stopped at sensible and sophisticated. And having a Swedish husband wasn't a bad idea. "I can't qualify him as an antique," the American says mischievously, "but I did marry him thirteen years ago, before Sweden was in."

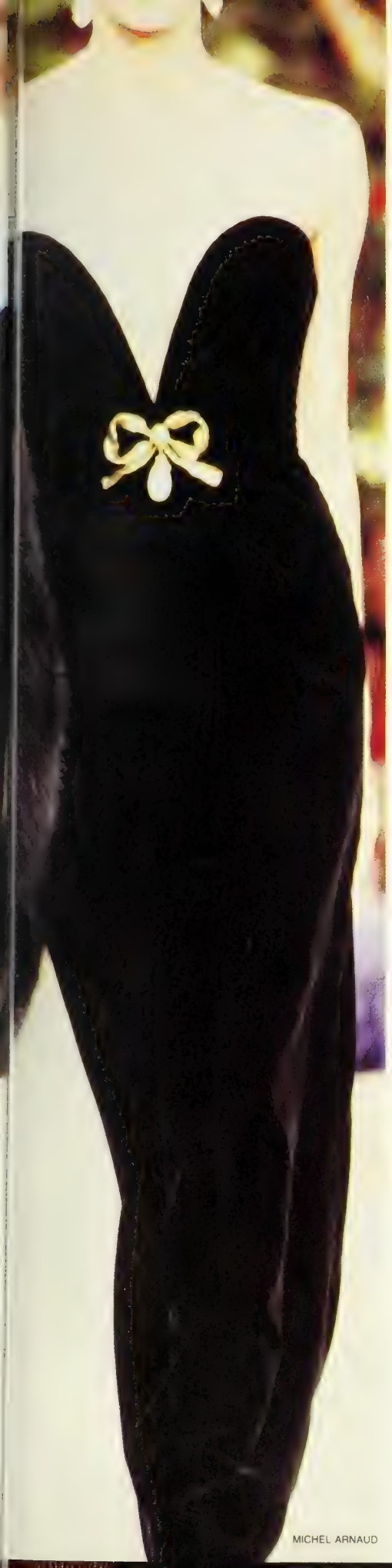
That the one-time decorator clinched such a distinguished home in Sweden is due to her powerfully well connected husband, whose hulking, gingery good looks and roving business interests suggest a modern-day Viking. The couple's lessor, Baron Carl Beck-Friis, who also owns Harg Castle, would never have agreed to the arrangement if their families weren't intimately acquainted. Traditionally, Christineholm is where the chatelaine of Harg repairs to on the death of her husband or where the chatelain's son waits for the old man to move on. The baron, who has just one young child and is described as a retired playboy who spent the *(Text continued on page 193)*

In the music room, left, a copy of the Gripsholm armchair, made and painted in Uppland, was used to "fill in" when the antiques ran out. Above: Detail of Christineholm's original hand-painted cor[illegible]



The bold silhouette of biomorphic design on a 1950s Italian bent-iron and leather chair.

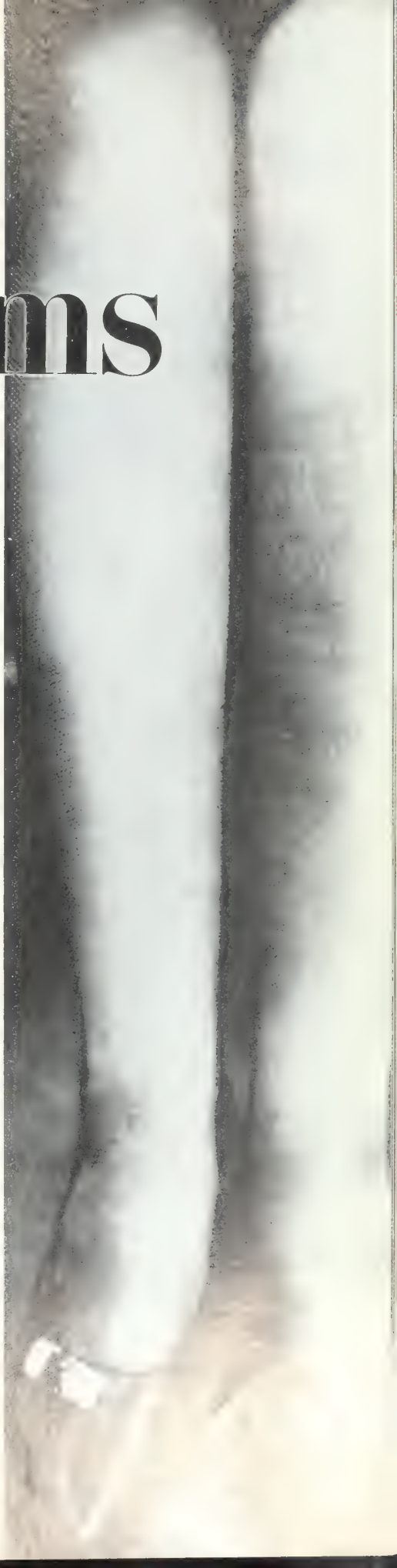
Yves Saint Laurent makes waves with a sinuous black velvet gown in his fall/winter 1988 couture collection.



MICHEL ARNAUD

Bio Rhythms

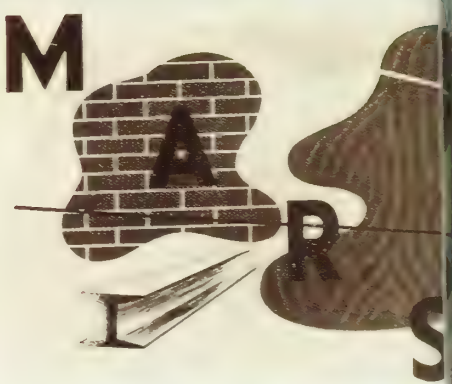
From the runways of Paris to the galleries and showrooms of New York, biomorphic design has boomeranged back into fashion. PILAR VILADAS looks around the corner and sees some wild curves ahead



The body is back—whether abstracted on canvases or kidney-shaped coffee tables. Here, German fashion photographer Yva's 1929 study of legs anticipates the future.



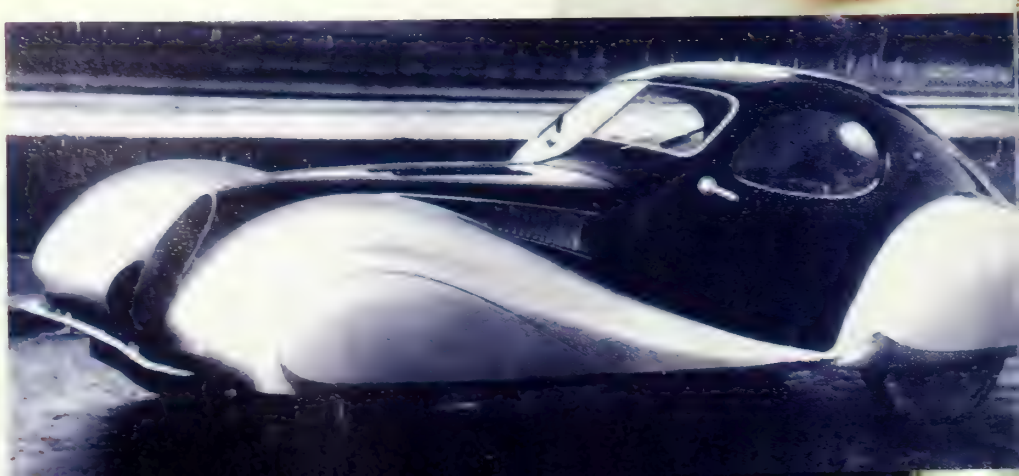




Is it fashion, art, or science fiction? Or is it a well-timed return to the world according to Arp?

Givenchy's dramatically contoured black velvet and satin dress, left, echoes the undulating forms of French sculptor and painter Jean Arp. Biomorphism's high-art pedigree: Arp's *Hand Fruit*, top, 1927–28; Edward McKnight Kauffer's poster, above right, for a 1938 exhibition of the British group MARS (Modern Architectural Research); Elizabeth Murray's *Chaotic Lip*, right, 1986; Figoni & Falaschi's 1936 French auto, below, puts biomorphism into high gear.





At the last Paris couture collections the most dangerous curves weren't on the models. The clothes themselves sported boldly scaled, sinuously contoured motifs that looked more like abstract art than fashion. A playfully outlined black velvet panel adorning the front of a black satin Givenchy dress hinted at the suggestively organic forms that populate the paintings of Surrealist artists such as Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and Yves Tanguy. The wildly asymmetrical pink satin bodice on an Ungaro cocktail dress brought to mind Jean Arp's sensuous sculptures with their curves and hollows.

Is it fashion, modern art, or science fiction? Or is it the return of biomorphic design? This movement, which in fact originated with the Surrealists, appropriated forms from nature and, particularly, from the human body. In this country, however, biomorphic design is popularly associated with the 1950s. Remember the kidney-shaped coffee table? Remember *The Blob*, the 1958 film that made Steve McQueen a star? It featured a gigantic oozing mass of protoplasm that greedily glommed any human unlucky enough to cross its path.

Indications of biomorphism's return are cropping up with increasing frequency. New York's Furniture of the Twentieth Century recently introduced a sofa, by Patty Palumbo and Debbie Gambino, whose swerving lines are inspired by earlier models by Isamu Noguchi and Vladimir Kagan. According to company owner Michael Steinberg, the sofa looks like "a great Hollywood swimming pool or a dog bone or an element from a Tanguy painting, depending on your point of view."

Noguchi's own curvaceous coffee table with a sculptural wood base, produced by Herman Miller in the mid forties, was reissued a few years ago by popular demand. And Mark McDonald of the Fifty-50 Gallery in New York reports that the original Noguchi tables are going for anywhere from $3,500 to $5,000 (the reissue sells for close to $1,300). "It sells better than anything in the gallery," says McDonald, who believes that more people are "opening up to the idea of things that aren't so strict," in a reaction to the hard edges of Constructivism and Art Deco. And earlier this year Formica revived what may be its best-loved plastic *(Text continued on page 192)*.







THE PLEASURES OF SANS SOUCI

The summer palace of Frederick the Great glitters once again.

By ***Martin Filler***



CAPTIVE SOCIETY
At the bronze-and-[illegible]
[illegible]

The terms "Germanic," "Teutonic," and "Prussian" are commonly used in the decorative arts to signify a deadly heaviness, but at least one small masterpiece challenges that pejorative reputation. It is Sanssouci, the summer palace that Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, created for himself at Potsdam in what is today East Germany. Built between 1745 and 1747, this jewel of Enlightenment architecture has been restored to a dazzling state by the communist East Germans, who, ironically, like their comrades in the Soviet Union, spare no expense to preserve the monuments of the ancien régime. As the name of this building—French for "without care"—and the architecture itself indicate, its owner was an avid Francophile. Indeed, the format of Sanssouci is that of a classic French *maison de plaisance:* a one-story country house with glass doors opening from each room directly onto a garden. Frederick the Great was far from the only eighteenth-century monarch with a French obsession. Most European potentates struggled to live up to the stupendous standard set by Louis XIV at Versailles, but very few could afford it. Frederick preferred to spend the lesser income from his smaller realm on military matters rather than on sumptuary display. Thus he took his architectural cues not from the main château of the Sun King but from his nearby garden retreat, the Grand Trianon.

Like many rulers plagued by protocol, Frederick decreed a country palace of reduced scale, which would leave no room for all the retainers and hangers-on who complicated the merest daily tasks and made royal etiquette a constant trial. The permanent palace of the kings of Prussia was in central Berlin, a relatively provincial city by 1750. Charlottenburg Palace, in the suburbs of the capital, was meant to fulfill the same role as Versailles. But when life there also became too elaborate, Frederick pushed still farther west and established his residence in Potsdam on the banks of the Havel River. There the king had a palace in town and made plans for a handsome estate on the outskirts, the ideal setting for the secluded existence he wished to pursue when the obligations of state would permit. But for an ambitious and self-conscious ruler such as Frederick the Great, even the simple life required a certain degree of architectural grandeur.

In 1745 Frederick decided to build his Rococo dream house atop the south-facing *(Text continued on page 198)*

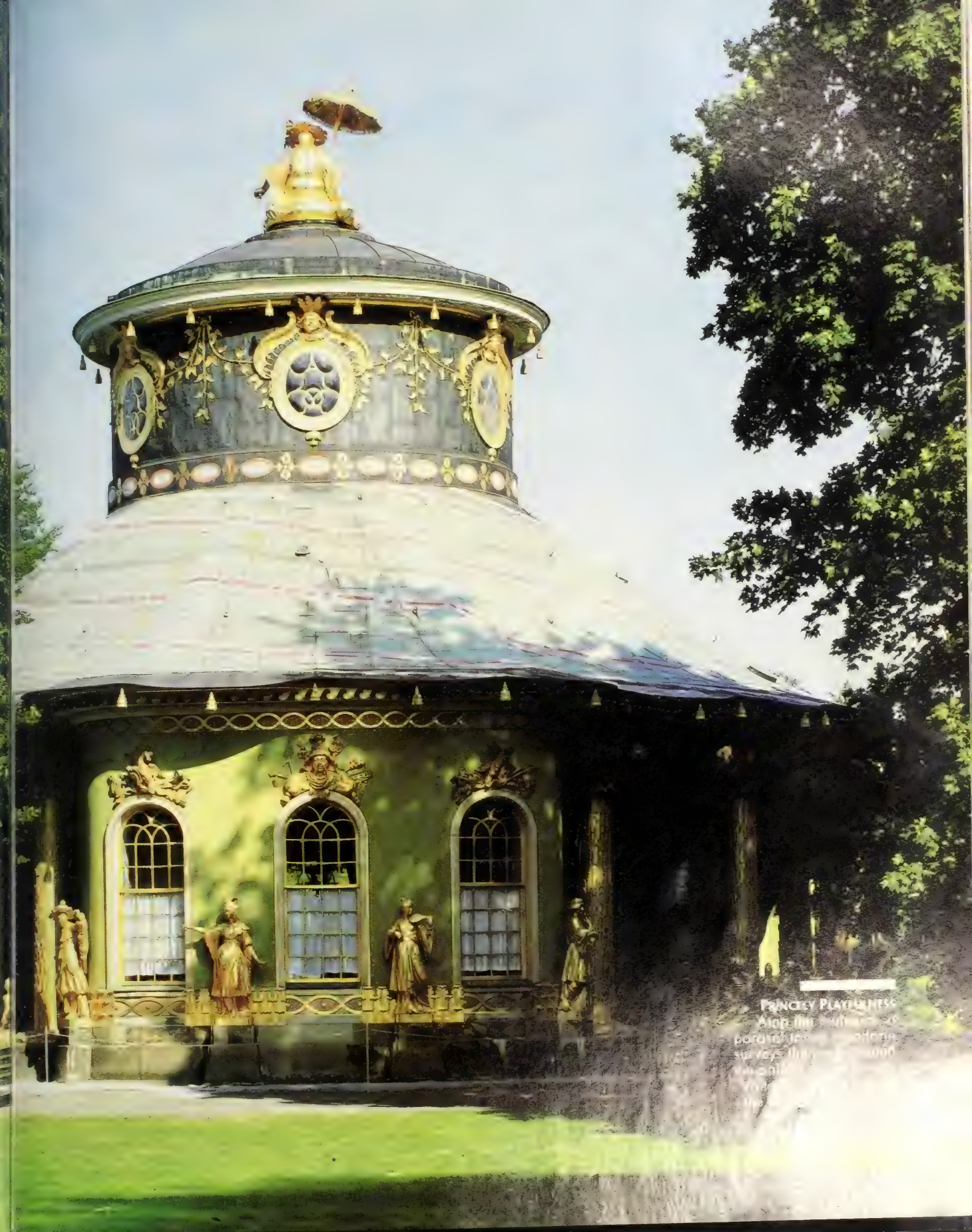


A Shrine to Shine
In the library of Sanssouci a Roman marble bust of Apollo stands on a Rococo bracket beneath a dazzling gilded-bronze relief also depicting the god of the arts. The circular domed room is ringed with glass-paneled built-in bookcases.

ERICH LESSING







Princely Playfulness
A top the
pergola is
surveys the

NORMA KAMALI COMES HOME

Charles Gandee follows fashion designer Norma Kamali from the fitting room to the drawing room as she unveils her premier furniture collection in a Manhattan triplex

Echoes of other eras more glamorous than our own resonate through everything Norma Kamali designs. In her eveningwear, daywear, and sportswear, in her shoes, hats, and even in her perfume there's a hint of Harlow, a glimpse of Grable, a touch of Tierney. Kamali doesn't so much dress clients in her Manhattan emporium as drape, swathe, and wrap them in evocative costumes that recall the time when women were called dames, when legs were called gams, when snoods were all the rage, when veils were a serious option.

Curiously enough, the 43-year-old fashion designer owes her aesthetic vision, and perhaps her two Coty awards, to a misspent youth. As a child growing up in New



Kamali displays her wink-and-a-smile-style glamour in the boudoir of a Manhattan triplex. The Art Deco triple vanity is adorned with a small Venetian mirror, a pair of 19th-century crystal lamps, and two bouquets of ostrich plumes. Nearby an antique wedding dress stands at the ready just in case the single lady of the house should change her mind.





York City during the late fifties, Kamali wiled away her formative years riveted to a television set watching old Hollywood movies—especially the ones with the sultry sirens dressed to the nines in ensembles by Edith Head and Adrian. Though Carole Lombard was a particular favorite, Kamali's ideal woman was not the silver-screen blonde, but a prime-time redhead. It seems that, like the rest of the country, Norma loved Lucy: "She was a beautiful woman with great style and most importantly a wonderful sense of humor."

If Hollywood taught her about a certain kind of romantic glamour and Lucy taught her about a certain kind of unconventional charm, it was London that taught Norma Kamali to indulge her off-center instincts. During the anything-goes sixties, she used to head off each Thursday night with a $29 round-trip ticket marked Kennedy/Heathrow/Kennedy courtesy of her employer, Northwest Orient Airlines. (No, she wasn't a stewardess, she was a booking agent.) On Sundays Kamali would trudge back across the Atlantic carrying suitcases full of $12 dresses from a hip boutique called Biba's. At first she gave her racy imports to friends. Later she sold them to customers from her first shop, a $285 a month basement on East 53rd Street decorated with snakeskin-print wallpaper and Salvation Army furniture. When London's wave crested and Kamali needed inventory, she began to design. Success came quickly thanks to Kamali's talent for capturing the moment with such must-have fashions as hot pants, cut-up-to-there bathing suits, and sweatshirts with Joan Crawford shoulder pads.

Considering the particularity of her sensibility, perhaps it was inevitable that Norma Kamali, like Ralph Lauren before her, would yearn to see her sartorial splendors ensconced in a sympathetic context—in a context, in other words, composed of elements of her own design. And perhaps it was also inevitable that she would grow

With its golden walls and white marble stair, the foyer, right, serves as a dramatic overture to Kamali's exotic sensibility. The eclectic mix includes a 17th-century gilt mirror, an 18th-century chair upholstered in a leopard print, and a 19th-century boulle cabinet. Left: Upstairs in the salon a pair of torchères frame a mantelpiece crowned with an extraordinary crystal basket that was originally a chandelier.

ERIC BC







restless with the limited scope of fashion and seek other means of creative expression. As she says, "Clothes are so ephemeral."

On October 31, Kamali opened the doors to a new shop on Spring Street in Manhattan which does for the home what her 56th Street shop does for the body. Appropriately enough, the shop is called OMO Home. (The acronym, which stands for On My Own, has been a Kamali trademark since she and her husband parted in 1977.) The fashion designer has turned to furniture, lighting, and accessory design, and the transition appears to have been not only a natural but also an effortless extension of her talents.

There's nothing tentative about Kamali's first OMO Home portfolio. It is as extensive as it is self-confident. Her Shape and Silhouette series of upholstered seating pieces, for example, includes sofas, chairs, chaise longues, and ottomans that are to furniture what the basic black dress is to fashion. (Perhaps not so coincidentally, they are all upholstered in black velvet.) As Kamali will be the first to say, "These are not brilliant new designs." Nor were they intended as such: "I didn't want them to be radical, I wanted them to be familiar and comfortable."

Also familiar, at least to some, is the series of classic furniture pieces that Kamali has put back into production—in some instances after making minor aesthetic "refinements." One particularly welcome reedition is a burnished-steel café table and chair set that employs an ornamental wheat motif. (For what it's worth, Coco Chanel had a low version of the same table in her legendary rue Cambon apartment.) New from Kamali is the hard-edged series of ebonized-wood pieces—from tables and consoles to chaise longues and beds, each adorned with shimmering panels of mirror. These more severe geometric designs act as powerful anchors in a room, but to soften the hard (*Text continued on page 199*)

A 19th-century portrait of a bare-breasted huntress looks out on the cooly elegant salon furnished with a Chesterfield-like sofa, two Snail chairs, and an ottoman. Kamali designed all of the upholstered pieces as part of her Shape and Silhouette furniture collection. The burnished-steel Wheat table and chairs are classics that the fashion-turned-furniture designer has put back into production.





Who is Edwin Schlossberg? And what does he do? ***Charles Gandee*** *tracks down the elusive artist, writer, museum specialist, inventor, fashion designer, and gamesman*

the WIZ



Edwin Schlossberg looking a bit like Dr. Strangelove thanks to the otherworldly lighting of the computer-based game center for grown-ups that the 43-year-old designer masterminded and plans to unveil in Manhattan next year.

GEORGE LANGE


FIGHT



MICHAEL MORAN



JOANNA HYSNIK

In the slightly scruffy Chelsea loft that Edwin Schlossberg calls his office there is a life-size see-through plastic model of a man on his back with all his vital organs in full view. Though the Plexiglas casing has yellowed with time, and though the organs could use a good cleaning, Schlossberg looks upon his visible man with the professional equivalent of paternal pride. He built the model himself. It represents his "most favorite idea." Most favorite or not, however, the idea is far from realized. The six-foot model is a nonoperational miniature of the Body Game, a grand creative plaything for grown-ups that if built according to its creator's plan would measure three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, cost $7 million to assemble, and travel around the country gypsy-style in a tent. If all of the 105 people required to play the game did so properly, the visible man would come to life. He would move. At least in theory.

Although a supine man minus his epidermis would surely look out of place in most professional offices, in the office of Edwin Schlossberg Incorporated he does not. There are too many visual distractions, too many other comparably curious ideas in development that conspire to create an altogether suitable home for this odd creature who appears caught in cryonic limbo.

Picture Santa's workshop, but replace the bearded man in red with Edwin Schlossberg in WilliWear and the elves with 35 staff architects, writers, researchers, computer experts, graphic designers, industrial designers, and marketing managers. Now move the whole unlikely scenario to a bi-level Manhattan loft, with creaky wood floors and lots of ringing telephones, situated at the top of an old warehouse building with a basement rifle range.

In a cavernous side room there's a mock-up of 3 of the 22 computer-based games that make up what Schlossberg tentatively calls the Intertainment Projects Limited Pavilion, a sort of high-tech cousin to the lowly video arcade in which Pac-Man is replaced with appreciably more sophisticated fare. There's Acme Power Company, a model Metropolis built of stylized skyscrapers that players try to illuminate with laser guns for points; there's Food Fight, a boxing ring for four in which contenders strike a punching bag when they know the answer to a question about nutrition; and there's Beat the System, perhaps the ultimate game for yuppies, which instills up to 48 would-be Wall Streeters with the Greed is Good ethic by encouraging them to buy and sell commodities in an attempt to assemble the biggest portfolio.

Next door to this ne plus ultra in arcades is a small suite of rooms devoted to a new $2.5 million information system now being installed at the World Financial Center in lower Manhattan. Megadeveloper Olympia & York commissioned the computerized kiosks and electronic posters to help visitors find their way around the bil-



DONALD DIETZ

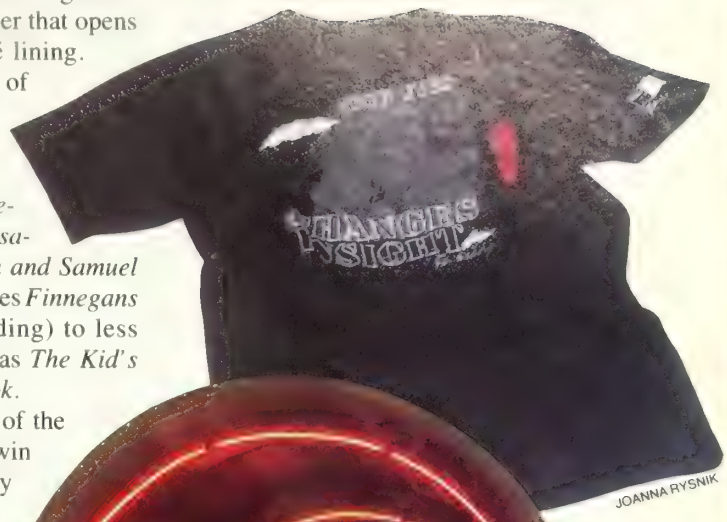
A Schlossberg sampler, clockw from far left, a zipper necktie for WilliWear; a new orientation facility/learning center for a Manhattan museum; two of the nine books Schlossberg has written; and a vignette from Macomber Farm, a project intended to sensitize humans to animals.

Throughout his career Schlossberg has kept something of a low profile, perhaps in reaction to his former mentor Buckminster Fuller, who loved the limelight

lion-dollar mixed-use complex. For example, if you're hungry for a cheeseburger or looking for a place to get your eyeglasses repaired, simply let one of the seventeen kiosks know, and, voilà, a video screen presents you with the available options, and a printout provides you with detailed directions on how to get there.

Upstairs there's an area devoted to the forthcoming Fernbank Museum of Natural History in Atlanta. As a dollhouse-scale model makes clear, instead of a passive approach to exhibition design—such as assembling dusty brontosaurus bones for schoolchildren to file silently past—Schlossberg has made certain that Fernbank will offer a decidedly more adventurous museum experience. In the Fantasy Forest, to name but one of the $10-million installation's many interactive exhibits, young museumgoers are sent scrambling across a series of textured terrains wearing animal costumes and shoes in the form of claws or webbed feet so that they might better understand how animals survive in their natural habitats.

Though there are four other intriguing vignettes deployed throughout Schlossberg's office, each attesting to another work in progress, there are also telltale clues here and there attesting to his diverse extraprofessional interests. The walls, for example, are covered with enigmatic haiku-like arrangements of words that Schlossberg silk-screens onto poster-size panels and exhibits at Ronald Feldman Fine Arts in SoHo. Written with liquid crystals, the word paintings change color when touched. Casually tossed across a corner drawing table is the new necktie Schlossberg designed for WilliWear: Sigmund Freud would have surely swallowed his cigar fingering the tie's operable zipper that opens onto a sensuous silver lamé lining. And over in the corner a pile of books stands as a reminder of Schlossberg's prolific writing career. Titles veer from such esoterica as *The Record of an Imaginary Conversation Between Albert Einstein and Samuel Beckett* (a little tome that makes *Finnegans Wake* seem like beach reading) to less highbrow literary fare such as *The Kid's Pocket Calculator Game Book*.



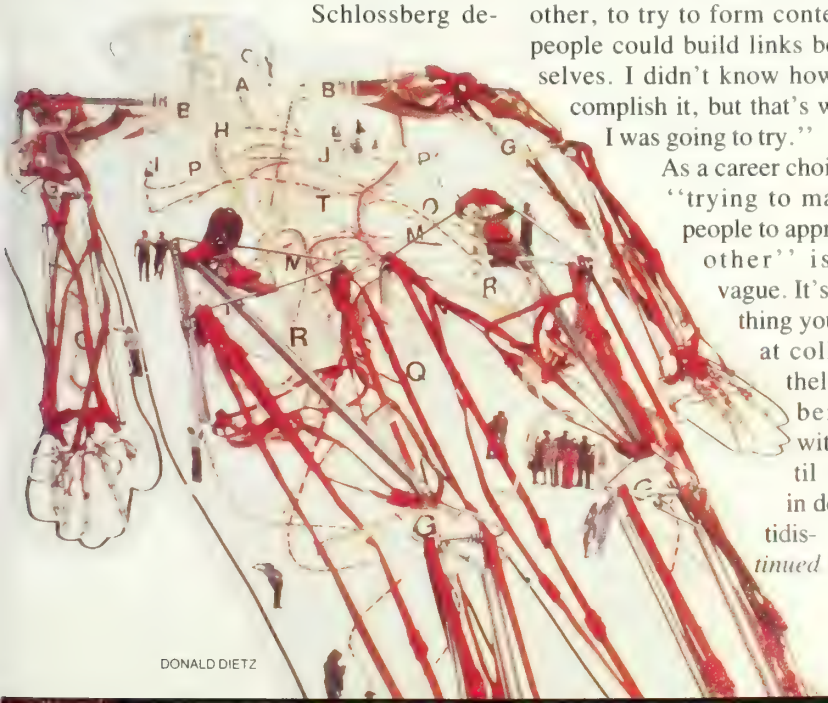
JOANNA RYSNIK


NORMAN MCGRATH

Trying to make sense out of the visual cacophony that is Edwin Schlossberg's office is no easy matter. No neat professional niche exists to describe what goes on here. So I asked the mastermind of all I had seen to help me out, and he told me a story that told me a lot.

It seems that back in the mid 1960s when Edwin Schlossberg was just another poetic young man in search of something to do with his life, his hero-mentor-guru, the original mad scientist, Buckminster Fuller, explained to him about how in India there was a real value placed on the pleasure of being in crowds. Though ostensibly harmless, Fuller's tale appears to have acted as a sort of primal moment, professionally speaking, for Schlossberg. "The thing I learned from Bucky that really appealed to me was that it could be worthwhile to try to make ways for people to appreciate one another, to try to form contexts in which people could build links between themselves. I didn't know how I would accomplish it, but that's what I decided I was going to try."

As a career choice, of course, "trying to make ways for people to appreciate one another" is somewhat vague. It's not the sort of thing you can major in at college. Nevertheless, Schlossberg persisted with the idea until he succeeded in defining a multidis- *(Text continued on page 196)*


DONALD DIETZ



DONALD DIETZ

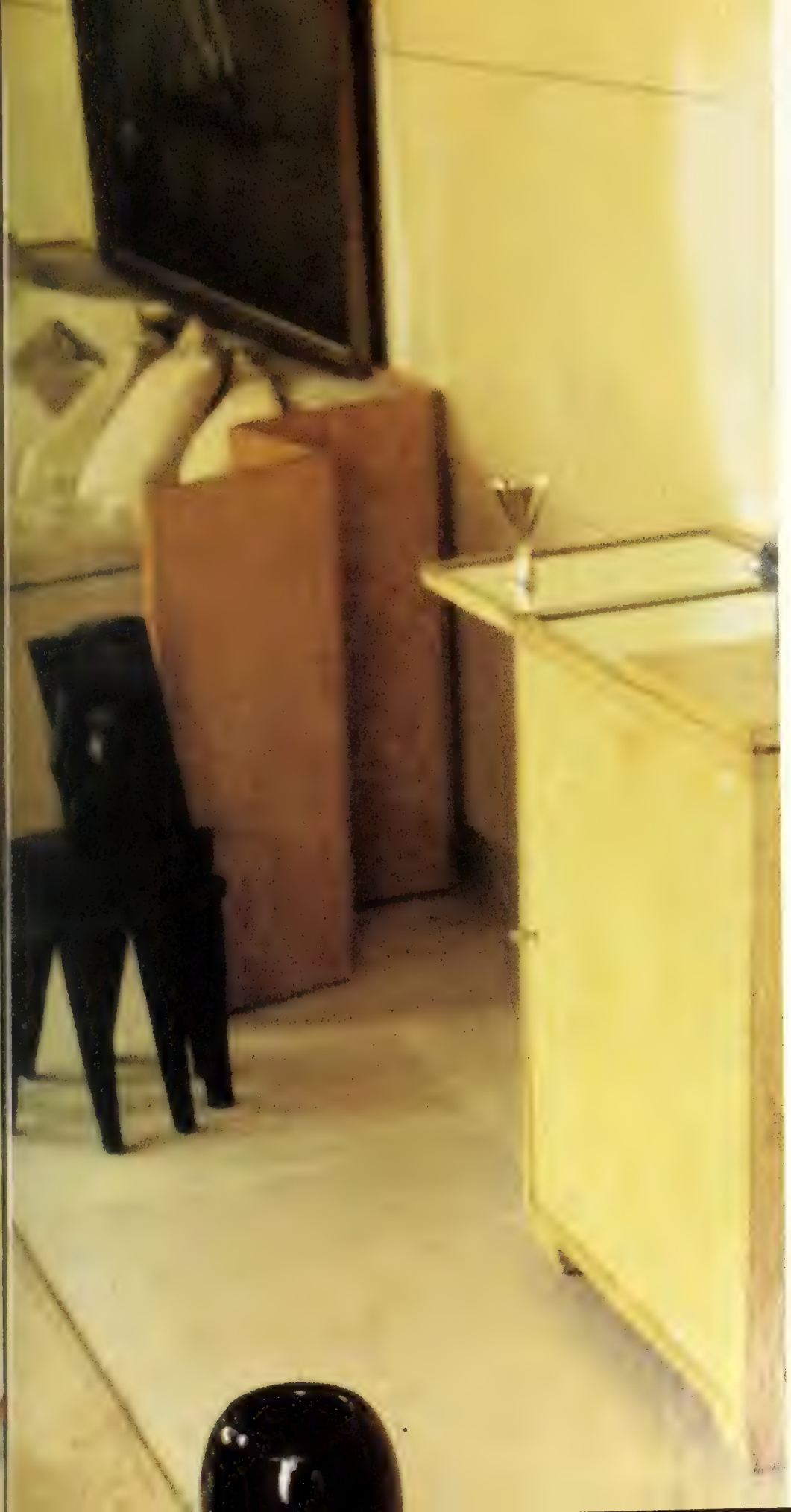
The Body Game, left, dates from 1971, but Schlossberg has yet to find a sponsor for the complex pinball-like pursuit that teaches the basics of [illegible] physiology. Other [illegible] and Brooklyn Children's Museum Learning Environment, above center. Schlossberg's [illegible]



In Pursuit of Perfection







Everything in this house seems tinged with gold, even the air. In fact, however, the rooms are monochromatic—their palette of creams and beiges accented by the blacks of lacquer and leather, their luster brightened by the rich deep brown of exotic wood. The golden haze is simply the patina that exquisite things acquire with age. Here the exquisite things in question are Art Deco furnishings by Jean-Michel Frank, Eileen Gray, Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, and Pierre Chareau, with a careful scattering of precious *objets*—a silver cup, a lacquered bowl, a sharkskin-covered box—only serving to heighten the effect.

The resulting allure suggests a brilliantly designed movie set—as if, say, *The Conformist* or *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* had taken place in Paris instead of Italy. But this house is far from a lifeless period piece of the sort an archivist might single-mindedly assemble. Instead, it resonates with the energy of its owners' obvious passion, not simply for the products of the Deco period but for the era itself.

So it isn't particularly surprising when you learn that the owners of the house are Bob and Cheska Vallois, perhaps Paris's top dealers in Deco furnishings. The couple's Galerie Vallois, at 41 rue de Seine, is filled with the best of, as their letterhead says, "meubles—objets d'art—1920–1930" as well as twentieth-century sculpture. And as with so many whose profession is also their pleasure, Monsieur and Madame Vallois live with their work—in the most literal way.

After spending the day in their elegant parchment-lined gallery, they retreat to their elegant parchment-lined home—which happens to be a renovated factory tucked into the courtyard of an eighteenth-century building across the street from the gallery. There, with the help of architect Si-



ALLURING ANGLES

The parchment-lined walls of this factory-turned-house highlight the Vallois' collection of furniture and art. Joseph Csaky's *Cones and Spheres* sculpture echoes the sensual curves in Wifredo Lam's 1943 figurative painting. The black leather geometric chair is by Legrain. Right: Objects beautifully made—a Desny glass-in-metal goblet and a Bastard ivory bowl, both c. 1925–30.

formed into a contemporary tribute to another, less hurried age.

A creamy stone from Burgundy lines the floors, and the walls glow with the aforementioned parchment covering. On the ground floor a wall of windows overlooks a garden. A striking stair, rather like a Minimalist sculpture, leads to the bedroom.

The Vallois' passion for Deco began in the late 1960s when they dealt in antiques of all periods. In 1971, in Les Halles, they opened a gallery that specialized in Deco; in 1981 they moved to their present location, where four years later they opened yet another gallery, this one devoted to sculpture. The reasons the pair admire a given designer are individual to the talent: Chareau, because he was "avant-garde," Ruhlmann because he was "a genius," Frank because he was "very modern." What they admire most about these designers, however, is their fanatical attention to perfection. "It's the last great quality period," laments Bob Vallois, "the last period in which art had the same quality as in the eighteenth century. Everything was made of precious materials—sharkskin, macassar ebony—but after 1935 or '38 it was finished."

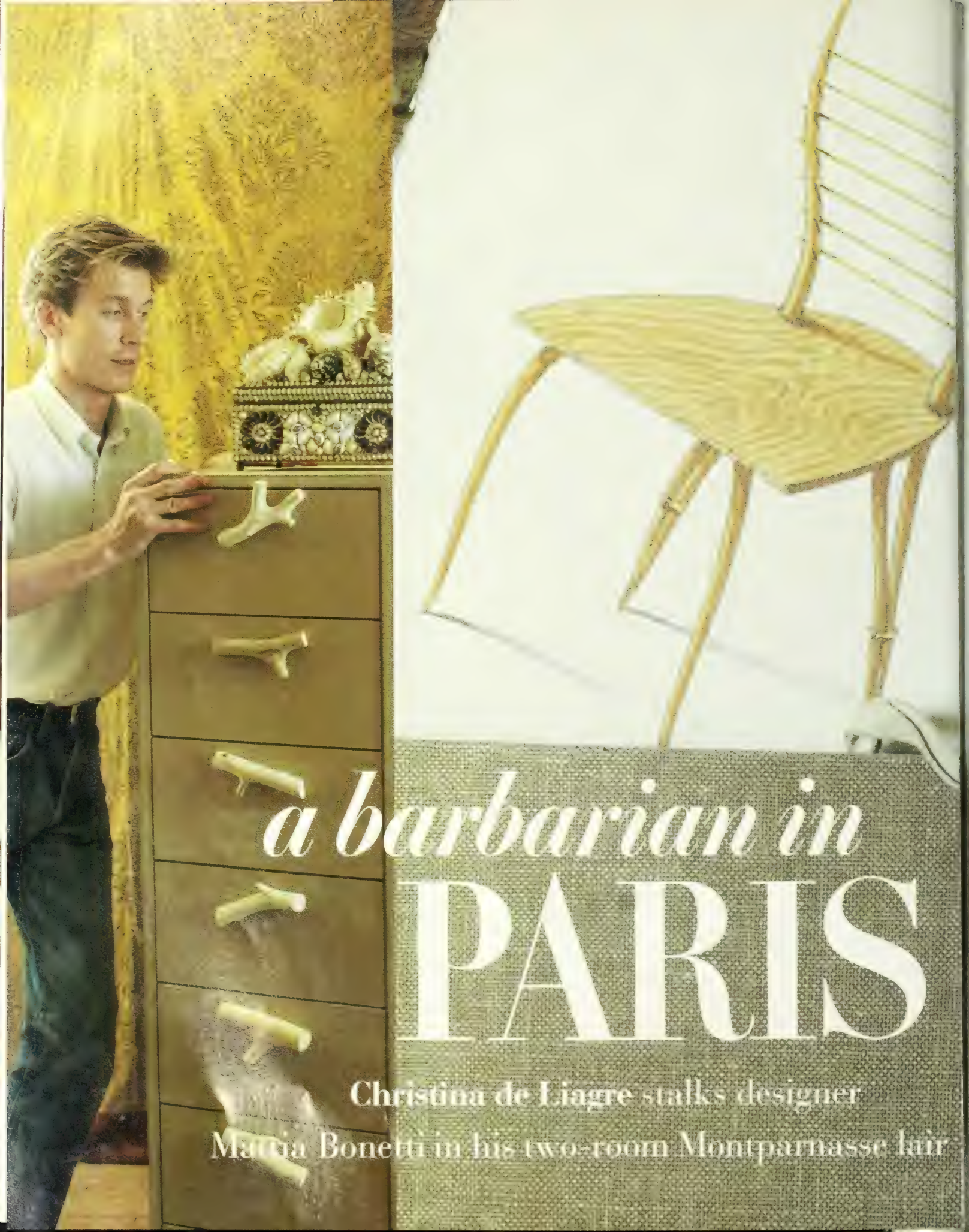
Theirs, however, is not a slavish devotion—period furnishings coexist peacefully with sculpture and paintings by contemporary artists such as Arman, Sol LeWitt, and Wifredo Lam. "We didn't want to do a strict reconstruction," Monsieur Vallois explains. "It's better to have a piece of this, a piece of that." The apparent ease with which he and Madame Vallois—who favors the contemporary simplicity of clothing by Alaïa and Armani—have created this atmosphere of casual perfection suggests that although they appreciate the past, they live entirely in the present. ▲

Editor: Paul Sinclaire



STYLIZED SERENITY

The Vallois living room is filled with objects from a less hurried age. An Emile Chambon painting hangs above the Frank sofa; a bird-shaped silver teapot perches on the bar at far right.



a barbarian in PARIS

Christina de Liagre stalks designer Marcia Bonetti in his two-room Montparnasse lair



Mattia Bonetti quotes the proverb "Shoemakers' children never have shoes" as he shuffles an unfinished cabinet out of his hallway and into his living room. "I had great plans for this," he says. "It was to be painted white with gilded branches on every drawer, but who has time to do it?" Choices of where to relocate his collected works are also limited: the 36-year-old designer, celebrated for his lofty expressive spaces, lives in two rooms—small ones at that—in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris.

What's more, the living room doubles as a work studio, as bulging sketchbooks and portfolios attest. It is here that Bonetti and his partner of nine years, Elizabeth Garouste, stamp their joint initials BG on designs for furniture, objects, and interiors that range from the wacky to the downright down-to-earth. In the early eighties at the peak of high tech, while everybody else was bent on the "less is more" and "ornament is crime" ethos, the duo brazenly went back to nature, skirting tables with grass fringe, building lamps out of boulders, and earning themselves the label New Barbarians for their neo-primitive style. "We were fed up with functionalism, Le Corbusier, and the simplification of the Bauhaus," Bonetti says over coffee in unaccented English, a dead giveaway that he's Swiss and not French. "Looking to the prehistoric was for us like shedding our clothes, taking a bath, and finally feeling clean and naked."

Having hacked the way back to lost horizons for a whole generation of designers, BG has now become the stuff of museums. London's Victoria and Albert is currently paying homage with their exhibition "Avant Première: The Most Contemporary French Furniture," through January 8. Referred to in the same breath, like famous teams such as Rodgers and Hammer-



[illegible] designed. Left: A [illegible] Bonetti of the Lyre and [illegible] and samples of [illegible] carpets. Details, [illegible]





The living room, which doubles as a work studio, populated by chairs slipcovered in ecru poplin, a sofa [illegible] with lilac linen,

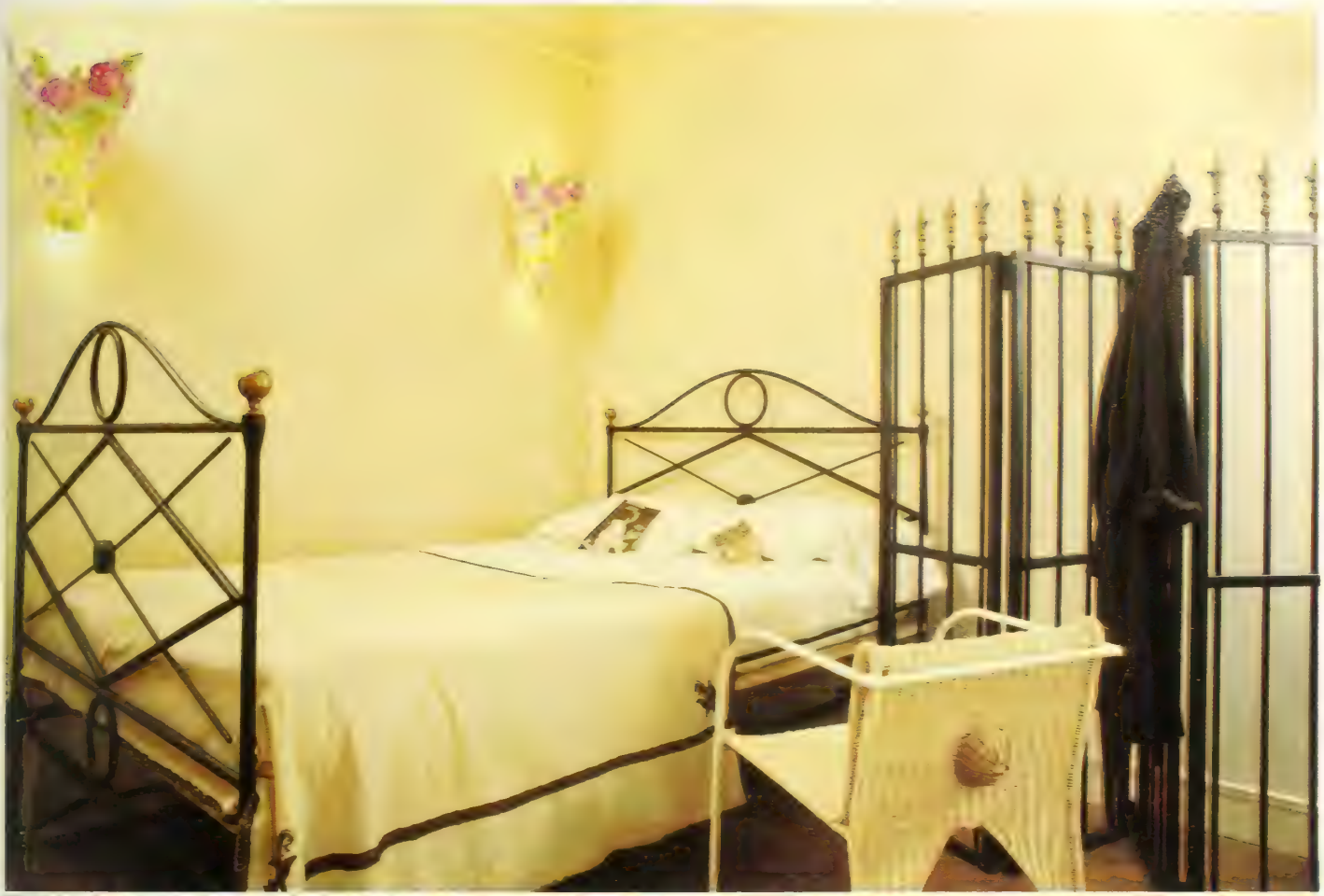


stein, the well-matched pair are considered masters at achieving perfect opposites. "Their work is primitive and luxurious, joyous and pompous, flamboyant and austere, simple and twisted," sums up Christian Lacroix, whose technicolored haute couture showroom on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré established the BG signature in interior design last year. Since then the duo has taken on the Lacroix Luxe and prêt-à-porter boutiques, on the ground floor of the sizzling fashion house, and is currently working at expanding them. Even the Lacroix stationery—a gold-and-white CL logo on rough recycled beige paper—is their creation.

Though the BG style seems to be evolving in the direction of the neo-Baroque, nature is still very much at the root of things. "Man may make neon and go to the moon, but he is a creature of nature and his condition is that of dying, returning to the earth," says Bonetti. "It's important to remember nature is all around us. It's the one truth." Appropriately, in his bedroom a folding screen resembles a garden gate more than anything else. And Bonetti is forever bringing the outside in—even quite literally so—as evidenced by the branch handles on his cabinet. "Elizabeth and I cut them down in the forest around her house in Normandy (where she lives with her husband, the painter Gérard Garouste, and their two children). We like getting our hands dirty."

Huge rocks dominated their early cave-tech pieces; in recent years these tree branches *(Text continued on page 198)*

Another view of the living room, left, focuses on Bonetti and Garouste's wrought-iron Râ table and wool-and-raffia Pisa carpet with Gothic motifs. Bonetti's terra-cotta masks hang as illuminated sconces. Opposite top: In the bedroom a 1940s French iron folding screen lines the wall next to an Italian iron bed, c. 1890, and Bonetti's wall lights of rosy bouquets. Right: A Bonetti sculpture strides across Bonetti and Garouste's wicker-and-iron Dogon chair. Far right: The duo's wood and gilded-metal Zen table with a still life of Bonetti sculptures and a Noguchi lamp.

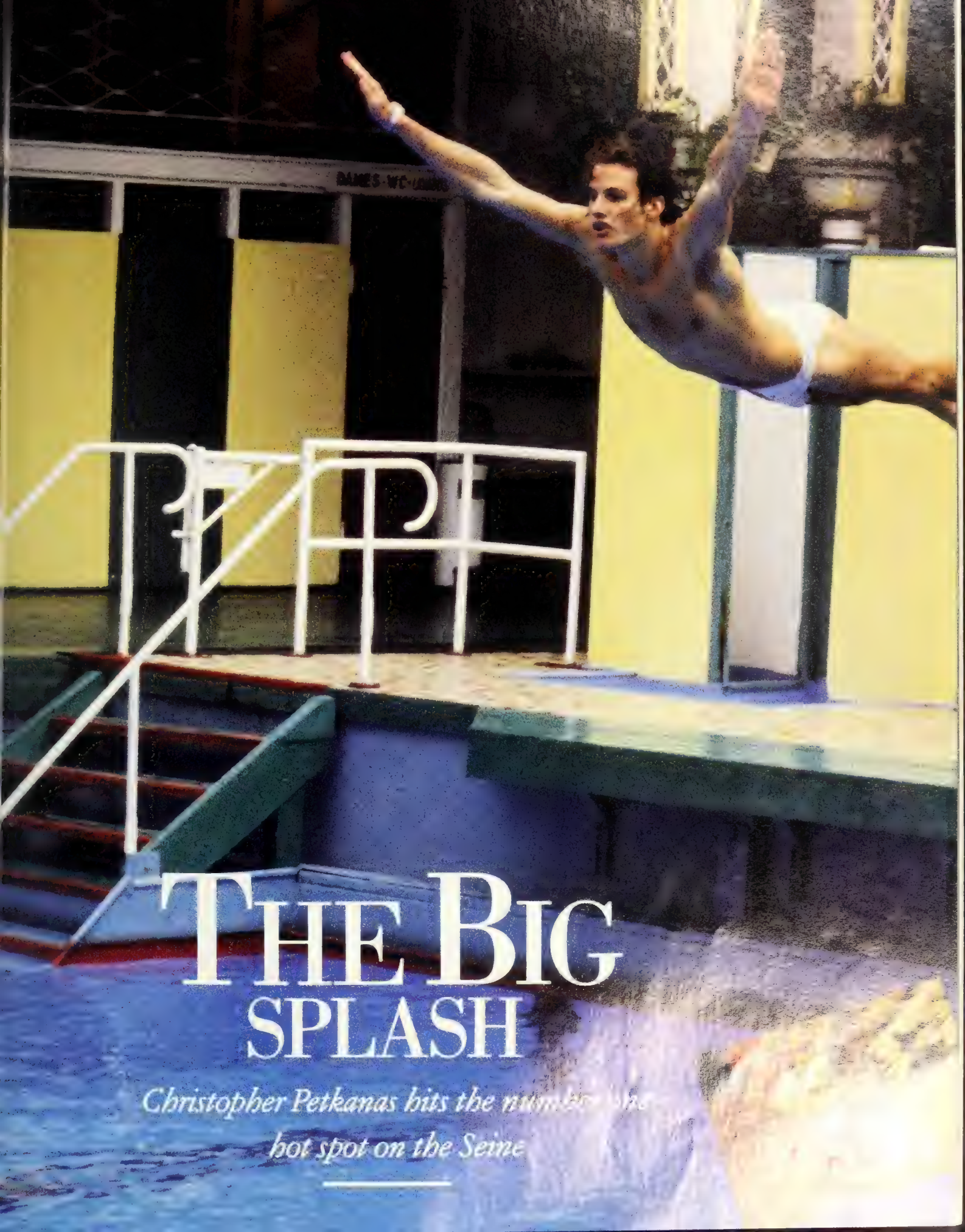








DRESSED TO SPILL Lacroix-clad patrons on the upper deck of Les Bains Deligny, the most fashionable nightspot for those who love Paris when it sizzles. The oldest swimming hole in Paris, this multilevel barge offers dining at the top, dancing on the deck, and swimming where the water is.



THE BIG SPLASH

Christopher Petkanas hits the number one hot spot on the Seine



er testing the waters—transforming
ıblic bathhouse into what is current-
Paris's most fashionable boîte, Les
ns—Hubert Boukobza and Claude
ılle have taken another plunge. With
c Vannier, the third partner in this
ifyingly *branché* troika, they have
sed a life preserver to the Piscine De-
ny, the landmark 50-meter pool
ming the central basin of a massive
ge anchored on the Seine just below
Pont de la Concorde. Les Bains De-
ny, as it has been renamed so as to
ke clear the connection with its sister
ınt, was treated by decorator Jona-
n Amar to a few hundred gallons of
eery yellow, turquoise, and red paint
fore reopening its 450 cabanas, solar-
m, Ping-Pong tables, and body-
ilding facility last May. A 100-seat
staurant, open for lunch and dinner,
ıs launched at the same time, clinch-
g a bobbing quayside success for the
ree night birds who also own the ven-
able Palace. For those in the swim
ere was barely time to run out and buy
fresh tube of Clarins and a new mail-
t. The blinking Wurlitzer jukebox
at helps provide the sound track for
ese giddy shenanigans won't be spin-
ng out "Chanson d'Amour" again
ntil spring. Except for special events,
eligny is closed due to the October-to-
larch chill factor (the pool itself is
pen to the weather). One such excep-
onal event, however, Atmosphère
'Été, recently presented the spring/
ımmer collection of a number of first-
ng, vaguely fringe, so-called young
ashion designers—people like Hervé
éger, John Galliano, and Nathalie
arçon. As it has managed to do since
s opening, Les Bains Deligny is at-
acting the right sort of people. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

SEINE-SATIONAL
Anchored just below the Pont de la Concorde, this baile, opposite, makes ingenious use of its open

BREAD *and Sneakers*

Jeffrey Steingarten test-drives the latest kitchen aids and finds some of them almost useful

Some of my warmest relationships have involved machines. They never challenge my self-esteem or question my motives, and they never spend too much on clothes. My favorite mechanical friends live in the kitchen. In height order, they are: an instant meat thermometer, a mortar and pestle, a pastry bag with assorted nozzles, a mandoline, a large KitchenAid mixer with dough hook, an ice-cream maker with self-contained refrigeration, and a salamander broiler.

To become my chum, a kitchen appliance need do nothing more than deliver larger quantities of more delicious food faster and with less work than before. You can imagine my excitement on learning that an entirely new breed of kitchen machine had come upon the scene: the fully automatic home breadmaker. As I have never been able to locate the HG test kitchens, I erected a temporary testing laboratory at home by laying an old door on four milk cartons and plugging in a half-dozen extension cords. The door was large enough for four automatic breadmakers and sixty pounds of flour with several feet to spare, so I scoured the catalogues and kitchenware shops for additional state-of-the-art appliances to test. I settled on an electric oyster knife, a deep-fat fryer, and an automatic fruit peeler. The question was, would they feed me more and better?

For 25 cents U.S., she sold peeled oranges and apples. For an extra 25 cents U.S., she let me play with her peeler

COUTEAU A HUITRES ELECTRIQUE As soon as the Electric Oyster/Clam Knife arrived from Hammacher Schlemmer, I ordered four-dozen assorted oysters—Belon, Chincoteague, and Wellfleet—and invited a friend to join my wife and me for dinner. All I could think of was Brillat-Savarin's recollection that "in the old days an ... banquet of importance began with oysters, and there were always a good number of guests who did not hesitate to down *one hundred* apiece [twelve dozen, a hundred and forty-four]."

The Couteau à Huitres Electrique is a beautifully high-tech instrument—a shiny fierce-looking triangular blade mounted on a bright green collar set in a matte-black plastic handle. The blade vibrates at 3,000 times a minute ("similar to models used by commercial oyster farms"), and the mainly French instructions sort of show you how to insert the blade effortlessly into the side edge of the oyster, rotate it toward the oyster's hinge, and voilà!

As we sat down to dinner, I plugged in the Couteau à Huitres. Its loud buzzing put an end to conversation. The first oyster was a failure because the knife would not penetrate between the shells. The second oyster opened reluctantly, but the meat was mangled when I used the Couteau à Huitres to dislodge it from the shell. The third oyster would not open, no matter how much brute force I applied. The fourth shell crumbled. The fifth was perfect. The sixth would not open. And so it went. My performance was as pitiful as when I wield a three-dollar manual oyster knife. Dinner that evening featured the complex carbohydrate food group in the form of assorted breads from my automatic breadmakers and leftover shoestring potatoes from my deep-fat fryer (see below).

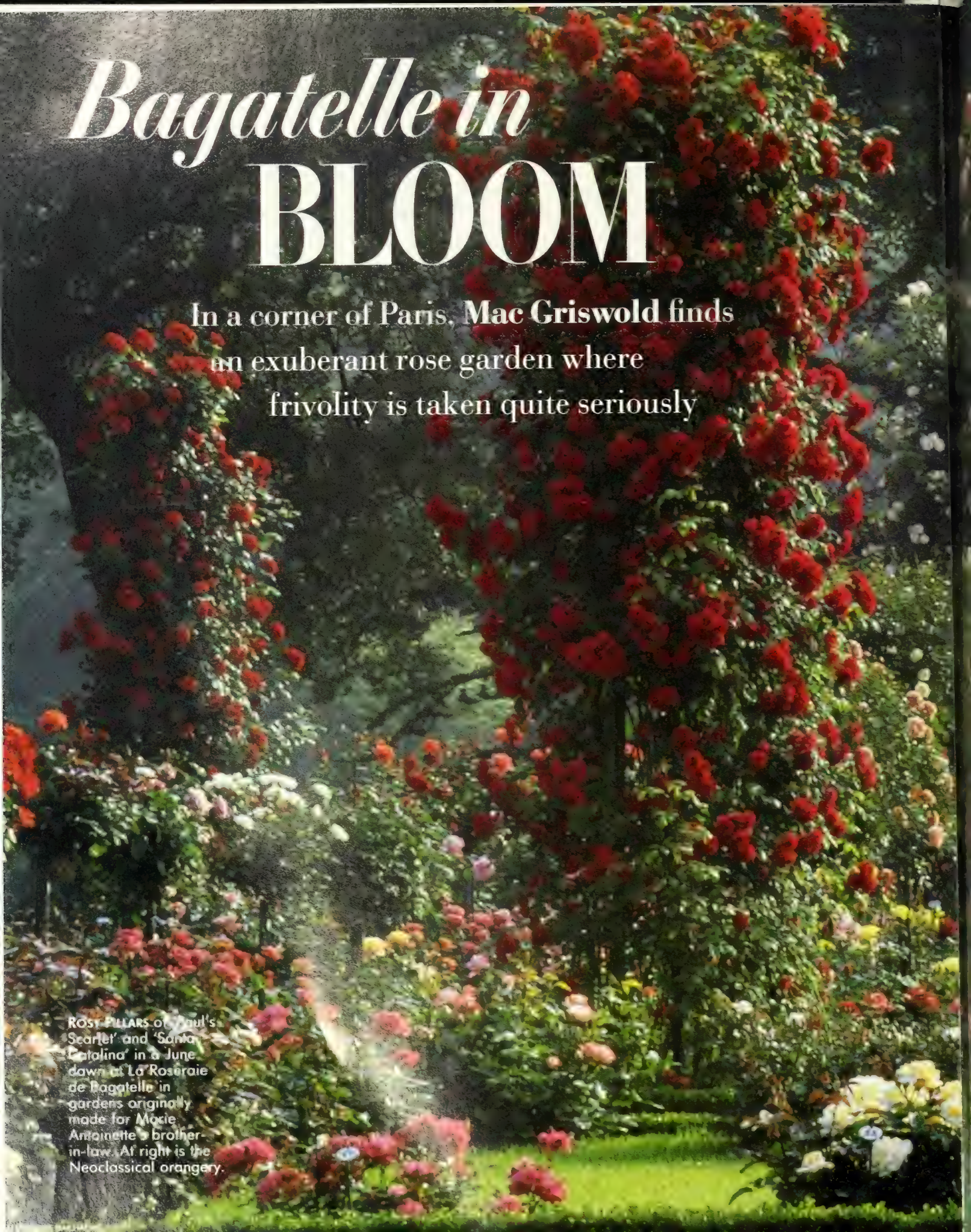
DAZEY STRIPPER It was in 1972 near the Cenote de los Sacrificios at the ruins of Chichén Itzá in the Yucatán—a sacred well where vestal virgins were sacrificed to the Mayan gods—that I first encountered the automatic fruit and vegetable peeler. After a long trudge under the merciless sun and a cursory glance at the bottomless Cenote in which not even one vestal virgin could be glimpsed, I saw an old woman sitting nearby on a folding chair behind a shiny steel hand-cranked peeler mounted on a tall wooden stand. For 25 cents U.S., she sold peeled oranges and apples to the thirsty tourists. For an extra 25 cents U.S., she let me play with her peeler.

Years later at a dinner party I discovered the Dazey Stripper in my hostess's kitchen while she was busy serving drinks in the living room. I inserted a nearby apple, stood back, and watched in wonder as the Dazey Stripper rapidly removed the peel in one continuous band. The Dazey Stripper automatically peels *firm* fruits and

(Text continued on page 194)

Bagatelle in BLOOM

In a corner of Paris, **Mac Griswold** finds an exuberant rose garden where frivolity is taken quite seriously



ROSY PILLARS of 'Paul's Scarlet' and 'Santa Catalina' in a June dawn at La Roseraie de Bagatelle in gardens originally made for Marie Antoinette's brother-in-law. At right is the Neoclassical orangery.





Bagatelle, built on a bet just before the French Revolution, happily still seems like an expensive trinket. The sixty acres of garden and a pink-and-white playhouse of a château sit by the Seine in the Bois de Boulogne.

Thirty-three gardeners, most of whom are young and blond with matelot muscles and disdainful Marlon Brando profiles, give it a musical-comedy air. They bend over those arrangements of petunias and geraniums which at Bagatelle are so successful and which elsewhere only look municipal. They murmur heatedly over the white cosmos, the pale lantanas, the perfect standard fuchsias, actually saying things such as, "Il faut de la légèreté avant tout."

At the same time, the gardens of Bagatelle are cozy in a way possible only in France. Baby carriages creak around the serpentine paths of the park. Pairs of well made up elderly ladies in print dresses walk arm-in-arm talking about their digestion. But Bagatelle's history has not always been so domestic.

The comte d'Artois, youngest brother of Louis XVI, was a member of Marie Antoinette's tiny circle of intimates. He was only nineteen in 1777 when he bought his run-down hunting box, which already had a reputation as a discreet rendezvous just far enough away from other royal châteaus for romantic assignations.

Marie Antoinette took one look at her brother-in-law's shabby acquisition and bet him a breathtaking 100,000 livres he could not build a new house in sixty days. François Joseph Bélanger, last of the great ancien régime architects, was engaged. Nine hundred men worked 24 hours a day. Artois won his bet, but the château and its garden were not really complete until 1786. The comte spent 2,000,000 livres before he was finished.

From 1779 onward till the revolution, the garden was in the care of Thomas Blaikie, Scottish garden guru to the French aristocracy in its last hectic and free-spending decade. A Blaikie garden, like a Russell Page garden today, was *the* thing to have. Blaikie was not at all sure his patron cared what he got. In his diary, he glumly notes that "frequently M. de St. Foix [Artois's superintendent of works] said it was folly as the Ct. d'Artois would not take any notice of what we had done and tooke more pleasure in a girl than a garden."

Bagatelle, comparatively unscathed by the Revolution, was cosseted by two incredibly rich nineteenth-century Francophile Englishmen. Lord Seymour-Conway, Marquess of Hertford, who formed the bulk of the Wallace Collection, now in London, added a story to the château, built the orangery, and left Bagatelle to his adopted son, Richard Wallace, who is thought to have been either Hertford's illegitimate son or half brother.

Bagatelle's ownership continued to have its own intense romantic flavor: when Wallace died in 1890, he left Bagatelle to his widow, who left it to her secretary (and lover), the immensely fat and charming Sir John Murray Scott. Scott's great love was Vita Sackville-West's flamboyant mother, Lady Sackville. In *Pepita,* Vita recalls her childhood Bagatelle days running barefoot on the grass and hanging garlands on the stone nymphs in the grottoes.

The rose garden was added in 1905, when the city of Paris bought Bagatelle from Scott. J. C. N. Forestier, director of the Bois de Boulogne and friend of Monet, was responsible for the design with its straight lines and geometric yews to balance the exuberance of the flowers. It is one of two gardens near Paris that presents the history of the rose. The old roses are at L'Haÿ-les-Roses; Bagatelle mainly grows those from 1920 onward. Modern roses are not fashionable at the moment; *le tout Paris,* like le tout everywhere else, prefers old roses. The current line is that modern roses don't smell, grow on stubby little bushes, come in horrible loud colors, and have ugly pointed petals.

All this is true, but at Bagatelle there are the great new exceptions, such as 'Yves Piaget', introduced in 1983 and as fat and pink and dizzyingly sweet as any Bourbon flower. It is also disease- and mildew-resistant and *(Text continued on page 196)*



TAILORED YEWS and tiny boxwood edging, opposite, make a firm French frame for the central parterre with its brilliant grass carpet. Right: The hybrid tea 'Grand Siècle', 1988 winner of the new Prix de la Rose Manuel Canovas.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE





Garlands of Flowers frame a mysterious path; conical yews stand guard. 'American Pillar' covers the pergola arch. 'Elizabeth of Glamis' paves the foreground bed in creamy pink. Bagatelle is a treasury of roses hybridized since 1920.

The last ten years have seen a quiet revolution in English taste. No longer awash in chintz, Britons are abandoning sub-Victorian gentility and returning to grander, more classical principles. **Malise Ruthven** reports on five London dealer/designers at the forefront of this trend



Luxurious French silk lampas curtains, c. 1850, drape the walls and desk of Paul Jones's office, left; 18th-century wool-and-silk needlepoint pillows are on a French bench. The floor was painted by Tom Hammond. Below: Pillows made from antique tapestry with 18th-century gilded scrolls and cherubs.

PAUL JONES

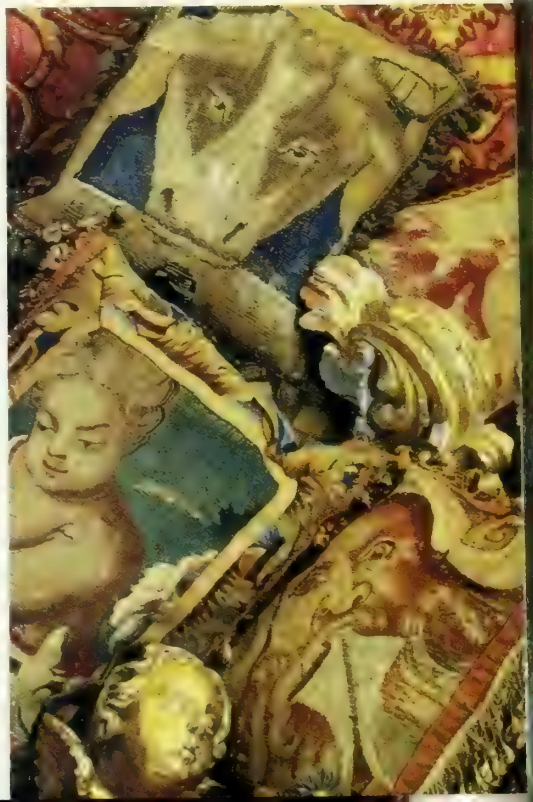
European Ethnic

Seven years ago Paul Jones, just nineteen and fresh out of school, spent his unemployment check on a bunch of pretty fabrics that he sold at a stall in Camden Market. Today, at 26, he is the uncrowned king of the period textile business, with a turnover of £3 million a year and a shop in the King's Road where nothing remains—he boasts—for more than three weeks. This almost literal rags-to-riches story is not just the result of luck or accident: despite his punk appearance, Jones acquired a scholarly mastery of his field before cashing in on his knowledge.

His first love was for Paisley in his native Scotland—center of the famous shawl industry. Recognizing their decorative potential, Jones began selling them on his stall; as they became popular the prices began to rocket, and Jones, who practically cornered the market, has not looked back. He soon began branching out into other European antique textiles, focusing on French classics such as Gobelins and Aubusson.

Jones was one of the first people to recognize the way textiles have been relatively undervalued. He explains that when the original inventories of great country houses were made, textiles took second place—after the livestock, ahead of silver and other valuables. Yet furniture dealers, he maintains, are still snubbing textiles. "Isn't it wonderful?" he says. "Here in the King's Road you will still find dealers selling a Louis XIV chair for £7,000 upholstered in Peter Jones damask at £8 per yard!"

As well as dealing in antique textiles, Jones acts as a fabric consultant to many leading designers, including David Mlinaric, advising them on matters such as the exact colors and the precise shapes of the tiebacks they need when restoring old houses. Jones calls his preferred style "European ethnic"—implying a rediscovery of roots in reaction to the Orientalist adventures of the sixties, when kilims and Afghan covers were the rage. His shop is exquisitely arranged with old books, antique metalwork, and tactile objects such as Roman heating marbles displayed to offset the textures of his fabrics. No slouch when it comes to marketing either himself or his products, Paul Jones is definitely a man to watch. (Paul Jones at Chenil Galleries, 183 King's Rd., SW3, 351-2005)



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CHRISTOPHER HODSOLL

Neo-Rothschild Style

After working as his assistant for several years, Christopher Hodsoll inherited the Pimlico shop of the late Geoffrey Bennison, a legendary figure whom many regard as a genius. Bennison pioneered the style that has been termed Modern Grand, Neo-Rothschild, or just plain Bennison. Its hallmark: unusual, difficult-to-achieve combinations of comfort and grandeur with a special gift for recognizing the architectural qualities of furniture that makes new acquisitions look as if they had been in situ forever.



Though slightly less florid than Bennison, Hodsoll sticks to the same philosophy. Its essence is that furniture should speak for itself—without interference from the noisy chintzes or florals favored by many English decorators and County Ladies. Hodsoll's fabrics are low-key and masculine with a preference for quiet colors that blend with the tones of polished woods and marbles. The pieces he favors—large architectonic desks or bookcases in the style of the great British Neoclassicist Sir John Soane, Empire cabinets, Victorian office cabinets, Gothic Revival tables in walnut or burr oak, fine gilt mirrors, or even what Hodsoll's partner, Alex McKenzie, calls "Scottish hotel furniture"—were mostly built for large patrician mansions in the early nineteenth century before Victorian opulence degenerated into tasteless clutter. There's no reason, says Hodsoll, why someone with a modern apartment or studio should not make such an item *the* feature of his room.

McKenzie despises most Continental furniture. "If you paid under £1,000 for a piece of Biedermeier, it would fall to pieces in your hands. English furniture at the same price and period is of much better quality, and it stands up to central heating much better."

Hodsoll admits that change in taste has been determined partly by availability. Eighteenth-century furniture has priced itself out of the market. "Ten years ago no one would have dreamt of putting a Victorian table in a Christie's main sale," he says. "I myself used to hate them. Now, the more I see of them, the more I like them." (Hodsoll McKenzie, 50 Pimlico Rd., SW1, 730-9835; Bennison, 89–91 Pimlico Rd., 730-3370; MRH Cloth, 52 Pimlico Rd., 730-2877)

Hodsoll's drawing room, above, has all the hallmarks of a Grand Tourist: Classical busts, natural history specimens, and masculine furniture. Below: An Eastern vignette includes a 19th-century model of an Indian palace.



Antique carved fruitwood figures, above, probably from India. Below Hodsoll in a mid-18th-century Rococo mirror fro Alnwick Castle.




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Christophe Gollut is a highly versatile dealer whose bread and butter comes from the more conventional role of designer. A native of the Valais (in the French-speaking part of Switzerland), he combines a European eye with a passion for the English country house style. After studying law in Switzerland he trained at the Inchbald School of Design, then worked at Alistair Colvin, whose shop he now runs and owns. His style is less grand than Hodsoll's, contriving to be both more intimate and more exotic. "My fellow Europeans think of it as English," he says, "the English as European. If you can't decide, you can always call it Russian," he adds with a laugh. Much of his work has a light Regencyish feel. He chooses fabrics and paints with subtle, unusual colors. His private office is lined with a corrugated blue chintz he invented. It creates a sense of elegance without being pretentious or grand. As a European he equates Englishness with comfort and informality. "The English country house style is quite impossible to reproduce anywhere else," he insists, "though people keep on trying. It is a unique mixture of comfort and lack of tidiness. No French château is comfortable: you can never find a chair you actually want to sit on. Nor do châteaus gain in elegance what they lack in comfort. Have you ever gone down on your knees in a French drawing room? You'll die laughing—120 legs and nothing else. Call that elegance?"

Pair of French 18th-century brass tiebacks on an early-19th-century Swedish chair, l... in front of a cupboard piled ... with contemporary needlepoint Greek rugs. Bottom left: Christophe Gollut reflected in mirrored window, c. 1930. Below: ... French clock, c. 1820, and a collection of egg boxed c. 1860 grace his bathroom.

CHRISTOPHE GOLLUT

The Regency Revival



Gollut's clients include many private people—most of them personal friends—as well as corporations such as the Abbey National Building Society, whose boardroom and executive offices he recently redesigned in quiet, humanizing colors with a touch of Japanese formality. He domesticated the chairman's office at Sotheby's and is working on a new dining room for a place he cannot yet name but refers to as "one of Britain's most prestigious institutions." His versatility is evident from the fact that he is able to please many different masters, interpreting their wishes rather than imposing ideas of his own. Apart from his own flat in London, his personal style is best demonstrated by the beautiful house he owns on Gran Canaria where he retreats seven or eight times a year. Each room is done in a different style with English, Spanish, Moroccan, French, Indian, and Gothic all scattered among Gollut's trademark subtle colors. Everything is carefully differentiated, yet the spacing and tones are unmistakably Gollut. "It helps to have been born in the middle of Europe," he says. "When you are Swiss you can allow yourself to be influenced by surroundings as different as Italy, Germany, and France." (116 Fulham Rd., SW3, 370-4101)











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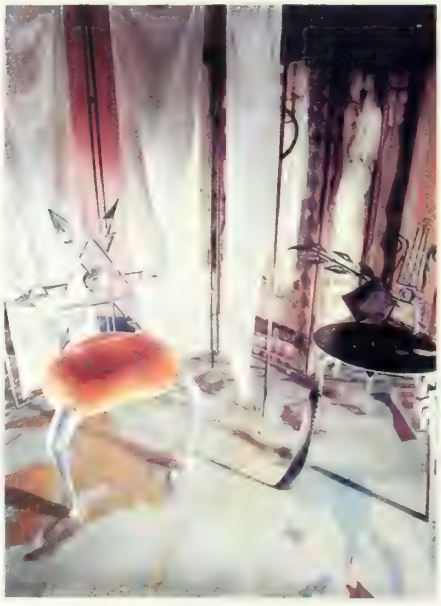


LONDON





Nevile, f... in a plan... chair. Le... Chairs a... tables by... Cebuan ... Rochette ... Beaucast... Center be... Screen by... Carolyn ... Quarterm... chairs by ... Brazier-Jo... floorcloth... Billy Quir...





Fire surround by Nevile, candlesticks by Robin Williams, chair, Mark Brazier-Jones, French 19th-century clock and barometer.

As a self-taught craftsman, Christopher Nevile mastered the arts of stippling, scumbling, distressed gilding, and other difficult techniques. Appreciative clients began to ask his advice on curtains and trimmings—followed by questions about everything else. Soon he was running a three-tiered business comprising painting (with partner Saul Greenberg) and decorating, interior design, and the Study, a small shop in an eighteenth-century house in Covent Garden. The Study is really a showroom where he can exhibit his style and ideas and display the work of the young artists and craftspersons he recommends to his clients.

Nevile describes his style, self-effacingly, as "bastardized Neoclassicism." His debt to Soane is evident from the classic design of the shelving in the shop with its clever cornicing and mirror inlays that reflect attractive patterns on the ceiling. His use of materials, however, would probably cause Sir John to turn in his grave: cheap blockboard painted and grained to look like wood, plastic-backed chrome strip, simple stock moldings, and bronzed roundels made from industrial washers and upholstery tacks. The whole thing—he claims—cost less than £1,000. His skill with ordinary materials puts him within the reach of people with modest budgets. Many of his clients are media people from the small production companies that cluster round Covent Garden. Like them, Nevile is at home with state-of-the-art technology such as advanced lighting systems and laser cutting techniques.

CHRISTOPHER NEVILE

Bastardized Classicism

The objects in Nevile's shop reflect his theatrical leanings—a Malaysian planter's chair rubs backs with a palm leaf wrought-iron throne created by Colin Chetwood, one of Nevile's protégés ("He really does want to be under the spreading chestnut tree," says Nevile), and the entrance hall is dominated by a Paolozzi-esque table created by Mark Brazier-Jones from an ordinary road drill. The secret to exhibiting this and other Post-modernist bricolage is the cunning use of modern lighting. Pillars and cornices conceal neon strips, defining squares and spaces, and spotlights beam or bounce from ceilings, enlivening the familiar and taming the bizarre. The result is an unusual but satisfying blend of classical and modern, tradition and innovation. (The Study, 55 Endell St., Covent Garden, WC2, 240-5844)


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LONDON



PIERS VON WESTENHOLZ

The Antidecoration League

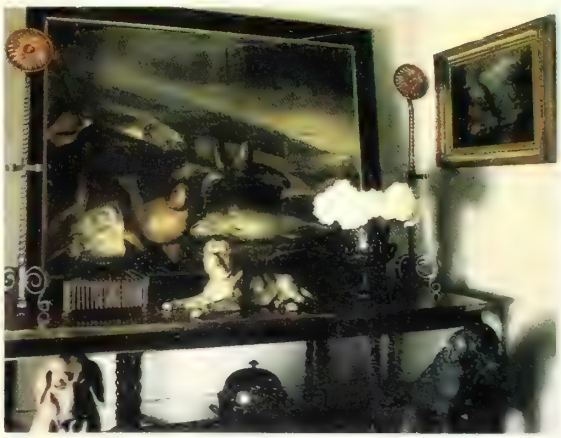
Baron Piers von Westenholz's shop faces Hodsoll's on the opposite side of Pimlico Road. Formerly a partner of Britain's best-known decorator, David Mlinaric, he returned to his first love, dealing, after a period of living quietly in the country and still commutes to London from rural Hertfordshire. Unlike his house, where large beautiful objects create an admirable sense of space, his shop is cluttered and confused with things piled up randomly without any sense of display. "I hate sitting in my shop," says Westenholz.

The baron is happiest driving round the country attending local sales or calling on his private network of local dealers. "There are only about ten worth visiting anymore," he says, lamenting the diminishing supply of good antiques. "I've just driven a thousand miles, and all I found was a reformed Gothic bookcase, some chairs, quite a few lamps, and a cushion—barely a dozen things. Twenty years ago I'd have found at least fifty things worth buying."

The baron's taste is similar to Bennison's but subtler and wider in range. He is renowned for his immaculate eye. He loves the solidity and craftsmanship of Victorian country house outfitters such as Holland and Gillows. He deplores the way people commission expensive joinery when they can have solid mahogany wardrobes or bookcases for the same price or less.

Westenholz buys what he likes, regardless of period or provenance. He is as happy with a well-made piece of Edwardian servants' furniture as with a Chippendale commode. Along with Hodsoll, he believes that a room is made by the objects in it, not by its decoration. "I'm completely antidecoration," he insists. "Rooms should be completely neutral. You shouldn't notice the color of the walls at all or the curtains. I can't stand the Colefax & Fowler look-alikes where the whole effect is ruined by some dreadful patterned carpet or some ghastly color that's been dragged all over the place!" (68 Pimlico Rd., SW1, 730-2151) ♠

Decorating Editor: Amicia de Moubray



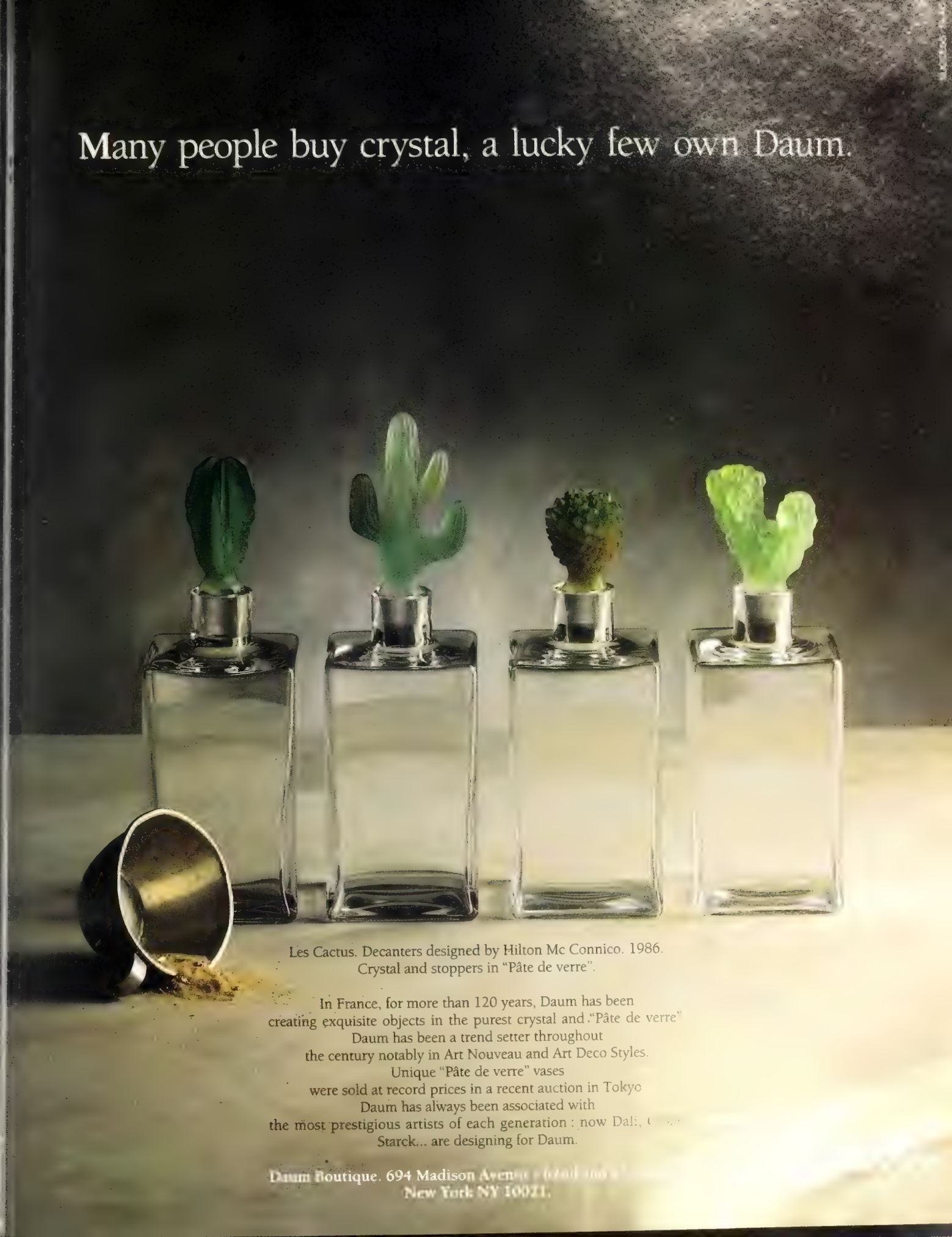


Piers von Westenholz, top, among busts of Roman emperors, two originally from the Albacini collection. Above: Pair of Arts and Crafts andirons in front of a 17th-century Dutch painting of fish, pair of cast-iron dogs, Scottish, c. 1850.



Chair, above, from a set of six, c. 1845, with its original striped upholstery. Left: Gothic Revival bronze lamp, c. 1840, and a maquette of sculpture of George Canning by Francis Chantrey stand on an oak library table, 1840, flanked by a pair of Gothic chairs in the baron's country home.

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Ablution Revolution

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Bathrooms aren't just for bathing anymore. New accessories that double as toys for adults make everyday ablutions easier, increasingly more effective, and infinitely more entertaining.

The TurboSpa 6200 converts an ordinary bathtub into a relaxing whirlpool by pumping jets of up to 45 gallons of water per minute. And when a shower's all there's time for, the Bath Massage attaches to the shower head and generates pulsating sprays ranging from gentle drops to back-massaging bullets. For muscles in further need of kneading, the Acu-Vibe Rubdown is a handheld machine with two speeds of penetrating vibrations.

At-home facials have been upgraded from the face and towel over a pot of boiling water to the EpiSauna, a compact steamer with spa-quality results. And dentists, no doubt, are all smiles about the electric Interplak toothbrush that replaces up and down hand brushing with rotating tufts of bristles that literally speed-clean teeth.

Music to accompany all of these rituals is provided by Sony's AM/FM Shower Radio. Known for its stellar sound quality, Bose has come out with a compact and colorful pair of speakers ideal for smaller rooms but best kept away from faucets and showers. And telephone addicts will be happy to hear that the Sony Sports cordless phone is so water-resistant it's bathtub worthy.

For the nearsighted or the weight-conscious who can't bear to read a scale, there's the Technasonic Weight Talker-II, complete with memory and voice. It announces personalized up-to-the-minute gains or losses and then kindly—or callously—says, "Have a nice day." **Gabrielle Winkel**







Bose 101 Music Monitor system, top left, only six inches high with great sound, also available in white, black, green, and blue, $239 a pair. Above: Water-resistant Sony Sports cordless telephone has last-number redial and two-way intercom that allows conversation between the handset and the base unit (not shown), $189. Below: Chatty Technasonic Weight Talker-II tracks the weights of five people, $129.



Interplak toothbrush: left, comes with two interchangeable heads, in gray or white, from Sharper Image, $89. Above, clockwise from center: Sony AM/FM Shower Radio, $34.95. TurboSpa 6200 from Dazey turns any size tub into a whirlpool, operates by six-function infrared wireless remote control, about $249. Compact EpiSauna for at-home facials, $40. Acu-Vibe Rubdown Machine provides two speeds of body massage, from Sharper Image, $129. Bath Massage shower attachment generates a range of pulsating sprays, $19.99. ShowerTek Mirror, in black or white, hooks onto a shower head and never fogs up, from Sharper Image, $39.

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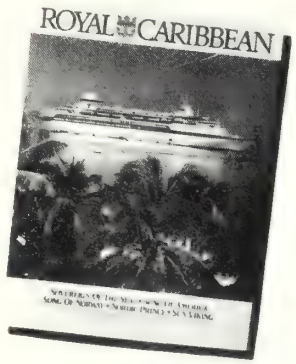
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Bio-Rhythms

(Continued from page 135) laminate, designed by Raymond Loewy and originally called Skylark but now officially rechristened by its more popular moniker, Boomerang.

Biomorphic forms seem to be making a comeback, but it may be that they never really disappeared. Their roots run deep in the art and design history of this century—back to the 1920s. The Surrealists embraced biomorphic forms as an antidote to the rational rectilinear rigors of Cubism. For the Surrealists, who were more interested in dreams and the subconscious, these organic forms offered the perfect formal vocabulary to express psychological and often sexual themes. In addition to Arp, Miró, Ernst, and Tanguy, biomorphic forms appear in the paintings of Salvador Dali and those of Arshile Gorky and in the abstract sculptures of Constantin Brancusi, Alexander Calder, and Noguchi. The early paintings of Abstract Expressionists such as Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and William Baziotes reveal the clear influence of Surrealist biomorphomania.

The design world soon followed the artist's cue; as early as the mid 1930s, designers were creating furniture and decorative objects with biomorphic shapes. Alvar Aalto's sketches for his famous Savoy vase of 1937 depicted amoebalike forms remarkably akin to those found in Arp's constructions of the 1920s. Austrian-born architect and stage designer Frederick Kiesler, whose work will be the subject of a Whitney Museum retrospective opening in January, also heralded the biomorphic trend with his 1938 aluminum nesting tables. And Russel Wright's tableware and furniture designs, with their softly curved forms contoured to the human hand and body, popularized the move away from the strict angularity and highly machined look of the International Style.

On the other hand, these designers certainly didn't advocate a return to an Arts and Crafts approach. The years immediately after World War II saw a boom in industrial design, both here and abroad, resulting in a successful mingling of organic forms with the latest in new materials and technologies discovered during the war.

Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen's experiments in molded plywood furniture won them a joint prize in the Museum of Modern Art's 1940 Organic Design in Home Furnishings competition. Eames went on to create innovative designs in molded plywood and fiberglass for Herman Miller, while Saarinen's upholstered molded plastic and foam rubber Womb chair for Knoll became a twentieth-century classic. (After racking his brain for more marketable names for the chair, Saarinen admitted that his mind kept "turning to those that are more biological rather than less. . . .")

Danish architect Arne Jacobsen's Egg and Swan chairs of the 1950s, produced by Fritz Hansen, are icons of biomorphism. Jacobsen's molded plywood stacking chairs, also designed in the 1950s, are still doing brisk business. And the Hardoy chair, designed in 1938 by Argentine Jorge Ferrari Hardoy, popularized in the 1950s, and better known as the Butterfly chair, has been copied in countless versions.

In classic full-circle fashion, evidence of biomorphism's renewed appeal for artists was presented earlier this year in the Whitney Museum's exhibition, "Vital Signs: Organic Abstraction from the Permanent Collection." The show traced the occurrence of abstract organic forms in paintings and sculpture from the first decades of the century to the present, where they have surfaced in the work of younger artists such as painters Elizabeth Murray and Terry Winters and sculptor Robert Therrien to name but a few.

Back in the design world, the late architect Alan Buchsbaum's renovation of the lobby of the Nevele Hotel in the Catskills made liberal use of biomorphic forms in architecture and furnishings to restore a sense of 1950s Morris Lapidus–style extravagance. (Lapidus's "woggle" forms popularized biomorphic shapes in architecture.) For the last fifteen years New Yorker Michael Russo has been transforming his Greenwich Village house into a monument to latter-day organic design in everything from woodwork to furnishings, which he calls "Furnique," and which he also sells at his storefront workshop called, appropriately enough, Gallery Furnique. "These things have feelings," he says of his designs. "They're sensual and lifelike. People are tired of straight lines."

Even office furniture, which is usually slow to reflect design trends, is about to feel the biomorphic ooze: Japanese manufacturer Itoki has introduced the Bio-Table system of desks and conference tables with you-know-what–shaped tops. Their designer, Isao Hosoe, feels that the turbulent forms of the tables will foster better interaction among workers.

And for the truly skeptical, perhaps Hollywood, the ultimate trend-spotting industry, will offer proof positive. Among last summer's movie releases was—what else?—a remake of *The Blob*. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

Northern Light

(Continued from page 131) naughtiest years of his life hosting shooting parties at the house, figured he might as well let it as not. At Christineholm, naive scenes of Harg hung above the doorways draw the connection between the two places.

Although there is no documentation to prove it, the architect of Christineholm was supposedly Carl Hårleman, who with Carl Johan Cronstedt and Jean Erik Rehn propelled the Rococo movement in Sweden. Hårleman studied in Italy and France, copying the plans of new buildings and drawing Classical monuments. Using the French model but adding what was to become a signature window above a niche in the façade, he brought the Rococo manor house to Sweden. It was considered the ideal building of the country's so-called Period of Liberty, and Hårleman was its greatest architect. He was honored with the task of following through the plans of Nicodemus Tessin the Younger for the Stockholm Royal Palace and contributing a number of interiors of his own.

Compared with the sprawling royal residence, Christineholm must have been small-fry to Hårleman, who built the house for a member of the noble Oxenstierna family (Count Axel, regent in the first half of the seventeenth century) and his wife, née Beck-Friis. Three ocher-colored stucco buildings with thick white trim, deep green shutters, and dull copper roofs form a horseshoe around an open courtyard strewn with gravel and planted with a small island of grass and a few humble roses circling a sundial. The former decorator, her husband, and their four children ("terrorists," she calls them) are obliged at mealtime to walk from the central house, which contains the bedrooms and living and music rooms, to the detached wing that contains the kitchen and dining room. The other wing is the guesthouse.

Trailing guests, the family comes over from Long Island, only for the month of August, a time when the Swedish air is practically twitching with the piquant nose-tickling smell of cows and freshly cut grass to be dried for hay. The weather in summer is like September in New York. For the children, at least, the best part of any summer is catching crayfish in the lake Erken, a ritual Baron Beck-Friis authorizes only once a season. Seventy-five traps are put into the lake at six in the evening and pulled up at five the next morning—any later and the crayfish can see their way out of the traps.

Thanks to her proprietor's largess, Christineholm's tenant has good food and pretty furniture—the chairs rescued from all those barns she simply covered in printed cottons (based on eighteenth-century documents) that are sold at the National Museum and the Royal Palace museum in Stockholm. "But these delicate, viny, extremely muted florals on off-white backgrounds would be considered too boring in America," she reasons. "If I saw them at Clarence House in New York I'd think, 'Where could you ever use that? They're so dull, pretty but dull.' But in Sweden they're just right. Still, I've never seen them in another house here—too authentic, I guess, for the Swedes."

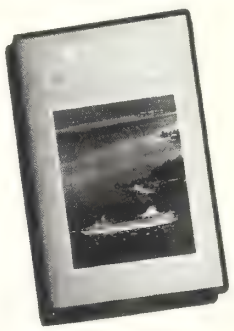
In coaxing Christineholm into shape there was no hesitation about going outside Sweden, to Braquenié in France, for French versions of traditional Swedish fabrics. All of the textiles were chosen to flatter the wallpaper. Original to the house, the canvas panels are blank except for hand-painted garland borders of leafy vines or fanciful flowers combined with interlacing "ropes." Similar patterns are found on some of the glazed tile stoves that are also native to Christineholm.

Baron Beck-Friis's country depots supported only so much looting, and the manor was "filled in" with copies of the Gripsholm chair, a Swedish classic that started out at Gripsholm Castle. A kind of bergère, it has open arms, an upholstered seat, and a slatted back with a loose cushion. "I haven't thought this out exactly," reflects the ex-decorator, "but in a funny way it's all a simpler, painted, poor man's version of French furniture. There's no ormolu, really, no marquetry. French furniture I find quite scary. Everything looks like it took five years to make. Swedish Empire—Carl Johan–style—furniture used better woods, but earlier, in the eighteenth century, Sweden was a much poorer country than France and could never have afforded to do what the French did. So they used cheaper materials—pine, some birch—and in my opinion got it right. In Sweden today that's all you still see, birch and pine, birch and pine."

In 1984, a year after the retired decorator took over Christineholm, she was back in business, this time as the owner (with two partners) of a shop in Locust Valley, near Glen Head, called Valley House Antiques. Last year the stock was seventy percent English and thirty percent Swedish. This year it's the other way around. With an apartment on Park Avenue stuffed with thrilling Swedish Empire, the next move, she says, may be to "Swedify" the farmhouse on the North Shore. Now *that* should be interesting—the Swedification of Long Island. ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

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ROYAL CARIBBEAN

Bread and Sneakers

(Continued from page 172) vegetables. You place a fruit or vegetable between two spiked plastic holders, raise the cutting blade to the top of the shaft, and let it go. Automatically, the fruit whirls around as a spring presses the blade against it, paring an even spiral of skin as it descends. When the blade reaches the bottom, the whirling automatically stops. It works almost every time, even when the fruit is, like a pear, irregular. As I have also learned, the Dazey Stripper automatically splatters ripe tomatoes and peaches in all directions. Watching the Dazey Stripper zest a lemon or an orange, peel a potato, or get an apple ready for the pie has become a source of endless fun and amazement in my household, no matter how many times we use it.

A good friend of mine who owns one of New York's better restaurants was having trouble with his lemon sorbet. Either in tribute to my prowess at the ice-cream freezer or in desperation, he turned to me for help, and I offered to make five different lemon ices and let him choose. The best lemon ices are flavored with the zest—the yellow layer of peel but not the white part, or pith, which is quite bitter. I dreaded the prospect of zesting fifteen lemons with a traditional tool—a vegetable peeler, a zester, or an ordinary grater—because I typically wind up on the verge of exhaustion, my knuckles raw. The Dazey Stripper was a godsend. The winning recipe:

DAZEY LEMON ICE

1¼ cups water
1¾ cups sugar
6–7 lemons
1 orange, juiced

Combine the sugar and water in a 2-quart saucepan. Stir with a wooden spoon over high heat until the mixture comes to a full boil. Pour into a bowl and let cool. Dazey-strip the zest from 3 lemons, chop roughly, and infuse in the cool sugar syrup for 2 hours. Squeeze 1¾ cups of lemon juice (6–7 lemons) and mix into the sugar syrup with the juice of one orange. Strain into your ice-cream maker and freeze.

BOSCH MODEL TFB 6000 DEEP-FAT FRYER A day without fried starch is like a day without chocolate. If my kitchen were only twenty cubic feet larger, I would buy a commercial fryolator with large rectangular baskets and have a batch of potatoes, squid, or zucchini blossoms bubbling away throughout the day.

The best pot for nonautomated deep-fat frying is the wok, which distributes heat evenly and presents a wide surface area compared to the amount of oil you use. But regulating the temperature of the oil in any manual fryer is a constant headache, even when I use one of my many thermometers. If the oil is sufficiently hot, it will seal in the moisture and seal out the oil by surprising the food, as the French put it. If not, the results will be soggy with fat. Most things should be fried at about 375 degrees Fahrenheit, large solid pieces of food at 340 degrees. French fries should be double fried, first at the lower temperature until they are limp and then at the higher temperature to crisp them up. The problem is, when food goes into the fryer, the oil can cool down to 250 degrees and only slowly rise to the optimal temperature again, if it ever gets there.

Dealing with this problem should be child's play for an automatic electric deep-fat fryer. Five or six are on the market, and most have filtered lids that keep your house from smelling like a truck stop, two temperature settings, an elevator mechanism to lower the frying basket into the hot oil, and a little window for viewing the food. Of those I have tested, the new Bosch Model TFB 6000 is clearly the best. It recovers the proper temperature much faster than the others (my old Salton returns to 375 degrees only after the frying is finished), holds ten cups of oil (the Tefal holds eight), has the largest viewing window, and is relatively easy to clean (none of them is a breeze) because the lid assembly and basket go into the dishwasher and the inside of the fryer has a nonstick coating. The instruction booklet is pitiful. It does not even tell you what temperatures the different settings are meant to attain. But mere minutes after I unpacked the Bosch, a bowl of perfect shoestring potatoes sat on my laboratory table, and when they were gone, sixteen raised doughnuts had taken their place.

MICROWAVE DRYER Just because you have finally admitted that your microwave oven is useful mainly for popcorn and reheating leftovers, this is no reason to throw it away. Think up new uses for it. When I read recently that a large appliance manufacturer is developing a microwave clothes dryer and the next day tripped into a puddle in front of my house, I decided to experiment.

DRY SNEAKERS

1 wet athletic shoe, about 20 ounces, Nike or similar brand
1 full-size microwave oven

Place your shoe on the oven floor, sole up. Set the power level to about one third for five minutes. Repeat, checking each time for hot spots on the shoe. Remove if you find any or when the shoe is almost dry. If you try to get it bone dry, the rubber parts will bubble up and the instep will smoke and smolder.

ASSORTED AUTOMATIC HOME BREADMAKERS An American living in Japan tells me that the latest feature of Western culture to be feverishly embraced by the Japanese is the English breakfast—tea with milk, jams and preserves, and hot soft fluffy tasteless bread. All the automatic breadmakers I tested produce this style of bread flawlessly if you stick to the formulas in the colorful recipe booklets that come with the machines.

Six of them are available at your local department store: Panasonic, National, Regal, Hitachi, Welbilt, and Sanyo. All are Japanese-made. I baked sixty loaves of bread in ten days with the Panasonic (which is the same as the National), the Welbilt, the Regal, and the Hitachi. I could not get hold of a Sanyo. The Regal and the Hitachi appear to be identical, except that the Hitachi has a pink start button instead of a red one, and the handy instructions printed on the side of the machine are in Japanese.

All of them are white plastic and occupy a foot or two of counter space. In about four hours they turn two cups of flour into a rect-

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(Signed) J. Kevin Madden, Publisher

Bread and Sneakers

angular loaf about five inches across and seven inches high, except for the Welbilt, which turns three cups of flour into a giant cylindrical loaf. You simply measure the ingredients, dump them (usually in no particular order) into the nonstick metal bread pan, insert the pan into the machine, and press START. Generally the breadmaker mixes the ingredients, rests awhile, kneads in earnest for twenty minutes, warms the dough for an hour's rise, deflates it and makes it rise again, bakes the loaf for 45 minutes, and then, except for the Panasonic, cools it off. The final result falls somewhere between Wonder Bread and Pepperidge Farm.

The Panasonic was introduced over a year ago, and the others have only recently followed. It is in several respects the most primitive. Its display is dim and difficult to read, and it has no window to let you watch what's happening inside. Because there is no cooling fan, your loaf will grow soggy in its own steam unless you are right there when the final buzzer sounds. The Panasonic has a dispenser for the yeast, which it mixes into the dough fifty minutes after you start the machine; the newer breadmakers do not have this feature. Yet for some reason the loaves I baked in the Panasonic were at least as satisfying as any of the others, a bit denser and chewier with a crisper crust. But only a bit.

Most of the breadmakers have a raisin bread alarm that beeps five minutes before the final kneading is over; if you hear the beep, you can add raisins, nuts, and the like. The Welbilt has a French bread cycle, but I could not see how this differed from the regular setting, and the Welbilt booklet does not share such secrets. All of the breadmakers have a separate cycle that processes the dough through the first rise only, letting you shape the loaf yourself and bake it in a conventional oven. I used this cycle to make doughnuts for my Bosch deep-fat fryer. All let you set a timer at bedtime and wake up to a hot loaf of bread in the morning.

Most of the authorized recipes, even some for French bread, include milk or milk powder, sugar, and shortening; these produce a soft bread and a brown crust, but they do not make for the chewy, yeasty loaf and crackling crust that most of us who bother to bake bread at home are after. The manufacturers discourage you from experimenting, which I simply took as an invitation. The main obstacle to creating your own recipes is that none of the breadmakers lets you alter the programmed cycles or even tells you what the rising and baking temperatures and times are, and you never come into contact with any of the ingredients. After replicating twenty of the manufacturers' recipes just for practice, I created my own variations on rye bread, whole wheat, sourdough white, pumpernickel, *pain de mie*, brioche, and sourdough rye. The last two were nearly acceptable, and for those of you already in possession of an automatic home breadmaker I have given the recipes below, each tested four times.

PAIN BRIOCHÉ CHEZ REGAL/HITACHI

This rich bread has a deep golden color. The recipe is adapted from Marion Cunningham's *Fannie Farmer Baking Book*. Unlike hers, it is a bit greasy because the heated kneading, rising, and resting periods melt the butter.

9 ounces all-purpose flour
1 package dry active yeast
3 extra-large eggs at refrigerator temperature
12 tablespoons butter at refrigerator temperature
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons cold water

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Bread and Sneakers

After attaching the dough blade and hook to the bread pan, add the ingredients in any order, insert the pan into the machine, set it to the bread cycle, and then press START. Come back in four or five hours.

SOURDOUGH RYE
MÉTHODE PANASONIC

This recipe deftly tricks the otherwise inflexible breadmaker into producing a sourdough starter. After a one-to-three day fermentation period, the other ingredients are added, and the result is a tasty, almost chewy loaf with a reasonable crust.

12 ounces white bread flour
4 ounces rye flour
1 teaspoon active dry yeast
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ cups warm water

Attach the dough blade to the bread pan, add the bread flour and one cup of warm water, and insert it into the machine. Put half the yeast into the dispenser. Set the indicator to the dough cycle and start. When the dough has risen, start the machine again to deflate the dough for two minutes, press STOP, and let the dough ferment in the machine for 24 to 72 hours, turning the breadmaker on and off whenever the pan threatens to overflow. Add the rye flour, the salt, and half a cup of warm water to the bread pan. Put the remaining half teaspoon of yeast in the dispenser, set the machine to the bread cycle, and start.

For those of you who have not yet invested several hundred dollars in an automatic home breadmaker, why not bake some real bread in your old-fashioned oven instead? Read the terrific section on bread in the new *Chez Panisse Cooking* by Paul Bertolli with Alice Waters (Random House), and try their Spontaneously Leavened Sourdough Bread, which ferments without commercial yeast for five days and rises for six hours. I took the first loaves out of the oven an hour ago, and they are wonderful.

INVENTO SONIC 2000 RODENT ELIMINATOR After I had baked forty loaves of bread and fried twenty pounds of potatoes and other starches, my makeshift laboratory and the floor around it—in fact every horizontal surface in the kitchen—had fallen below my usual hospital-level standards of hygiene, and a rodent problem cropped up. More precisely, three rodent problems cropped up. I stopped everything, taxied up to Hammacher Schlemmer, and purchased the Sonic 2000, a little wood-grained box that broadcasts 100 decibels of 22,000-cycle sound over a 2,000-square-foot area, or so it says. Rodents find this repelling. Two days later the furry gray intruders had retreated to someone else's apartment. And once again my kitchen hummed with the bright voices of machines at play. ♠

Bagatelle in Bloom

(*Continued from page 177*) blooms its head off all summer long. There are also "new roses" that have become old standbys, such as 'Paul's Scarlet Climber' (1916) and 'Mermaid' (1918). Older roses planted in the Belle Epoque now have stems as thick as cordoned pear trees.

In 1907, J. C. N. Forestier helped organize the Concours International de Roses Nouvelles, the rigorous annual trials of new roses. The final judges of course include not only rose specialists and nurserymen but also painters, poets, and a perfumer. This year another prize was added: Prix de la Rose Manuel Canovas, a rose to be chosen from all the roses at Bagatelle, not just the newest hybrids. It is a sort of grand lottery of the rose—the best rose blooming on a single day. A 1976 Concours gold medalist, 'Grand Siècle', a hybrid tea whose pink petals are flushed with apricot, was chosen by Canovas himself, Bernard Mando, the head gardener of Bagatelle, and a jury picked by Canovas.

Headquarters for the French textile designer's international empire, a business that equates *l'art de vivre* with *l'art de la maison*, is an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* in one of the most aristocratic and beautiful quarters of Paris. Canovas, whose iron-gray hair matches his suit, leads the way upstairs out of the curving two-story entrance hall paneled in marble, also iron gray. A little gilt enlivens the window paneling.

In his creamily chaste office he breaks out his designs of roses, including an unfinished sketch for a new one, 'Vive Alma'. At the moment, Canovas is obsessed by roses. Last May he spent the month drawing at Bagatelle, a place he has often visited for inspiration. One of his beautiful, finely shaded pencil sketches of a centifolia rose is tight, tense, almost microscopically observed, as if he were looking for something. A perfectionist, he admits he's not happy so far with his rose designs. "They are always a flop," he says quite easily, as if he knows he'll succeed in pleasing himself someday.

"Bagatelle is to enjoy, not to study," or, as Canovas, the man who depends so much on his eyes, puts it, "Bagatelle est à voir, non pas à regarder." This is a garden that hints at how to take frivolity seriously, how to take pleasure lightly, how to skate on the thin ice of fashion, of love, of the changing seasons.

Canovas knows just what to do at Bagatelle: take a June afternoon to gather roses, choose the most beautiful one, give it a little prize, add some ceremony and some champagne, and a few titles. No exhaustive trials of vigor or quality, no deep analysis of rose shape, scent, or color—all this should be done, of course, but not today. It is, after all, only a matter of luck. Surely a rose good enough for such a day is good forever. ♠

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

The Wiz

(*Continued from page 153*) ciplinary branch of design all his own. "The role of architects and designers has too often been that of the sophisticated brat getting away with things—making projects conform to their aesthetic rather than trying to learn what the operational issues are. But what interests me is creating things that draw attention to people rather than to the things themselves. What's essential for a designer is to think past the moment when it's all assembled to the time when people are using an environment—that's the part of the design process that is so often neglected."

I asked Schlossberg if he could be a bit more specific, if he could explain precisely how the various entries in his portfolio accomplish the goal. "The events I design put a boundary around a group of people and say, 'You're all in this together and you're going to have fun and pick up some skills and then you're going to have something to talk about. And hopefully the act of participating in the experience will enhance you because it lets you see yourself in a new way and it allows other people to see you in that new way'—which is not a common experience in contemporary life.

"I became a designer out of my concern to make things, physical environments in which people can communicate with one another—physical environments that are, in a sense, biologically, not mechanically, driv-

The Wiz

en. The goal of the experiences I help create isn't necessarily to reach a conclusion, the goal is to make a connection."

Armed with an idea and a Ph.D. in science and literature from Columbia University, Schlossberg embarked on his loosely defined career path in 1971. After a series of teaching stints in New York, California, Massachusetts, and Illinois, he opened his Manhattan office in 1978 "with $5,000 I earned writing the three pocket calculator game books." The first project that Schlossberg completed was the Learning Environment at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. His unique interactive approach to exhibition design caught the eye of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Schlossberg received the commission to design the educational park Macomber Farm. The now-disassembled experiment sensitized humans to their brethren in the animal kingdom by devising ingenious tools that enabled visitors to see like a cow, work like a horse, and walk like a goat. Other no less engaging ideas followed for educational centers in two Texas amusement parks.

Throughout his career Schlossberg has kept something of a low professional profile, perhaps in reaction to his former mentor, Buckminster Fuller, who loved the limelight. "A lot of the things Bucky did were about bringing attention to himself—I don't think he was as interested in creating the experiences as he was in telling about them," notes Schlossberg disapprovingly. Considering the criticism, it is ironic that Schlossberg now finds himself the object of so much attention, so squarely in the limelight, owing to his 1986 marriage to Caroline Kennedy.

Being Jacqueline Onassis's son-in-law is a very touchy issue with Schlossberg, and one that he has not succeeded in fully resolving. On the one hand he makes it absolutely clear that personal questions are unwelcome; on the other hand he includes as the first piece in the official Edwin Schlossberg Incorporated press kit an article that begins with the line, "On the night of Edwin Schlossberg's wedding to Caroline Kennedy. . . ."

Schlossberg has chosen to deal with the somewhat awkward position he finds himself in by becoming almost inaccessible. According to an article in *The New York Times*, "Mr. Schlossberg does not give interviews. Nor will Mr. Schlossberg's friends and family speak about him for publication." It's almost true, and it's too bad because Edwin Schlossberg has something to say. ▲





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Sanssouci

(Continued from page 138) six-tiered vineyard he had constructed the year before in a vain attempt to introduce winemaking to this northern German region. One of the great military minds of his time, Frederick felt most comfortable in the company of other soldiers, so it is no surprise that the architect he chose to design his new summer palace was a former officer, Georg Wenzeslaus von Knobelsdorff. He devised a skillful scheme but had a falling out with the king before he could complete it; Frederick is thought to have devised much of the design himself. In the final version Sanssouci looked far more modest on the exterior than it was inside. Though hardly an example of inconspicuous consumption, it nonetheless announced that things would be much less formal here than was customary at court.

Aside from the maturity of the English-style gardens and their towering shade trees, arriving at Sanssouci today is very much like what it must have been almost 250 years ago. Although the most well known façade is the south bowfront with its low copper cupola overlooking the Weinberg, or vineyard, visitors approach through a semicircular colonnaded courtyard on the north side of the palace. To further impress guests, Frederick indulged in one of the most characteristic fads of the eighteenth century: atop the Ruinenberg, the hillside facing the entry court, he built a sham ruin based on surviving fragments of the Roman Forum, in the Romantic manner of the English aristocracy of the day.

Far less advanced was the layout of the rooms at Sanssouci, which some of its more sophisticated and well-traveled sojourners likened to an elegant barrack. The dozen major chambers, with the exception of the vestibule, are ranged in a single enfilade from east to west, windows facing south. As intelligent a strategy as this was to maximize the sunlight in the often cloudy climate of Prussia, it was an inconvenient and unprivate floor plan, considered démodé in France by the middle of the century. The *petits appartements* of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour at Versailles, with their multiple entrances, exits, and circulation patterns, were considered much more modern and discreet than this Baroque shotgun flat.

Nevertheless, Sanssouci more than made up in stylishness and charm for what it lacked in innovation. Frederick the Great was a man of cultivation, irony, and wit, and the decoration of Sanssouci reflects this quite clearly. From the lifelike birds and beasts swarming over the carved and painted boiserie of the guest room occupied for three years by Voltaire—the king's most important French acquisition—to the crazy chinoiserie excesses of the teahouse in the garden, this was perhaps Europe's most personal expression of exotic taste until England's prince regent went wild at the Royal Pavilion in Brighton over half a century later.

But also at hand were so many symbols of regal power that no statesman who came to call could forget that Frederick the Great took his growing role as a leader in the new political order of Europe very seriously. At the center of Sanssouci is the majestic Marble Hall, an imposing oval reception room encircled at the cornice line with allegorical figure groups representing architecture, astronomy, music, painting, and sculpture. With its multicolored inlaid marble floor and gleaming white columns and pilasters surmounted by gold-leafed Corinthian capitals, this is a royal chamber in which any Louis would have been proud to receive his subjects.

Aside from the daily attendance of the greatest contemporary man of letters—Voltaire came to Sanssouci at the king's request in 1750—Frederick's Francophilia was manifest in many other ways. His extraordinary collection of paintings by Watteau (and his imitators Lancret, Pater, and Pesne), his prominently displayed portrait of one of Louis XV's mistresses, his customary use of *la belle langue* instead of his own nation's tongue, and even his exceptional number of French courtiers all contributed to an atmosphere in homage to the greatest design director of the Age of Absolutism, Louis XIV.

Voltaire, for one, was to discover that for all the high-style splendor of his surroundings, Frederick the Great was at heart a man of simple preferences. As did the king of France, the king of Prussia had a magnificent state bed, surrounded by a balustrade in which to make his official *lever* each morning. Everyone knew that the monarch actually slept elsewhere in a less exalted manner, but even Voltaire—the relentless deflator of the artificial social order that attracted him nonetheless—was shocked one day when he peeked behind a screen in a corner of Frederick the Great's bedroom at Sanssouci and saw how his host actually spent the night: on a narrow camp bed beneath a ceiling painted with the signs of the zodiac. ▲

A Barbarian in Paris

(Continued from page 166) have taken over as the prominent element in their work. Inspired by his twig-filled salon, Lacroix made a series of satin evening bags with faux wood gold handles. This spring, in a new twist, the latest BG sticks won't be trimmed from Normandy woods but molded by Daum, the classic French glasshouse that is producing a BG branch-shaped crystal doorknob "perfect," Bonetti quips, "for a very stark cave.

"We first used branches for a collection of furniture we called Prince Impérial in reference to the son of Napoleon III who was killed by Zulus during a military campaign. The pieces are a cross between Napoleon III and African—what we envisioned the crown prince had with him at the time. Our imaginary history is always very arbitrary!"

A brief inventory of designs that fill his tiny apartment signals the presence of a true explorer who doesn't have to leave home to travel: Dogon and Hirohito chairs, Râ and Zen tables, a Pisa carpet, and a primitive Tam-Tam lamp are an around-the-world tour of centuries and styles.

"The value of something to me is what it can evoke," says Bonetti. "I try to infuse my work with the feeling of an entire culture, and I love seeing how things are transmitted over time: my Victorian box covered with shells calls up images of Renaissance decoration, grottoes in Italy, and Marie Antoinette's coquillage cottage in Rambouillet."

Contrary to the high-color interiors that carry the BG imprint, such as the gold and purple–bedecked château of Picasso's grandson Bernard, Bonetti's palette on his home turf is very toned down. "There is an absence of color because I work here. The colors are in my paint box." The approach to his own decoration, he claims, was more a matter of practicality than high design: "I had to figure out how not to see what was ugly—how not to see the chairs that were here when I came. Since I needed chairs, I camouflaged them with floor-length slipcovers." Eliminating all but the necessary, Bonetti tried to keep his two rooms prehistorically sparse.

Since Bonetti is also a sculptor, painter, photographer, and textile designer, things from his work inevitably began to accumulate, whether terra-cotta masks used as sconces or cardboard cutouts assembled like friezes over the doors. "All of these elements from my life have come together to form what the French so aptly call *mon intérieur*. That's just what it is. My apartment doesn't represent my style. It represents me." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Norma Kamali

(Continued from page 147) edges, Kamali offers a range of luxe domestic accoutrements, including gilt-and-crystal chandeliers, etched-glass hand mirrors, leopard-print screens, and silk Charmeuse sheets.

If OMO Home contains the individual elements of residential style à la Kamali, the palatial Manhattan triplex the designer recently decorated for a woman who prefers anonymity to celebrity offers an eye-opening picture of those elements in situ. Though some long-forgotten architectural talent must be given credit for the grandeur of the beautifully proportioned turn-of-the-century rooms, Kamali received the legacy with more than appreciative hands.

To step into the grand foyer is to leave New York City and the twentieth century outside in the street. An atmosphere of unabashed opulence permeates the glistening gold-walled room with its Versailles-size mirrors, marble-topped console, and zebra-skin rug. Upstairs, Kamali has devised a dining room that Cocteau might have filmed in, a living room that Proust might have left his cork-lined chamber for, and a boudoir that Colette might have envisioned as the perfect setting for Léonie Vallon's amorous evenings with Chéri. "It's a fantasy," explains Kamali, who mixed her own furniture pieces with the owner's extraordinary collection of antiques to conjure a mood of otherworldly splendor.

After completing the grand tour, I found my way back to the great iron front doors. I looked back to say good-bye to my guide, who remained standing at the top of the white marble stair with three miniature dachshunds at her feet. She was wearing a cream-colored satin blouse with voluminous sleeves and a pair of flowing black crepe trousers cinched at the waist. Her hair was arranged in an extravagant pompadour. Her intoxicating perfume filled the air. Since images such as this are rare, at least in my life, I asked if I could take a picture. "Please," said Norma Kamali. "No photographs." ▲

Design Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Sources

HG NOTES/DESIGN
Pages 42–44 Feltri chair, Cannaregio chair, Sansone Due table, designed by Gaetano Pesce and available to the trade at Atelier International, Long Island City, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.

HG NOTES/STYLE
Page 48 Lord Byron's Chintz, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Lancaster lantern by Michael Tree, limited edition $600, at Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847. Flacons silk scarf, 36" sq, $175, at Hermès, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, San Francisco. Fu dog evening bag by Judith Leiber, $2,600, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago.

THE LALANNES' ENCHANTED GARDEN
Pages 104–13 François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne designs are available through the Marisa del Re Gallery, NYC (212) 688-1843.

THE NEW VICTORIANS
Page 114 Claude Félix Théodore Caruelle d'Aligny painting *Paysage avec une Rivière*, from Wheelock Whitney, NYC (212) 688-4474. **115** Calvin Klein black wool dress (style #1710X), $885, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills and selected branches; Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas. **116** Sheffield-plate telescopic candlestick, 1810, $1,750 a pair, shorter Sheffield-plate candlestick, 1790, $1,450 a pair, both at James Robinson, NYC (212) 752-6166. **118–19** Cheetah-print wool rug by Couristan, $46 sq yd, to the trade at Misha Carpet Corp., NYC (212) 688-5912. White linen and cotton damask (style #4753) on sofa, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, San Francisco and NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett Assocs., Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Black single-breasted shawl collar tuxedo jacket, $790 (sold as a suit), white tuxedo shirt, $96.50, purple wool vest with a shawl collar, $135, black bow tie, $22.50, all Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC and (for the tuxedo jacket only) Chicago. Red orange with green dots silk pull-on pajama pant, $305 (sold as a set with matching top), at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. Aubusson floral pillow with blue border and fringe, $3,900, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 535-0707. Gold-and-red needlepoint pillow, $875, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Aubusson peach-and-salmon floral pillow with salmon tassels, $850, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 628-3255. Beadwork gray-leaf pillow with ribbon edge, $750, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Aubusson rose and tassel pillow, $1,400, at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 535-0707. **120** Single heart hand-screened cotton sheets and boudoir pillowcase (print #5255), $551 queen-size top sheet, $68 pillowcase, from D. Porthault & Co., NYC (212) 688-1660. Mahogany dining chair, c. 1850, from Sri Lanka, $250, at Ian and Charsi Harrington Antiques, NYC (212) 794-1076. Gray floor-length wool cape, $1,190, ivory button-down silk shirt, $695, black wool trousers, $590, by Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC (212) 988-3821. Sterling-silver candlesticks by John Carter, $17,500 a pair, at James Robinson, NYC (212) 752-6166. **121** Gray cashmere turtleneck, $350, Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC (212) 606-2100. Handsewn moccasin by Ralph Lauren Footwear.

NORMA KAMALI COMES HOME
All Norma Kamali designs, to order at OMO Home, NYC (212) 334-9696. **142–43** Crystal lamps, similar ones available. **145** Leopard-skin fabric, reproduction of antique armchair, black tufted chaise, metal clothing dresser, zebra-skin rug, oversize golden vases. **146–47** Sofa bed, Snail chairs, large round ottoman, reproductions of Wheat table and chairs and of period silk-and-cotton curtain fabric. **148–49** Dining table, console.

THE WIZ
Pages 152–53 Zipper tie, $32, and liquid crystal T-shirt, $35, by Edwin Schlossberg for WilliWear and at WilliWear Shop, NYC (212) 353-3980.

A BARBARIAN IN PARIS
Pages 162–67 Bonetti and Garouste designs are available through Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023.

BREAD AND SNEAKERS
Pages 172, 194–96 Electric oyster and clam knife, $139.50 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366. Dazey Stripper, $19.19, at participating True Value hardware stores. Bosch model TFB 6000 deep-fat fryer, $166.75 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366. Panasonic household automatic breadmaker, stock #9719, $299 plus shipping, from The Chef's Catalog (800) 338-3232. The Bread Machine by Welbilt, item #WL256, $299 plus shipping, from Fortune's Almanac (800) 331-2300. Regal automatic breadmaker, call (414) 626-2121, ext. 361. Hitachi household breadmaker, $279.97 plus shipping, at all 320 Service Merchandise Co. stores (800) 251-1212. Sonic 2000 rodent repeller, $139.95 ppd, at Hammacher Schlemmer (800) 543-3366.

HOMEFRONT/ELECTRONICS
Page 190 Interplak toothbrush, $89, Acu-Vibe Rubdown Machine Spa Model, $129, ShowerTek Mirror, $39, from the Sharper Image (800) 344-4444. Turbo Spa 6200 by Dazey Corp., $119.97 plus shipping, at Service Merchandise Co. stores (800) 251-1212. EpiSauna by EpiLady, $40 (through Dec. 25), at all Bloomingdale's stores and all Bullock's stores. Bath Massage by Houseworks from International Consumer Brands, $19.99, at selected department and discount stores. Sony AM/FM shower radio, $34.95, at selected department and discount stores. Bose 101 Music Monitor System, $239, at hi-fi and audiovisual stores. Sony cordless sports telephone, $189, at selected department and discount stores. Technasonic WeightTalker II bathroom scale, $99, from the Sharper Image (800) 344-4444.
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GANDEE AT LARGE

Now that Ivana Trump is at the helm, are the glory days behind or ahead for the Plaza Hotel?

The taxi stalled in midtown Manhattan traffic, so I jumped out and ran. It was 10:28, and my appointment with Ivana Trump was at 10:30. Although Mrs. Trump and I had never met, something told me that it would be wise to arrive on time. Some little voice inside my ear whispered, "Ivana Trump is not a woman who likes to be kept waiting."

I was led down a winding corridor lined with stern-faced security men in blue blazers and red ties who formed an intimidating gauntlet to the suite of rooms that Mrs. Trump calls her office. She greeted me wearing a big smile and a gray dress with matching shoes. In her left hand she held a poster-size color photograph of herself aboard the *Trump Princess*, the 282-foot yacht that her husband, Donald, bought last March from the sultan of Brunei for $30 million. Society photographer Norman Parkinson had taken the picture, which Mrs. Trump unfurled proudly. She was standing at the helm—a woman not simply at the controls, but in control.

Mrs. Trump then got right down to business. At two o'clock I was to introduce her to eight hundred design professionals who would gather in the atrium of the International Design Center of New York across the Queensboro Bridge in Long Island City to hear her discuss her plans for the Plaza Hotel—another recent acquisition of Donald's. And she was concerned that everything should go like clockwork. After we had confirmed the logistics of the afternoon's presentation, I remarked that we were all eager to hear what Mrs. Trump was planning on doing to the Plaza. "*With* the Plaza," corrected an aide, faster than fast.

The presentation went off without a hitch, which is the way Mrs. Trump likes things to go. Perhaps because of her Czechoslovakian accent, she provided only spare commentary, relying instead on 130 vintage slides to sketch the Plaza's history from construction to deterioration. She lingered on archival images of famous hotel guests—from Wallis Simpson, Maria Callas, Jacqueline Kennedy, and Elizabeth Taylor to the king of Morocco, Richard Nixon, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the Beatles—and she said the "best parties in New York have always been at the Plaza." She illustrated this point with 21 slides, beginning with a fete for the lord bishop of London and ending with Truman Capote's famous Black and White Ball.



Of her own plans for the Plaza, Mrs. Trump spoke almost entirely of sorely needed restoration work: "We are now studying every scrap of paper in the Plaza library for clues about the original building—design, details, material, finishes." She said she wanted to "recapture the Plaza's original elegance" and had enlisted two architectural firms for the task: Lee Harris Pomeroy Associates and Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates.

"The staff used to crawl, now they walk, next week they'll be running"

As Mrs. Trump's presentation acknowledged, the Plaza isn't so much a hotel as it is an almost sacred New York City institution. It is as powerful and recognizable a symbol of Manhattan as the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, or Rockefeller Center. But even more than these towering citadels of commerce, the Plaza stands as a monument to sophisticated luxury, to old-world elegance, to a certain urbane but genteel glamour. It is the enchanted castle where Eloise lived a charmed life; it is New York City's answer to the White House; it is social history. Even for those who have never passed through its whirling revolving doors, the Plaza's legendary public rooms—the Palm Court, the Edwardian Room, the Oak Bar—conjure up romantic images of a bygone splendor.

It is this that Donald Trump purchased last July for $390 million, and it is this that Ivana Trump now presides over. Which is a source of some concern to those acquainted with Mrs. Trump's accomplishments as guiding aesthetic light behind such high-profile Trump ventures as the Grand Hyatt Hotel, Trump Tower, Trump Plaza, Trump Plaza Casino Hotel, and Trump's Castle Hotel & Casino. Her enthusiasm for a school of interior design that might best be termed obvious opulence is unabashed. "Everyone should just calm down," said Mrs. Trump earlier in the day. "We're moving very slowly."

After her presentation, Mrs. Trump obliged photographers and reporters with a press conference. While her retinue of bodyguards stood by, she answered every question without hesitating, allowed every photograph without flinching. Not even the blinding lights of the television crew made her blink. She was as cool, as they used to say, as a cucumber.

Mrs. Trump said that service is key to a five-star hotel and that toward that end the Plaza staff was being trained and retrained: "They used to crawl, now they walk, next week they'll be running." She confessed that in order to achieve her goal of breaking even in 1990 the costs of such planned amenities as Frette sheets and Chanel toiletries would be passed along to guests. "Nobody gets anything for free in this world," said Mrs. Trump with a warm smile.

Charles Gandee